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WORKS OF DRYDEN.

THE

WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

WITH A LIFE,

BY REV. JOHN MITFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ASTOR LIBRARY NEW-YORK

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THE

LIFE OF DRYDEN.

BY

THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

THE biography of Dryden was not composed by any of his contemporaries, nor were any materials collected by them which could throw light on his opinions and sentiments, which could inform us of his personal habits, or afford familiar sketches of his private and domestic character. The little that is to be found in the narratives of his life has been gleaned from occasional notices in party pamphlets, and satirical libels, or from what has incidentally been mentioned by himself. Doctor Johnson, who composed the first authentic life of our poet,* complained that nothing could be known of Dryden beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition supplied. Since that time many mistakes have been rectified, and omissions supplied, by the diligent researches of Malone; and we are now probably in possession of all the information which it is possible to produce. Sir Walter Scott has justly founded his narrative on the facts recorded in Malone's biography; while he has taken a more comprehensive view of the genius and writings of the poet, and the influence which he exercised on the literature of the age. When we therefore consider the fairness and felicity of Johnson's critical disquisitions; the truth elicited, or errors rectified by Malone's diligence; and the lively, interesting, and instructive narrative of Scott, we may justly consider that Dryden has been fortunate in his biographers. It is to be hoped, that in the present more compendious memoir, the facts are stated with accuracy, and that the opinions on the different productions of the poet are formed with the care, and delivered with the temperance and respect which are due to the reputation of so great a writer.

JOHN DRYDEN, the poet, was the eldest son of Erasmus Driden, and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering. It is supposed that he was born on the 9th of August, 1631, but no diligence of inquiry has hitherto been able to discover with exactness the place or date of his birth. He has himself told us, that he was born in a village belonging to the Earl of Exeter, and A. Wood has added, that the village mentioned by Dryden was Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, not far from Oundle. His age is best ascertained from a passage in the preface to his fables, where, speaking of a gentleman of eighty-eight years of age, he observes that, by the mercy of God, he had already come within twenty years of that number. This preface was *probably* written in November, 1699, thus placing his birth in the latter end of the year 1631. The family was originally settled in Cumberland*—a marriage of John Dryden, of Staffhill, with the daughter of Sir John Cope, in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, brought them into possession of Canons-Ashby, in Northamptonshire;† and, subsequently, in the reign of Charles the First, they were proprietors of the Chesterton estate in Huntingdon. John Dryden, the poet's cousin-german, frequently represented that county in parliament, between 1670, and 1707.

Dryden received the earlier part of his education at the small school of Tichmarsh. He was afterwards removed to Westminster, and admitted a king's scholar, but at what period is not exactly known. He remained some years under the tuition of the venerable patriarch of schoolmasters, old Busby, was then elected to one of the scholarships of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was admitted under the Rev. Mr. Templer, and was matriculated on the 6th of July following.

During the time he was at Westminster, he

* The life of Dryden, in the Biographia Britannica, preceded that by Dr. Johnson, being published in 1747—66.

* David Driden, or Dryden, married the daughter of William Nicholson, of Staffhill, and was the great-great-grandfather of our poet.

† A. Wood says, that John Dryden was a schoolmaster, and that the great *Erasmus* stood godfather for one of his sons. He appears to have been a puritan; in his will, he bequeaths his soul to his Creator, with this singular expression,—'The Holy Ghost assuring my spirit that I am the elect of God.' These puritanical principles descended to his family.

translated the third Satire of Persius, a task imposed upon him by Busby, it is said, from a conviction that Dryden possessed talents equal to the difficulty of the subject. In 1649, he joined some other poets in a volume called 'Tears of the Muses, or the death of Henry, Lord Hastings.' His lines are uncouth, and rugged in their measure; they have the forced conceit, unnatural thoughts, and false wit of the time, which Donne and Cowley had borrowed from Jonson and rendered fashionable; —but they are not wanting in sense or cleverness; and are curious in their early display of the native bent and disposition of Dryden's mind. He could not restrain himself from argument and satire, on a subject that would have induced most youthful poets to luxuriate in elegiac complaints, and to indulge themselves in florid descriptions of departed excellence; more especially to enlarge upon that incident which gave a romantic interest to the death of Hastings; its taking place a day previous to that which had been designed for his marriage: the names of Marvell, Denham, and Cotton are found in the list of contributors, and R. Brown was, I believe, the collector of the volume.

Some commendatory verses were prefixed by Dryden to the poems of John Hoddesden, in 1650, which Malone has inserted in his life. The four lines which I now extract, give no promise of the correct ear, or command of language, that was hereafter to give such harmony and variety to the English couplet, as no succeeding poets have ever excelled, and even Pope himself scarcely hoped to rival:

And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sun of Righteousness i' th' face,
What may we hope, if thou goest on thus fast,
Scriptures at first, enthusiasms at last.

During his residence at college, nothing concerning him has been recorded, but that he suffered a temporary disgrace for disobedience and contumacy.* His name does not appear in the list of the contributors to the verses which the university composed upon public occasions; he obtained no fellowship, but he took his bachelor's degree at the regular time in January, 1653, and was M. A., by dispensation, in 1657. Malone accounts for his not contributing to the Oliva Pacis, in 1654, from his being absent from college, to attend his father in his illness. Owing to some cause of dislike, with which we are not acquainted, he never in after life mentioned his university with affection or respect. In one of his late prologues, a contrast unfavourable to Cambridge is thus strongly portrayed:

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother university;
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age

That this compliment to Oxford was as sincere as it was elegant, has been doubted or denied by Dryden's contemporaries; and he is accused of having ridiculed, among the wits in town, that learning which, on the Banks of Isis, he had mentioned with reverence and esteem; but the charge, I believe, is unfounded; amid the poetical and political squabbles, petty intrigues, libels, lampoons, and satires of the time, it is not safe to take assertion for truth.

By the death of his father, our poet succeeded to an estate in Blakerly, in Northamptonshire. Two thirds of the whole were devised to him, worth about 60*l.* a year, and one third to the widow for the term of her life. Ten sisters, and his three brothers, were provided from a separate bequest of about 1200*l.* The old gentleman is supposed to have been a zealous and severe presbyterian;—some of Dryden's political adversaries asserted that his family were anabaptists, but it is reasonably supposed that the accusation was one incapable of proof, and that the term of 'bristled baptist' was a calumny, invented by those whose enmity was too bitter to be always accompanied by truth.

Dryden had now nearly attained his twenty-fourth year, and was in possession of his patrimony; yet he appears without reluctance to have retired to the restraints and seclusion of an academic life. He had a cousin, Honor Driden, who was a rich and celebrated beauty. The youthful poet was attracted by these combined charms, and paid, though unsuccessfully, his addresses to her. She sent him a present of a silver inkstand, which he 'received from her fair hand,' and which called forth, in 1655, the next slight specimen of his poetical powers.* Here he runs a parallel between the excellen-

* Malone has given the order for putting Dryden out of commons, from the Conclusion Book, in Trinity College, see p. 221. 'That J. Dryden be put out of commons for a fortnight, at least; and that he goe not out of the college, excepting to sermons, without express leave from the master, or vice-master; and that at the end of the fortnight, he read a confession of his crime, in the hall, at dinner time, at three fellowes table.'

* In Malone's note on the date of this letter, is a highly amusing instance of his persevering and minute exactness. The lady had erased the two latter figures, 16(55,) *lest they should discover her age*, but Malone, by viewing them through a *microscope*, rendered her caution vain, and convicted her of being 18. Dryden's Prose W. ii. p. 3.

cies of his 'fair Valentine,' and the properties of sealing wax:

You fairest nymph are wax. Oh! may you be
As well in softness as in purity.
Till fate and your own happy choice reveal
Whom you so far shall bless to make your seal.

Having now resided seven years at Cambridge, he removed to London about the middle of the year 1687. That he was obliged to quit the university, from having traduced the son of a nobleman in a libel, is supposed to be nothing more than the calumnious assertion of a mean and enraged antagonist. He had resided for three years beyond the usual period, and we should rather inquire what could have induced him to remain so long: at any rate, it is an unsupported charge, coming from a very suspicious quarter.

Dryden* settled in London under the protection of his kinsman Sir Gilbert Pickering, a stanch republican, who was nominated one of the king's judges in 1649, and who was one of the thirty-eight counsellors of state named by the Rump parliaments to supply the place of the executive power after the king's death. Our Poet is said to have been clerk or secretary to his kinsman—that he was a member of one of the committees—a sequestrator or committee-man, does not, I think, clearly appear; for the words from which Malone draws his inference seem to me to bear a different interpretation, and to refer rather to his protector, than himself. He is said to have favoured the sects of anabaptists, and independents, whose religious opinions some of his relations had zealously adopted. In 1659, he published his heroic stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell,† which were subsequently joined to those of Waller and Sprat. They consist of thirty-seven stanzas, written in the measure, and somewhat in the manner of Gondibert. The flow of his versification was improved, and his command of poetical language more extended, but he still confined his ambition to subtleties of thought, quaint allusions, and unexpected combinations of remote images. His ideas are laboured, and his inventions curious. No marks are yet discovered of the luxuriance of early genius, or the overflow of a mind full of poetry: nor are there any traces in his language from which we may collect that his curiosity had been directed to the study of the great poets who flourished in the preceding age. His poetry was in the general style of the times in which he lived; it did not partake of any individual character, nor was it controlled by any presiding genius. It shows rather a vigorous understanding, and quick discernment, than a rich imagination, or a fancy lavish of its youthful stores. How little does it resemble the early poems of Milton, which were published but a few years previous to this time.

Some of the stanzas, as the xxviith, are false in taste, and forced in analogy; others display a purer system of thought, a greater strength and solidity of versification, and language more appropriate to the subject Waller and Sprat both employed their genius on the same argument. Sprat wrote in Cowley's long Pindaric Strophes, and in Cowley's style of ingenious conceits and quaint unnatural flights. Waller's was a poem of a different kind, the most manly and nervous of all productions. It is no disgrace to the youthful poet to assert, that the prize of writing has been adjudged to the veteran bard, yet the victorious poem has little in it worthy of being envied. 'It is singular,' says Scott, that of those distinguished poets who solemnized by Elegy the death of the Protector, Dryden and Waller should have hailed the restoration of the Stuart line, and Sprat have favoured their most arbitrary aggressions upon liberty.

When the restoration took place, his kinsman retired without much loss, to his native county, and Dryden, now left on his own resources, hastened, in conjunction with his brother poets, to efface all memory of his former delinquency,

* In a satirical pamphlet, 'The reasons for Mr. Bayes changing his religion,' 4to. 1688, p. 14. The following passage occurs alluding to Dryden at the time—Bayes. 'After some years spent in the university, I quitted all my preferment there, to come and reside at the imperial city, because it was likely to prove a scene of more advantage and business, and likewise because it was the fittest place in the whole island for a monarch to settle his court, issue out orders for his subjects at home, and entertain a commerce with his allies abroad. At first I struggled with a great deal of persecution, took up with a lodging which had a window no bigger than a pocket looking-glass, dined at a threepenny ordinary enough to starve a vocation tailor, kept little company, and clad in homely drugget, and drank wine as seldom as a Rechabite or the grand Seignior's confessor. Much about this time, Mr. Crites as you may well remember, I made my first addresses in panegyric, and to Oliver Cromwell, '&c.

† The first edition, 1659, 4to., is extremely rare. The full title is, 'A Poem upon the death of his late Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, written by Mr. Dryden, London, printed for William Wilson, and are to be sold in Willgard's, near little St. Bartholomew's Hospital.' This edition does not materially differ from later, excepting that the spelling is modernized and the title abridged. Many years after one of Dryden's mean and malignant antagonists reprinted this Elegy with the hope of making Dryden appear an apostate. The title is An Elegy on the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, by the Author of Absalom and Achitophel.

by publishing his Astræa Redux in 1660. His Elegy on the Protector was never owned by him in the collection of his works, though not forgotten by his enemies. This poem is written in the taste and feeling of the former, one line

> * A horrid *stillness* first *invades* the ear,
> And in that silence we a tempest fear.

has been much ridiculed for the incorrectness and supposed absurdity of the thought; but I think it successfully vindicated by the reasoning of Johnson. Silence is a privation; and yet the poets give it an active influence and power over the mind—Simul ipsa silentia terrent—are the words of one whose exquisite propriety of expression and correctness of thought are yet unrivalled. 'Some of the similes,' says Scott, 'are brought out with singular ingenuity;'†—one of the defects of Dryden's early versification is in the frequent use of the verb 'do' in its different tenses: it occurs in a very displeasing manner in this poem; and indeed was never fully aside, (for it requires some ingenuity to avoid, and some courage to resist its insertion) before it fell beneath the corrector taste, and more fastidious ear of Pope.

* Captain Radcliff has ridiculed this line in his News from Hell.

> Laureat, who was both learned and florid,
> Was damned long since for silence horrid.
> For had there been such chatter made,
> But that his *silence did invade:*
> *Invade*, and so it might, that's clear,
> But what did it invade?—an Ear!
> And for some other things, 'tis true
> 'We follow fate, that does pursue.'

The term 'invading the ear,' Dryden has used in Theod. and Honoria.

'With more distinguished notes *invades his ear*.'

† Dryden was habitually careless in some of the provinces of his versification, the following incorrect rhyme occurs in this poem:

> Our healthful food the stomach labours *thus*,
> At first embracing what it straight doth *crush*.

In one of his prologues.

Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is *little*
Though not for food are yet preserved for *pickle*.

And in that to Albumazar,

> Here he was fashion'd, and we may *suppose*
> He liked the fashion well, and wore the *clothes*.

In Iphis and Ianthe,

> My parents are propitious to my *wish*,
> And she herself consenting to the *bliss*.

In the cock and the fox,

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted *bliss*.

Juv. 8th Sat.

> The gaudy gossip when she's set *agog*,
> In jewels drest, and at each ear a *bob*.

Denham rhymes 'transform'd' to 'return'd,' and 'Sprung' to 'Rome.'

At this time, Dryden is supposed to have lived at the house of Herringham, in the New Exchange, then the principal publisher of poetry and plays. A friendship, for some time, had been formed between him and Sir Robert Howard, 'who (he says) had been always careful of his fortune and reputation,' and whose sister, Lady Elizabeth, he subsequently married.

In 1661, he addressed some lines to the King,* on his coronation, and on New Years Day wrote a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde. In the following year, he prefixed some verses to Dr. Charlton's account of Stonehenge; in this latter poem, the ruggedness of his former versification had been softened into elegance and harmony; his quaint allusions and elaborate conceits had disappeared, and many of the lines are pleasing both in thought and expression,† as—

> And happy men, who danced away their time
> Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime;

and 'the nightly visions of the Danish race' seem to open, for the first time, into the regions of the imaginative and the picturesque.

The poem to the Lord Chancellor approaches more closely to the metaphysical style of Cowley and his contemporaries, than any other of Dryden's compositions. Scott ingeniously conjectures that Dryden professedly wrote after the manner of those poets with whose works the Chancellor had formerly been acquainted; in fact, that he strove to please, by bringing again before the eyes of the aged statesman that glitter of sentiment which had delighted him in his youth.‡ Johnson says Dryden never after strove

* There is an animation of language and an energy of style, it is said, in this poem, yet mixed up with the conceits of his preceding productions. The following couplet could not be easily surpassed in the works of Flecknoe and Shadwell:

A Queen near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.

'If, says Sir Walter Scott, the souls of any unborn monarchs waited for bodies from Queen Catharine, they waited long in vain;' perhaps it was not her fault, for, as the same writer sensibly observes, 'for a woman to bear children, it is necessary that some one should take the trouble of getting them.' See State Poems, vol. iii. p. 14.

† 'To taste the *fraicheur* of the purer air,' is an affected and unnecessary gallicism. Dryden also uses veillard, paillard; and, in Pal. and Arcite, 'that conscious *lavend*,' from the French 'Launde;' he has 'Semigres,' for affected contortions in the Story of Acis. In his Life of Virgil, he has 'fierce of the services,' for proud of the services, 'fier des services,' &c., but in revenge, 'en revanche.' The poet who flourished in the scene is damned in the *Ruelle*, &c.

‡ The following fine couplet is in this poem

> Envy that does with misery reside,
> The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.

to bring on the anvil such stubborn and unmanageable thoughts.

In all the poems which Dryden had hitherto published, there are marks of carelessness and inaccuracy in the versification, too frequent a repetition of the same rhymes, and, as I before observed, a most offensive and frequent recurrence of the expletive 'do;' perhaps they derive their chief value from the proofs which they afford of the alteration in poetic feeling that had commenced, and of a purer taste and manlier style superseding the false wit and glittering conceits that had charmed so long; he was shaking off the incumbering earth, and 'pawing to get free.'

The metaphysical productions (to use the common phrase) of Cowley and Donne, their wild unlicensed flights and strange inharmonious lines, once so admired as to eclipse even Milton's fame, now found but few imitators.* Waller, and especially Denham, had looked back on Fairfax and our elder poets with advantage, and had shown that a simpler and easier style, a more melodious and smoother system of verse might be attained without much difficulty. The light and sprightly manner of Suckling in his ballads and smaller poems was much admired. In Marvell true poetry might be found; nor must some of Withers's earlier notes be forgotten, though lost too soon by him. They were full of the simplest melody, the sweetest music. It was the gentle voice of his captivity, wild pastoral songs that beguiled his imprisoned hours, and then were heard no more. Dryden had evidently looked with somewhat of admiration or affection to the poetry of Davenant, and notwithstanding the ridicule of the wits, and with the confession of much that is absurd, and more that is tedious, Gondibert† is the work of a man of powerful intellect, and fine genius; it is full of fanciful images, ingenious reflections, and majestic sentiments: Hobbes has praised its vigour and beauty of expression. Davenant indeed, in all his poetry, throws out gleams of loftier and brighter creations, pathetic touches, sweet pensive meditations, imaginative and visionary fancies, and lines that run along the keen edge of curious thoughts, such as commanded the attention of Dryden beyond any other poet of the age, and such as long after Pope was not too proud to transplant into the most impassioned, and the most imaginative of all his productions. This early style of Dryden, or Davenant, is chiefly faulty, because the authors have not the courage, or inclination to reject an ingenious allusion, however remote, or a brilliant thought, however superfluous. Hence the surface of their poetry glitters with similes,* is crowded with learned analogies, and surrounded with unnecessary illustrations; whatever is subtle, laboured, and unusual, is forced into the subject. The interest of the story is encumbered with imagery, and the progress of the narrative impeded by reflection. Davenant himself confesses, that 'Poetical excellence consists in the laborious and lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence as well a happiness as care, and not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world like a sun with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys.'

The restoration of the monarchy now opened the gates of the theatre, the latest echoes of whose walls had been called forth by Shirley's muse: and which the narrow prejudices, and dark religion of the Puritans, considered as one of the practices offensive to God, and not to be endured by a serious and godly people, Dryden soon availed himself of this new channel to profit and fame. 'The first play (he says) I undertook, was the Duke of Guise, as the fairest way which the act of indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion, and of exposing the villanies of it upon the stage, to precaution posterity against the like errors.' His friends, however, considered his first essay as not wrought with sufficient art to ensure success, and it was in consequence laid aside for some years.

Dryden's first attempt at dramatic poetry, or

* Dryden calls 'Waller the father of our English Numbers,' he says, he mentions him for honour's sake; and that he is desirous on all occasions of laying hold on his memory; and thereby acknowledging to the world, that unless he had written, none of us could write.' See Pref. to Walsh's Dialogue. Fenton says Waller spent the greatest part of a summer *in correcting a poem of ten lines*, those written in the Tasso of the Duchess of York: Denham and Waller, says Prior, improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it.

† I am glad to support my humble opinion by the great authority of the author of Marmion; Sir Walter Scott says, 'Gondibert incurred, when first published, more ridicule, and in latter times more neglect than its merits deserve: an Epic poem in elegiac stanzas must always be tedious, because no structure of verse is more unfavourable to narrative, than that which almost peremptorily requires each sentence to be restricted, or protracted to four lines; but the liveliness of Davenant's imagination has illuminated even the dreary path which he has chosen, and perhaps *few poems afford more instances of vigorous conception and even felicity* of expression, than the neglected Gondibert.' Scott's Dryden, vol. iii. p. 97; and Life of Dryden, vol. i. p. 43.

* Now here she must make a simile, where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes? Because she's surprised. That is a general rule, you must ever make a simile when you are surprised, 'tis *a new way of writing*. Rehearsal, act i. sc. 3.

rather his first play that was exhibited, was the 'Wild Gallant.' It was probably produced on the stage the 5th February,* 1662–3. The want of success was, perhaps, compensated by the favourable influence of the celebrated Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards the Dutchess of Cleveland.† More than once, Charles commanded it to be performed before him; it was more distinguished for the smartness of its repartee than for the skilfulness of the plot, and its 'prize fights of wit' have been ridiculed in the Rehearsal.‡ There is in the Wild Gallant a strange improbability of incident, and a bustling intrigue taken from the Spanish drama. The character of Isabella is immodest and loose. The absurdity of the gross deceit attempted to be passed on Lord Nonsuch probably turned the fate of the play. Seven years afterwards, when it was corrected and revised, that this part was not omitted nor remodelled is surprising. Constance's marriage, under the character of Fortune, has been properly reprehended as unnatural and grotesque. The second prologue is very indecent, and the looseness of the dialogue offensive; but this is a fault pervading most of Dryden's plays. It has been vainly attempted to turn the blame from the poet to the audience, though it has been urged by his critics and by himself—'that those who live to please, must please to live.' I wish that so heavy a charge had met with a better exculpation.

Having failed in his first attempts at comedy, which he discovered 'was the most difficult part of dramatic poetry,' Dryden's next performance was a tragi-comedy, called the Rival Ladies,§ which was publicly exhibited in the winter of 1663. The tragic scenes of the play are written in rhyme,* while the lighter are formed into blank verse. Dryden has earnestly defended his practice with arguments, rather ingenious than convincing; for, if admitted, they would censure or condemn not only some of the finest passages in our 'old Cothurnal scenes,' but the system on which their poetry was founded, and the end which it aspired to attain; but in truth, our heroic verse in rhyme is most adverse to the exhibition of dramatic passion, or powerful and changing emotion. It leads the poet into long unbroken declamation, and totally precludes the abrupt transitions and bold rapid movements, by which true and strong feeling is declared. Nothing is left for the genius of the actor, in look, in gesture, in the eloquence of silence to supply; or for the imagination of the audience to assist; nothing to strike on the chords of association in our mind; nothing imperfect and halfdrawn that calls upon the fancy to fill up the unfinished picture, and gives it a share in the creations of the poet. Here surely lies much of the fascination of poetry. At the first breath heard from the enchanted horn, when touched by the lips of genius, all becomes inspiration and illusion; the scenes and shadows of ordinary life disappear; a light not borrowed of the earth glitters over

* On the 19th November, 1662, Dryden was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, which is supposed to show his early reputation for knowledge. Cowley and Denham were also admitted into it. See Birch's Hist. of the R. Society, i. 125, 127.

† Dryden addressed some sprightly and gallant verses to her on her encouraging this play, Scott's ed. vol. xi. p. 18. He compares her influence to the virtue of Cato, 'But you have done what Cato could not do,' which is very true; for she slept with Charles II. the very first night he arrived in London, nathless, our poet says,

Your power you never use, but for defence
To guard your *own*, or others *innocence*.

‡ In the scene betwixt Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble Bibber, being the orizinal of the latter personage. Some part of the character of 'Trice,' is imitated from that of Carlo, in Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'

§ This play was with propriety dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, himself the first writer of rhyming plays after the Restoration. The flatness and insipidity of his language is ridiculed in Timon, a Satyr. Buckingham's Works, i. p. 163.

Half wit cries up my Lord of Orrery.
Ah! how well Mustapha and Zanger die;
His sense so little fired, that by one line
You may the other easily divine;
—'And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.'—
There's luscious poetry, you'd swear 't was prose,
So little on the sense the rhymes impose.

In Mustapha, p. 105, Solyman says,

(*Sol.*) Forgive her, Heaven!—here—take my handkercher, Dispatch!—why do you pause?—
(*Rax*)—Forgive her, Sir.

The play of the Black Prince was spoken by the genius of England, holding a *trident in one hand, and a sword in the other*. Lines similar to the following often occur:

You know, when to the wars of France I went,
I made a friendship with the Duke of Kent.

Herod says to Solemus,

This storm which thou hast rais'd, dost thou not dread?
Look on me—look—*have I not stared thee dead?*
Tamar. Permit me first, Madam, to dress your wound.
Queen. It is a scratch, and is already bound.

In this moving manner the noble author goes through a folio volume, and receives the highest commendations from Mr. N. Tate. In his Comedy of Mr. Anthony, there was a duel between Mr. Nokes and Mr. Angel; one came armed with a *blunderbuss*, and the other with a *bow and arrows*.

* The dedication to Lord Orrery is composed in a strain of laboured and ingenious flattery; there are two mistakes in it, one relating to Gorboduc, the other, that Shakspeare *invented blank verse*. He praises Waller, Denham, and Davenant, and defends rhyming verse.

the new creation; every power of nature starts from its repose, and the feelings of the mind waken from their slumber, to hasten into the magic circle in which they are invoked. The key that opens the paradise of poetic creation is placed in our hands: language itself changes its ordinary form, and kindles into impassioned eloquence, and *then* showered from the urn of phantasy appear

The thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

In these plays rhyme was not simply an additional ornament, that, like fringe upon a garment, might be removed without injury; it did not constitute merely a casual part of the vehicle in which the sentiments were conveyed, but it was intimately connected with the structure of the drama, for it removed the dramatic imitation farther from nature, and thus rendered the extravagant sentiments and improbable incidents less offensive; like a harmonious glazing to a picture, it served to keep all the poetic colours in tone. With the disuse of rhyme, an alteration took place in the other constituents of the drama, in the sentiments, the figures, the language, the incidents, and the general principle. I am not aware that Dryden, and the other poets of the heroic school, availed themselves of the power which they possessed of breaking up their verse into irregular pauses, thus giving a greater variety to its intonation, and a bolder and less monotonous character. This has been adopted with success by the actors on the French stage, where the verse with difficulty admits it, and when such an alteration in the manner of delivery was not anticipated or provided for by the author.*

In this play is to be found the bustle, the intrigue, and the disguise of the Spanish plot. The scene between Hippolyto and Amelia (act iv. sc. 3.) is ludicrous and absurd. Perplexities arise without any reasonable cause; and difficulties are solved without any probability of circumstances. The plot is concluded, not by a skilful combination of events gradually closing and conducting to the development, but by an unnatural transfer of affection in the heroines of the drama, suddenly huddled up in the concluding scene. The jealousies and partialities of love at once subside; which had been sustained under perplexity of adventure, artifice of disguise, and variety of situation. Dryden has taken advantage of every form of ornament and every vehicle of expression which our language could afford; for the play is composed of prose, blank verse, the rhyming heroic couplet, and the quatrain.

He now assisted his friend Sir Robert Howard,* in the Indian Queen. What proportion of the play was written by Dryden cannot be ascertained with exactness; but as the versification is superior to that of Sir Robert's other dramas, it is probable that Dryden heightened and improved whatever was most weak and defective by touches of his vigorous and flowing style. He is accused of copying his Almanzor from the character of Montezuma. This play was acted with great applause, and Evelyn has mentioned that the scenes were the richest ever seen in England, or perhaps on any public stage.

After the Restoration, the theatres were limited to two in number. One was placed under the direction of Sir W. Davenant, and called the Duke's theatre. Betterton and other actors of much merit belonged to it: at the head of the other was placed Killigrew; his performers constituted the king's company, and with this latter theatre Dryden was particularly connected.

Sir R. Howard's play suggested to our Poet the subject of his next, 'The Indian Emperor,'† which, though not printed till October, 1667, had probably been acted early in the winter of 1664. There was not much connexion between the plot of this play, and that of his predecessor. All, it is said, that Dryden borrowed were three ghosts, the sole sad survivors, if such they can be called, of the persons dramatis of the Indian Queen, with the exception of Montezuma. This play was dedicated to his earliest patroness, Anne, Dutchess of Monmouth: its own merits, assisted by her influence, ensured its success, and placed Dryden without a rival on the throne of dramatic fame.

* Cibber mentions that Sanford, the actor, used to throw the cadence on different parts of the line, in order to avoid surfeiting the audience by a constant recurrence of rhyme. Scott's Life. p. 96.

* Dryden has prefixed some lines to a volume of Sir R. Howard's Poetry; they have but little reference to the subject to which they are addressed, and a person would in vain search the poems of the author to discover sufficient materials for so splendid a eulogy. The observations which Dryden makes on the Achilleis of Statius, and of the additional beauties conferred by the translator, show either that he was ignorant of the poem (one of the most beautiful and elegant fragments of antiquity, with golden lights from Virgil's brighter day still hanging on it,) or that in his anxiety to praise, he was careless of the truth. Few poems are more spirited and interesting than the original: none more utterly worthless than the translation.

† To the second edition of the Indian Emperor, in 1668, was prefixed Dryden's Defence of an Essay on Dramatic Poetry. It was directed against the remarks which Sir R. Howard prefixed to his Duke of Lerna. Scott says it is worthy of preservation, as it would be difficult to point out deeper contempt and irony couched under language so temperate, cold, and outwardly respectful.

Sir W. Scott has remarked 'the charm of the poetry and the ingenuity of the dialogue;' but the praise cannot be extended to any skilfulness of design, or variety of character. The Indians and Spaniards are all indiscriminately cast in the same heroic model.* A succession of scenes carries on the plot without unfolding it, and the voluntary death of many of the characters terminates without interest, what the ingenuity of the poet should have conducted to a more skilful issue. Love misplaced, and affections entangled in an unfortunate choice, provide an intricacy of situation that gives room for the invention of the poet; but no attempt is made to move our affections, which the subject would so easily admit, nor is advantage taken of the striking contrast which the different characters and countries would so easily have afforded. The metaphysical reasoning between the priest and Montezuma, while the latter was on the rack, shows how on Dryden's system, ingenuity of thought and well expressed argument was to compensate for the violation of all probability, and to excuse an infringement even on the laws of nature.†

* Sir W. Scott justly says, that he has little doubt but that the heroic tragedies were the legitimate offspring of the French romances of Scuderi and Calprenede. The absolute dominion of Louis XIV. extended over the field of poetry and literature, as well as that of arms; nothing of passion, of emotion, of nature was allowed to be exhibited, lest it should break through the feelings of the audience, and impair the dignity of the monarch, whose system it was that *he* was the sole and single object of attraction. Every thing was to be formed on an ideal and gigantic scale, every sentiment was to be lofty and striking; the valour of the hero resistless, and the beauty of the heroine unrivalled. Thus Louis lived, and ruled a world of his own creation. This our stage adopted, and Charles approved. See some sensible observations on this subject by a clever entertaining writer, Mons. De Mayer, in the Preface to his Geneviève de Cornouailles, 1764, p. xvii. xxi. 'Si leurs personnages étoient des giants, c'est que Louis XIV. avoit imprimé un grand caractère à son siècle. Louis XIV. que Fredéric a nommé le grand magicien, parceque il a pétri les têtes de ses sujets, n'aimoit que ce qui portoit l'emprunte de la grandeur, &c. —Les héros Grecs et Romains avoient les deux queues, l'écharpe et les grands canons. Orondate et Palamède naissoient, mouroient à Versailles, et se promenoient sur leurs destriers de St. Germains à Marly. Ce ridicule disparut sur la fin du règne de Louis XIV.' &c. In Charles the Second's reign the 'Maid's Tragedy' was prohibited, because it turns on the seduction of Evadne by a licentious king. See Cibber's Apology, p. 199. Waller wrote a fifth act, with a different and less displeasing termination.

† Some passages are extravagantly absurd, as

'As if our old world modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new.'

And.

In Shakspeare and in the tragedies of the elder dramatists, the difficulties arise from the progress of unrestrained passions, and the indulgence of criminal desires, involving the possessors in the fatal consequences of guilt, and burying them under the ruins of the unhallowed structure which they reared. Thus Othello perishes through jealousy, Macbeth by ambition, Richard by perfidy and cruelty, and Anthony the indolent, the voluptuous, and the brave, was dishonoured and dethroned by her, whose smile could melt the sternest bosoms into love, and at whose feet of beauty the rival sceptres of the earth were laid.

In Dryden, such is the difference in the structure of his dramas, the characters are, from the outset, surrounded with elaborate contrivances of perplexity. Affections are dissembled, perverted, or misplaced; the calls of duty and the feelings of desire are placed in opposition to each other; the difficulties do not grow out of the progress of the plot, or arise from the natural development of individual character and the conflict or combinations of the varied passions and affections, but are gratuitously formed; and, at length, when ingenuity has been exhausted, and the arts of evasion baffled by the stubbornness of the materials, a conclusion is obtained by an unnatural and rapid removal of part of the characters, or by an unexpected and unaccountable alteration of their sentiments.

In consequence of the plague, which broke out with such alarming violence this year, and the terrific conflagration on the following, which laid the most populous and wealthy part of London in ashes, no plays were allowed to be exhibited. The prohibition extended from May 1665 to Christmas 1666. During this interval Dryden is supposed, with circumstances, says Johnson, according to the satire imputed to Lord Somers, not honourable to either party, to have married the Lady Elizabeth Howard,*

'I kill'd a double man; the one half lay
Upon the ground, the other ran away.'

The former couplet is quoted in Timon, a Satire, in the Duke of Buckingham's Works, p. 164.

——'who but he durst presume
To make th' old world a new withdrawing room,
When of another world she's brought to bed,
What a brave midwife is a laureat's head.'

* She is called the Lady *Elzabeth*. See Wilson's Life of Congreve *passim*. and Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 395. I am not at all anxious to promote quarrels between man and wife; or to disturb the virtuous repose of the Lady Elzabeth; but I must say, that I have stumbled on a very *awkward letter* from her, unnoticed by her biographers, and which, considering the noted gallantry of the person to whom it was addressed, wants, my dear Lady Elzy, some little explanation on your part.

and to have resided in the house of his father-in-law, the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton in Wiltshire. His leisure was amused in writing his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, which he dedicated to Lord Buckhurst, and published in the year 1667.

Dryden's marriage either interrupted, or terminated some intrigues into which his connexion with the stage, his youth and attractive appearance perhaps contributed to draw him, and which the gallantry of the age permitted without a frown. An amour with a beautiful actress, Madame Reeve, ended by the lady retiring from the stage to the seclusion of a cloister. There is an allusion too, I am afraid, to something like an *intrigue** in another quarter; for the authors of the Rehearsal would let no weakness of our poet escape. The blessings of fame and greatness must be attended with their shadows and inconveniences; thus we are made acquainted with the disfigured person of Davenant, the libelled reputation of Dryden, and the pictured shape of Pope. Our poet, however, received no lasting injury from the imputation of weaknesses in which most shared; and the reputation of conquests which perhaps all envied. His latest biographer says of him at this time, 'that his manners were amiable, his reputation high, and his moral character unexceptionable.'

The alliance between a dependent poet, and the daughter of an earl was too unequal, to hold out much reasonable prospect of happiness,* after the first bloom of affection and desire had passed away. The lady was violent and capricious in temper, and weak in understanding, she brought but little fortune to compensate for her deficiencies in the qualities expected in a wife. Dislike was aggravated by poverty. She did not share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person. A man of genius, of all others, can hope for happiness only when united to a woman of sense. What can be expected from narrowness of understanding, prejudice of views, and sullenness of temper, but conflicts, alienation, and misery? Dryden never lost an opportunity of venting such bitter sarcasms against the matrimonial state, as too plainly bore evidence to his domestic misery. Indeed he never wanted a subject for satire, when marriage was to be derided, or the clergy† ridiculed.

The great object of Dryden's essay, mentioned above, was 'to vindicate the honour of the English poets from the censure of those who unjustly preferred the French before them,' —the admiration of Jonson's talents among Dryden's contemporaries had eclipsed, or lowered disadvantageously the greater genius of Shakspeare. Dryden felt the error of the decision, and he developed the merits, and exhibited the excellences of Shakspeare's genius in so masterly a manner as to call forth the highest encomiums from Dr. Johnson, at the time he was directing his attention to the same

'*MY LORD*, 1658.

'I received yours, though not without great trouble, but am not guilty of any thing you lay to my charge, nor will I ever alter from the expressions I formerly mate. Therefore I hope you will not be so unjust as to believe all that the world says of me, but rather credit my protestation of never having named you to my friends, *being always carefull of that for my own sake as well as yours*; and therefore let it not be in the power of any, nor of your own *inclinations* to make me less.

Your very Humble Servant.

P. S. If you will meet me in the Old Exchange, about six o'clock, I will justify myselfe.'

The above is a letter from the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the Earl of Berkshire, to Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield. See his Letters, p. 95; at p. 115 of the same work there is a letter without the address from Lord Chesterfield, which the editor thinks was to the same virtuous Lady Elizabeth: but I doubt the correctness of this conjecture, the most open and severe attack on her is in the State Poems:

'At all religions to the last from first,
Thou still hast rail'd, and then espoused the worst,
In this thy wisdom such as 'twas before,
T' abuse all woman kind—then wed a whore.'

In some verses from Melbourne, addressed to Tonson in 1690, on the publication of Amphytryo, he says, apostrophizing Dryden,

'Hang't—give the fop ungrateful world its will.
He (Shadwell) wears the laurel—thou deservedst it still.
Still smooth as when adorn'd with youthful pride,
For thy dear sake the blushing virgins died.
When the kind gods of wit and love combin'd,
And with large gifts thy yielding soul refin'd.'

In the key to the Rehearsal, Bayes says, 'I writ that part only for her, you know she is my mistress.'—*Note.* The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeve, who at that time was kept by Mr. Bayes.* An anonymous writer mentions his 'having eat tarts with *Dryden and Madam Reeve* in the Mulberry Garden.' See Gent. Mag. 1745, p. 99

* I dont quite understand the allusion in the pamphlet, the reason of Mr. Bayes changing his religion, Second Part, 1690, p. 11. 'You poets ought to be excused for being witty now and then upon those who are got into the *oval* of matrimony; for either you are plagued with an odd sort of *Latitudinarian* creatures at home, (which they say is your own misfortune, Mr. Bayes, as well as Mr. Shadwell's,) and then you have all the reason in the world to vent your indignation upon that settlement called a wife, or else you are humbly content to pick a little natural philosophy out of some Fleet-street stroller,' &c.

† See Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry, i. p. 348, where his alteration of Chaucer's images is noticed to gratify his spleen against the church. I possess a poem in quarto, called 'Whip for the Fool's Back, who styles Honourable Marriage a Cursed Confinement, in his profane Poem of Absalom and Achitophel.'

subject. It will not be easy to find (he says) in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or referred, nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased the epitome of excellence; of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

The essay is written in the form of a dialogue, the persons of the speakers are concealed under fictitious names, but it has been ascertained that through the disguise assumed, the real characters of Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Sidly, Sir Robert Howard, and Dryden himself appear. The subject of the dialogue is first, the improved system of versification, a comparison of the ancient and classic models with the more irregular system of the French and English drama; the most interesting parts of the whole is that in which the respective merits of Shakspeare and Jonson are examined. It ends with a discussion on the advantages of rhyme in dramatic composition, in which Dryden takes the affirmative part, against the opinions of Sir Robert Howard. The manner in which this last argument is handled occasioned a discussion between Dryden and his brother-in-law.* Sir Robert answered him in the preface to the Duke of Lerna; Dryden retorted in the defence of dramatic poetry, which he prefixed to the second edition of the Indian Emperor. That sensible men and brothers should be at enmity with each other for years, on a disputed point of criticism, shows that the imputation of irritability thrown out against the poetic tribe was not asserted without reason; many years after when the subject was forgotten, and so complete a reconciliation had taken place, that Dryden borrowed money from his old enemy, the defence was cancelled, and an original edition of it is said now to be extremely rare.

In 1667, the Annus Mirabilis was published, and the Maiden Queen was acted in the winter of 1666. Charles was not only the patron of this play, but even suggested the plot, and rescued it from the severity of its enemies.

With regard to the 'Annus* Mirabilis, Scott agrees with Dr. Aikin in confessing the disadvantages of the four line stanza† in which this poem is written, from the necessity of comprising the thought within the limits of the stanza. I hardly acknowledge the force of this objection, for it would apply to the versification of Pope which seldom runs beyond the narrow boundary of the couplet; nor do I see why the Poet might not if he pleased advance on a bolder wing, and extend without impediment the sense beyond the limits of the quatrain: if I rightly recollect, it is in this manner, that Mr. Roscoe has translated the Greek poem of Musurus, and Gray printed his Elegy in continuous stanzas. The use of the stanza itself no doubt Dryden adopted from Davenant, who himself probably derived it from Sir John Davis's immortality of the Soul—for its introduction into our poetry we are indebted, I believe, to Surrey.

Scott says that Dryden seldom suffers his poem to languish, every stanza presents some strong thought or vivid description, but that the structure of the verse has laid him under the odd and unpleasing necessity of filling up his stanza, by coupling a simile, or a moral expressed in the two last lines along with the fact which had been expressed in the first. The plan of this poem is very inartificial, and the unison of two distinct events, the naval fight and the fire of London, is unskilfully adopted. Its defects resemble those of the former. There are lofty allusions connected with mean and minute descriptions more adapted to a gazette than a poem. The sense alternately swells into the bombastic, or descends to the low, and wanders into false allusions, and unnatural conceits. There is an exaggeration in the colouring, and an extravagance in the language, a want of keeping or harmony of style and imagery—elegant similes, and noble sentiments being

* The whole dispute arranges itself thus:

1. Dryden in dedication to Lord Orrery, defended dramatic rhyme.
2. Sir R. Howard in Pref. to his plays, censured the opinion.
3. Dryden in Dial. on Dram. Poetry vindicated himself.
4. Sir R. Howard in the Pref. to the Duke of Lerna observed.
5. Dryden in Pref. to Ind. Emperor replied.

* The title of Annus Mirabilis, did not originate with Dryden, a prose tract, so entitled, being published in 1662, see Malone's Pr. works of Dryden, vol. iii. p. 250.

† Rymer, in his preface to Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's poetry, had found fault with the quatrain; and Davenant defended it in his pref. to Gondibert. The Earl of Sterline had used it in his four Monarchic Tragedies.

united to the low and technical language of the leger. After an allusion to the bees, drawn from the Æneid very poetically expressed, the following stanza occurs.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
His new cast cannons' fineness to explore;
The strength of *big-corn'd* powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

and

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or searcloth masts with strong tarpawling coats;
To try new shrouds, one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.*

The Maiden Queen, the play which I before mentioned to have been acted in 1666, is said by Langbaine to be founded on some adventures in the grand Cyrus, and Ibrahim, the illustrious bashaw; indeed, Dryden admits that the foundation of his plot was taken from the former. The character of the queen includes all that is interesting or excellent in the plot; the struggles of unrequited passion, and the final triumph of honour and duty, are finely painted, while the catastrophe is so skilfully delayed, that our interest in the decision is maintained till the last. The character of Philocles is impaired by the vacillations of his affection, in the latter scenes; but the indecision of his judgment, and his struggle between virtue and love, lead to one of those situations of difficulty which, as I have previously observed, formed the delight of the artificial drama. Lysistratus is drawn without any bold or prominent features that can enchain attention; a separate vein of comic† dialogue, belonging to an underplot, runs through the play, which the author, in the last scene, has attempted to unite with the former, by making Celadon assist Philocles; but there is no real unity in the fable. It was necessary, I suppose, to enliven the grave and pathetic part of the plot with descriptions of a gay airy libertine and a clever self-confident girl, under the characters of a courtier and maid of honour. The ignorance of Philocles of the queen's attachment is perhaps out of nature; but it must be viewed with regard to the artificial system on which these plays are founded. Dryden has observed, that the good taste of Charles discovered a blemish in the last scene, which, indeed, arose, from what I observed before, an attempt, too late, to bring the two actions together, when they had previously no links of connexion. Dryden, I believe, was well acquainted with the Spanish drama, and he borrowed from it its unnatural pomp of language, its unpleasing intricacy of incident, and the inartificial and improbable extrication of the story.

Confident in the resources of his genius, and having successfully tried his dramatic powers, Dryden now entered into an agreement with the King's Theatre,* to supply it with three plays in a year, for one share and a quarter out of twelve shares and three quarters, into which the theatrical stock was divided, and which produced him better than three or four hundred a year, the total profits of the theatre being about four thousand pounds per annum.

An author, who could enter into such an engagement, must, undoubtedly, have great reliance on the fertility of his invention† and the copiousness of his resources; but constant practice quickens the power of the intellect, awakens the slumbering associations of the fancy, gives to the taste and judgment an instantaneous selection, and to the hand a surprising facility of execution. Dryden had thought much on the subjects of the drama, had treasured up materials, at least in his imagination, if not assorted them in books. Shakspeare is suppos-

* That monstrous verse, says Scott, in which the extinction of the fire is described, cannot be too often quoted, both to expose the meanness of the image and the confusion of the metaphor. The flames of London are first, a tallow-candle, secondly, hawks, which, while pouncing on their quarry, are hooded with an extinguisher.

A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames, that to their quarry drove.

† 'The comic part of the play contains much of what was thought wit, in the reign of Charles; for marriage is railed against, and a male and female rake join in extolling the pleasures of a single life, even while the usage of the theatre compels them to put on the matrimonial chain. It is surprising that no venturous author, in that gay age, concluded by making such a couple happy in their own way. The novelty of such a catastrophe would have ensured its success, and, unlike the termination of the lives of Celadon and Florimel, it would have been strictly in character.' See Scott's Dryden, vol. ii. p. 361

* The writers for the Duke's House were, Etheredge, Lord Orrery, Otway, Shadwell, Ravenscroft, Crowne, Settle, Behn, Tate; for the King's, Dryden, Sir Robert Howard, Wycherley, Durfey, James Howard, Lacy, Duffet, and Lee, to the year 1678. Edward Howard, Sidley, and Bankes, gave their plays sometimes to one theatre, sometimes to another.

† Jacob says, 'I think, the single consideration of Mr. Dryden having produced *six* dramatic performances in one year is sufficient to atone for inconsiderable thefts and trivial irregularities.' Lives, p. 82. But this is a mistake, see Reed's note, in Johnson's Life of Dryden, p. 348. Langbaine's authority led Johnson into the same error. Dryden did not produce more than half the plays for which he contracted; see the Memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, by Killigrew, Hart, &c. Malone's Life, p. 73.

ed to have written two plays in each year, for several years, and in the compass of ten years the copious and vigorous invention of Fletcher enriched the theatre with more than thirty dramas.

On the death of Sir W. Davenant, in 1668, the poetical laurel which he had worn for thirty years, and which had descended to him at the death of Jonson, was now given to our author, after an interval of two years. The office of historiographer-royal was attached to it, which had become vacant by Howell's death: the salary was two hundred a year; the butt of Canary was not withheld, and the patent bore retrospect to the time when the office was vacated. The grant was honourably and elegantly bestowed.* 'To John Dryden, Master of Arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his majesty, and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill, and elegant style, both in verse and prose.'

Between the reopening of the theatres, in the beginning of 1667, and the middle of 1670, Dryden produced five original plays, and two in which he was assisted.

The Maiden Queen, which I have already noticed, was, without doubt, acted in 1666, and entered in the Stationers' register in 1667.

The Tempest was acted in 1667, as appears from the epilogue, though not printed till 1669.

Sir W. Scott has justly expressed his sense of the injury which the Tempest has received in passing from the pure, the beautiful, and imaginative creations of Shakspeare, to the gross and tasteless alterations of Dryden and Davenant:† so has the delicacy of Raphael's Farnesian gallery, and the bloom of Psyche's beauty vanished beneath the coarser varnish of C. Marat. How foolish and ill placed is the duel between Ferdinand and Hippolyto! how unseasonable and out of character the quarrel between the two sisters! how low and coarse the allusion in the speech of Prospero to Dorinda,‡ and how puerile the conceit in the dialogue between Hippolyto and Dorinda!§ Not one additional beauty has been inserted, not one felicitous hint improved; but the profound skill and knowledge of nature, for which the original has been justly praised, has been lost sight of by the improvers, who have stripped the spiritual creation of Shakspeare of its sky-tinctured robes, and stifled the wild harmony of its notes in order that they might deck it in the artificial finery, and bestow on it the conventional manners of their grosser times, and their degraded theatre.

Sir Martin Marall was originally a translation from the French, by the Duke of Newcastle; it was presented to Dryden, and by him adapted to the stage. None of our author's pieces was more succesful; for it was acted thirty times at the theatre at Lincoln's Inn, and four times at court, in the course of two years; and when the new theatre was opened in Dorset Gardens, in 1671, the same comedy drew considerable audiences for three nights: Nokes's acting in Marall was a source of great attraction. This play is imitated from the French of Molière's L'Etourdi, which itself is an imitation of the Inavvertito of Beltrami; it was published in Dryden's name in 1667,* and all that is diverting and clever in it belongs, it is supposed, rather to the poet than the peer. The success of the play would much depend, I think, on the cleverness of the actors, and the adaptation of their talents to the parts assigned them. Its defects seem to consist in the overcharged character of Sir Martin, which probably was so strongly coloured for the purpose of displaying Nokes's peculiar vein of drollery. Molière's character of Lelie is more thoughtless than foolish, more true to nature, and finished with a delicate and finer hand; the stupidity, in Dryden's comedy, has been exaggerated, and the humour of the play rendered more broad and coarse. The consequence of making Sir Martin despicable for his conceit and stupidity, prevented Mrs. Millicent's marrying him without shocking probability, yet her marriage with Warner is very inconsistent and unsatisfactory. This the greater skill and judgment of Molière has avoided. The character of the familiar, intriguing valet, unknown to English customs, proves its foreign origin. L'Amant Indiscrêt of Quinault has been used for that portion of the plot, which occasioned its being called the 'Feigned Innocence,' and which of course is not part of Molière's play. If the indecency could be expunged, an agreeable farce might now

* See Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 88. Pat. 22. Car. ii. p. 6. n. 6.

† Scott supposes that Dryden had probably little more share in the alteration of this play than the care of adapting it to the stage. The prologue, he says, is one of the most masterly tributes ever paid at the shrine of Shakspeare.

‡ '*Prosp.* You must not trust them, child. No woman can come near them, but she feels a pain full nine months,' &c.

§ '*Dor.* What is the soul? *Hip.* A small blue thing that runs about within us. *Dor.* Then have I seen it in a frosty morning, run smoking from my mouth,' &c. Davenant died before the publication of this piece, and his memory is celebrated in the preface.

* Scott says, it was performed by the Duke of York's servants, probably at the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, as Dryden was engaged to write for the other house. It seems to have been acted in 1667, and was published, but without the author's name, in 1668.

be formed from the materials, nor would a successor to Nokes's humour be sought in vain.

The Mock Astrologer was registered in November, 1668. This play is founded on the Feint Astrologue of the younger Corneille, which he imitated from the Astrologo Fingido of Calderon. The quarrelling scene between Wildblood and Jacintha is copied from the scene in the Depit Amoreux of Molière!* Sir W. Scott says, that the play is more lively than most of Dryden's comedies; Wildblood and Jacinth are far more pleasant than their prototypes, Celadon and Florimel, and the Spanish bustle of the plot is well calculated to fix the attention. The catastrophe, however, is too forcibly induced, and the improbabilities in the last scene are such as to require all the indulgence and good humour of the audience. To this play a very interesting preface† on the merits of the older dramatists is attached: and the remarks on their respective excellencies are made with knowledge and judgment.

The next play which the readiness and vigour of his genius threw out, was Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr. It was written in seven weeks, and the entry was made in the stationers' books, July, 1669.‡

This has been with justice considered as one of Dryden's characteristic plays, exhibiting the chief features of the heroic system. The personages of the drama are placed in trying perplexities of situation, and amid extraordinary combinations of events; while the movement of the passions, and the progressive action of the story, are superseded by declamation, or entangled in argument. Sentiments are expressed in language bombastic and extravagant;§

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

yet the versification is melodious, the language poetical, the thoughts ingenious, and flashes of purer and nobler feeling occasionally appear; the tender description, it has been remarked, given by Felicia of her attachment to her children in infancy, is exquisitely beautiful.

In the autumn of 1669, and the spring of the next, Dryden produced the two parts of the Conquest of Granada,* though they were not published till 1672. The play was received with unbounded applause, and raised the poet it is said to a higher point in public esteem, than he reached thirty years after by his translation of Virgil and his fables; in fact the system itself was a favourite with the public, and he was acknowledged as its chief. With regard to the structure of this play, I shall observe, that the changes of fortune are too rapid and indecisive to be of interest. That the character and matchless prowess of Almanzor,† is so soon ascertained, that we feel assured that victory will pass from side to side with a constancy, which could only be commanded by an imaginary and invincible hero. The character of Boabdelin is contemptible, that of Lyndaraxa odious. The vacillations of Almanzor, between his ambition and his love, are almost ludicrous; while his extravagance of sentiment,‡ and his prodigious

* Evelyn mentions this 'play' a foolish plot, and very profane; it affected one to see how much the stage was degenerated and polluted by these licentious times. Memoirs, 19th June, 1668.

† In this preface Dryden has defended himself against the charge of plagiarism brought against him. On this point he quotes the words of Charles II., who had only desired, that they, who accused Dryden of theft, would steal him such plays as Dryden's. Langbaine, it is well known, is very severe on this head, against our poet, but his bitterest accusations only come to this, that like all his predecessors he took his plots from Novels, Romances, Chronicles, and Histories, as he could best find them, and that he was occasionally indebted to the foreign stage.

‡ Malone has fixed the first acting of this play to the end of 1668, or beginning of 1669. It was printed in 1670, and a revised edition came forth in 1672.

§ Maximin, in his dying moments says,

Bring me Porphyrius and my Empress dead,
I would brave heaven, in my each hand a head.

Again,

Look to it, Gods! for you the aggressors are,
Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.

Your trade of heaven will soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

The dialogue of the spirits is ridiculed in the Rehearsal.

* On a couplet in this play,

For as old Selim was not moved by thee,
Neither will I by Selim's daughter be.

the Duke of Buckingham presents the following lines, Poems, ii. p. 220.

A py, a pudding, a pudding, a py,
A py for me and a pudding for thee;
A pudding for me and a py for thee,
And a pudding py for thee and me.

† The character of Almanzor is the original of Drawcansir in the Rehearsal, into whose mouth parodies of Dryden's most extravagant flights have been put. Shaftesbury attempts to trace the applause bestowed on this play to what he calls the correspondence and relation between our royal theatre and popular circus, or bear garden. Misc. Reflections, M. 3.

‡ As act iii. sc. 1.

Alm. Thou shalt not *wish* her thine. Thou shalt not dare
To be so impudent as to despair.

Hamet. Your slighting Zulena, this very hour,
Will take ten thousand subjects from your power.

Alm. What are ten thousand subjects such as they;
If I am scorn'd—*I'll take myself away.*

In act v. sc. 2.

Alm. Thou darest not marry her whilst I'm in sight,
With a bent brow thy priest and thee I'll fright.
And in that scene,
Which all thy hopes and wishes should content
The thought of me shall MAKE THEE IMPOTENT.

egotism, place him at the head of all the heroes of romance. In this heroic kind of drama, the characters pass before us like moving pictures; we no more sympathize with them, than with the allegorical figures of Rubens. Their misfortunes draw no pity, their virtues claim no admiration, their feelings are often scarcely intelligible to us; they move, and think, and act, in a world of their own. Love, with them, is exalted to adoration; argument is sharpened into logic; passion becomes insanity; and valour is placed above the caprice of fortune, or the possibility of defeat. Macbeth, and Othello, and Lear, meet us with passions that we recognise in the mirror of life, with reflections of the forms of history, and the creations of nature; their tears are drawn from the same fountain as our own, their smiles come from feelings familiar to us, the wildness of their passion, and the majesty of their sorrow is all ours; but the character of Almanzor* is altogether an artificial creation; he is a pasteboard hero of the opera stage; a being exorbitating or flying out from the common sphere of humanity, soaring in a region of his own, and never seen beyond the circle of romance. When such a character as this is introduced on the stage, one cannot help reflecting how small a scope is given to fiction in *dramatic* poetry; because the characters are measured to us, and defined by visible representation; not shaped from ideal models in our own mind, nor elevated by our imaginations in proportion to the magnitude of their actions. In such characters as Achilles and Alexander, no power of the poet or the actor could keep pace with the demands of the spectator's imagination, or hope to ascend to the level of our habitual associations. A learned and ingenious writer has expressed the impression which the sight of Achilles on the French stage made on him; a more farcical or ludicrous figure could scarcely present itself to the mind, than a pert, smart, dapper Frenchman, well rouged, curled, and powdered, with the gait of a dancing master, and the accent of a milliner, attempting to personate that tremendous warrior, the nodding of whose crest dismayed armies, and the sound of whose voice made even the war-horse tremble.†

Dryden's great success* and growing reputation now called out the latent jealousy of his rivals into an open attack upon his fame; but Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, certainly took a higher ground, when he brought out his celebrated farce of the Rehearsal, in order to correct the public taste by holding up the rhyming tragedies to ridicule. This, however, was a task to which Buckingham's unassisted talents† were not equal; he therefore called in Butler, a keen and willing adversary, Spratt, M. Clifford‡ and others of lower fame, as contributors to his work. Johnson observes, that Waller is supposed to have added his assistance to that of Cowley, in the original draught of the Rehearsal. No less a period, it is said, than ten years, were employed by them in collecting their stores of ridicule, and pointing their shafts of wit.

'With transcribing of these, and translating those,
With transmuting of rhyme, and transversing prose,
He hath dress'd up his farce with other men's clothes.'§

The original hero was Davenant, satirized under the name of Bilboa; it is said that at one time he was changed for Sir Robert Howard: but although Dryden's greater reputation and genius placed him at length on the pedestal designed for others;‖ the change of the hero mar-

* Sir Walter Scott's observations on this play may be read with advantage, his critical opinions, and his acute and excellent observations, are accompanied in his review of the different works of Dryden, with the utmost fairness and generosity, nor does he ever lose an opportunity to praise, where praise can be bestowed with propriety, vol. iv. p. 6, &c. In his multifarious criticisms, and acute observations in his edition of Dryden, he has been but once, and to one writer, unjust. Why was that one, Samuel Johnson?

† See P. Knight on Taste, p. 306.

* Scott numbers at this time among Dryden's friends, independently of Charles, the Duke of Ormond, Thomas Lord Clifford, Duke of Newcastle, Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Sedley, Earl of Rochester, in short all the great and gay who wished to maintain some character for literary taste: he enjoyed the affection and esteem of Cowley, Waller, Denham, Davenant (as subtle as Cowley, and more harmonious than Denham, who with a happier model would probably have excelled both.) Of all the men of genius at this period, whose immortality our age has admitted, *Butler* alone seems to have been the adversary of our author's reputation. Life, p. 113. 115.

† Of this want of talent, says Scott, the reader may find sufficient proof in the extracts from his Grace's reflections upon Absalom and Achitophel, vol. ix. p. 273.

‡ Leigh and Clifford, and other scribblers of less note, wrote notes and remarks on Dryden's Plays and Poems. Buckingham had early distinguished himself as an opponent of the rhyming plays, and had an active share in damning the 'United Kingdoms' of the Hon. Ed. Howard.

§ State Poems, vol. ii. p. 216.

'I come to his farce, which must needs well be done,
For Troy was no longer before it was won,
Since 'tis more than ten years since the war was begun.'

‖ As the brown-paper patch on the nose, introduced in ridicule of poor Davenant's misfortune, with a black-eyed wench at Westminster, was retained, when the character was transferred to Dryden; Scott thinks that the Poet of the Rehearsal may be considered, in some degree, as a Knight of the shire, representing all the authors of the day, and uniting in his person their several absurd peculiarities

red the consistency of the satire, as it afterwards did that of the Dunciad: for the authors were unwilling to lose the strokes more successfully levelled against Davenant, while the poignancy of the satire was lost by diffusion, or rendered harmless by misapplication to its object. This farce was performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and published in the following year. It owed its success as much to the clever mimickry of the actors as to the author's wit. Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions, were all copied; and Lacy, the original Bayes, was instructed to speak after the manner* of Dryden's recitation. The play met with a stormy reception at first. Lord Orrery, Sir R. Howard, and all the noble authors of heroic sentiments and sounding lines, were furious in their opposition; but the appositeness of its satire, the humour of its burlesque, and the wit of its parody prevailed; and when once received, the success of the Rehearsal was unbounded. Dryden's Play of Marriage-a-la-Mode, was alluded to, though not acted nor printed till the subsequent year, but it probably had been shown about, as was the custom, in manuscript. In the distress of P. Prettyman, Leonidas is alluded to, as the author of the Key to the Rehearsal points out a parallel between them.

To this attack Dryden made no reply; indeed it is difficult to repel wit but with its own keen weapons. He owned, however, the cleverness and ability displayed in it. In the dedication to Juvenal, he says, 'I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew that the author sate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce: because, also, I knew that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about town.' Dryden might have added, that under this appearance of indifference he veiled his resentment for a time; but that at length the character of Zimri in Absalom and Achitophel fully avenged his injured reputation, and he who had began the jest, was laughed at in his turn. These lines, as Dr. Warton observes, were intended as a payment in full for the *bitter satire* acted nine years before.

Although this clever attack did not effectually banish heroic nonsense in rhyme from the stage, it gave it a very powerful blow;* Dryden was not, perhaps, reluctant to turn from a situation which it was difficult for him to retain; and to avoid either giving way to the clamour of his enemies, or persisting against the opinion of the public, he judiciously directed his attention to Comedy. In 1672, he produced his Marriage-a-la-Mode, and the Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery. The former was successful; Sir W. Scott says it is a Tragi-Comedy,† or rather a Tragedy and Comedy, the plot and scenes of which are intermingled, for they have no natural connexion with each other. The state intrigue bears evident marks of hurry and inattention, and it is at least possible that Dryden originally intended it for the subject of a proper heroic play, but startled at the effect of Buckingham's‡ satire, hastily added to it some comic scenes, either lying by him or composed on purpose. The higher, or tragic plot, is not only grossly inartificial and improbable, but its incidents are so perplexed and obscure, that it would have required much more action to detail them intelligibly; even the language has an abridged appearance, and favours the idea that the tragic intrigue was to have been extended into an heroic play, instead of occupying a spare corner in a comedy. But to make amends, the comic scenes are executed with spirit, and in a

The first sketch of the Rehearsal was written in 1664, but the representation was prevented by the theatres being shut upon the plague and the fire of London; and as Davenant and Dryden were the managers of the two theatres, perhaps there was a difficulty in bringing it forward, till Davenant's death. Scott's Life, p. 137.

* It is incredible how much pains Buckingham took with one of the actors to teach him to speak some passages in Bayes's parts in the Rehearsal right. The vulgar notion of that play being hissed off the first night, is a mistake. Spence's Anecdotes, ed. Mal. p. 102. Bayes, when he is to write, is blooded and purged. This, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real custom of Dryden. Reh. act ii. sc. 1. Bayes, 'Why I'll tell you what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to Armida, and the like, I use *stewed prunes* only: but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.'—Bayes is right, these things are of importance; one poet, whom I knew, never could write but in leather breeches; another amiable and well known bard, the author of the Sabbath, always when he sat down to compose, put on his spurs. These are idiosyncrasies, belonging to the sons of Apollo.

* The authors whose works were ridiculed were Sir William Barclay, Davenant, Sir William Killigrew, Sir R. Stapleton, James and Henry Howard, T. Porter, and Mrs. A. Behn.

† See Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 143; and vol. iv. p. 233, this play was first acted in 1673, in an old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, occupied by the king's company, after that in Drury Lane had been burnt, and during its rebuilding.

‡ Is the ingenious editor of the Epistolary Curiosities of the Herbert Family (1818) aware that she has made a *slight* mistake in giving the character of Zimri to Mulgrave, Duke of Buckinghamshire instead of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham? vol. ii. p 203.

style resembling those in the Maiden Queen.* They contain much witty and fashionable raillery, and the character of Melantha,† is pronounced by Cibber to exhibit the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. It was admirably acted by Mrs. Montfort, afterwards Mrs. Verbruggen.

Our author was not so successful in the other piece, 'Love in a Nunnery,' which, by his own confession, was condemned. Ravenscroft, in his prologue to the Careless Lovers, alludes to the unfortunate fate of this play,

> Ah! how severe your malice was that day,
> To damn at once the poet and the play.

Scott considers that the causes of this failure are not readily to be assigned, and that it is needless to investigate the dislike of an audience who could give no reason for their capricious condemnation. Perhaps the absurd scene in which the prince pretends a fit of the colic had some share in the fate of the piece.‡ To this I should add, that though in the two first acts there is much smart repartee, sparkling wit, and ingenious dialogue, yet there is no variety of incident, change of situation, or progress of action. The love of a father and a son for the same object, must also produce an unpleasing effect upon the mind.§

In the following year, (1673) he produced the tragedy of Amboyna, which was planned and written in a month. It is in prose and blank verse, and was composed, the author says, to inflame the nation against the Dutch, with whom we were then at war. Even the most impartial and generous of critics has pronounced this play beneath criticism, and the very worst that our poet ever wrote.

In his Essay on Dramatic Poesy,* and in his epilogue to the Conquest of Granada, Dryden had pointed out the faults of the elder dramatists with less gentleness and reverence than was esteemed due to their great and established reputation. He also claimed the superiority of the plays of his own age, and of the heroic drama over those of the times of Elizabeth and James. He censures the antiquated language, the defective plots, the irregular action of Shakspeare and Fletcher; and points his strongest arguments against the inelegant language and the low characters of Jonson. These he disadvantageously contrasts with the productions of a theatre revived under the auspices of a gallant monarch and a fashionable court, where the solidity of English sense is united to the sportive raillery, the lightness, the ease, and the gayety of the French Drama. Scott thinks† that

* Cibber combined the comic scenes of these two plays into a Comedy called 'The Comical Lovers.'

† See Cibber's Apology, p. 99: from a copy of verses in the Gent. Mag. vol. xv. p. 99, the excellence of the various performers may be learnt, by whom the piece was presented.

> 'What from her lips *fantastic Montfort* caught,
> And almost mov'd the thing the poet thought.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Or thou, or beauteous *Woffington* display
> What Dryden's self with pleasure might survey,
> E'en he before whose visionary eyes
> Melantha rob'd in ever varying dyes,
> Gay fancy's work appears, actor renown'd,
> Like Roscius with theatric laurels crown'd,
> Cibber will smile applause, and think again
> Of *Harte* and Mohun, and all the female train,
> Coxe, Marshall, *Dryden's Reeve*, Bet Slade, and Charles's reign.'

‡ This was justly ridiculed in the *revised* edition of the Rehearsal, where Bayes says,—'I remember in a play of mine I set off a scene, I'gad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat and the belly-ache.' Smith. 'Aye, but Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ache,' &c.

§ Dryden attacked a miserable scribbling plagiarist, called Edward Ravenscroft, in the prologue to this play, as he has less directly done in that of the Marriage-à la-Mode. Hence the exquisite pleasure which Ravenscroft received at its failure, as appears in the prologue to his 'Careless Lovers.' Of this gentleman's taste, Scott says, it may be held a satisfactory instance, that he deemed the tragedy of Titus Andronicus *too mild and tame*, and added some more murders, rapes, and parricides, to make fit for representation; he says,

> Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
> To own, but that he winnow'd Shakspeare's corn;
> So far was he from robbing him of's treasure,
> That *he did add his own*, to make full measure.

* This bold epilogue gave much offence, on account of the censure which it threw on the fathers of the stage. Rochester, among others, severely assailed it. Scott has observed how much the character and style of Shakspeare's and Dryden's dramas were influenced by the manners of the respective ages in which they lived, and the different audiences to whom they were addressed. The poor small theatres in which Shakspeare's and Jonson's plays were represented were filled with spectators, 'who though of the middle rank were probably worse educated than our more vulgar;' but they came prepared with a tribute of tears, and laughter to bursts of passion or effusions of wit, though incapable of estimating the beauties derived from the gradual development of a story, well maintained characters, well arranged incidents, and the minute beauties of language. Dryden, on the other hand, wrote what was to pass before the judgment of a monarch and his courtiers, professed judges of dramatic criticism, and a formidable band of town critics; art therefore was not only a requisite qualification, but the principal attribute of the dramatic poet. An exhibition of nature, in the strength of her wildest energies, as in Lear and Othello; deep emotion, or sweet and simple pathos, would have found no correspondent feeling in the bosoms of the selfish, the witty, the affected, and the critical audience, who preferred the ingenious, romantic, and polished. Scott questions whether the age of Charles II. would have borne the introduction of Othello and Falstaff. The editor of Corneille boasts that the French poet, with all the genius of Shakspeare, had a more *refined and gentlemanly* feeling—Ce qu'un Seigneur est à l' égard d'un homme de peuple.

† Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 152.

Dryden, perhaps from the rigour of a puritanical education, had not studied the old dramatic models in his youth, and had only begun to read them with attention when it was his object rather to depreciate than to emulate them; but the time came when he did due homage to their genius.

Those who hated Dryden's talents, and envied his success, the old critics and the rival playwrights, took this opportunity, under pretence of advocating the injured cause of the ancients, of attacking the productions of Dryden's muse; and as the style of controversy in that age was virulent and rude, they passed from a criticism on his writings to reflections on his character. 'Literary contest,' as his biographer observes, 'was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace or degradation of an opponent.'*

Matthew Clifford, one of the contributors to the Rehearsal, printed his Notes on Dryden's poems in four letters, together with some reflections on the Hind and Panther by T. Brown, in 1687. It is probable that for some years previously they had been circulated in clubs and literary coffee-houses by numerous transcripts. They chiefly consist of a rude clumsy banter mixed up with minute and verbal criticism. Another pamphlet that appeared was 'the censure of the Rota on Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada,' printed at Oxford 1673. This was followed by a Description of the academy of Athenian Virtuosi, with a discourse held there in vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Granada against the author of 'the censure of the Rota,' and a third, called 'A Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden from the author of the censure of the Rota,' this was printed at Cambridge. The two former were written by Richard Leigh, of Queen's College, Oxford, afterwards a player in the Duke's company: but not the celebrated comedian of that name. The third is written in the same taste, but by a different hand. Dryden is accused, probably without truth, of exhibiting in his dramatic characters the portraits of living persons. In Charles Blount, our poets found an admirer of his genius and vindicator of his fame; and in his own address to Sedley, he notices these attacks with the contempt which they deserved. Edward Ravenscroft, who constructed a slender and temporary reputation by altering the plays of Shakspeare, and imitating those of Molière, threw out some sneers against the heroic drama, and particularly the Conquest of Granada.

* Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 152.

Dryden retorted in a prologue to the Assignation, and an epilogue to the Marriage-à-la-Mode, and the degrading controversy closed by some lines which his antagonist wrote on the bad success of the 'Assignation.'

In 1674, Dryden published his State of Innocence,* a play adapted from Milton's Paradise Lost, but not intended for stage exhibition. Aubrey has told us but too briefly some circumstances attending it, which have been copied into most of the biographies of the poet: and yet familiar as the anecdote is, the meeting between two of our greatest poets, the one in the calm serenity and satisfaction of declining life, the other full of youthful hopes, and high in fame, is too interesting to be altogether omitted. Dryden, it appears, waited on the blind bard, with whom, it may be presumed, he was on friendly terms, and previous to entering on his task, asked his permission to put his great poem into rhyme.—'Ay,' said Milton, 'you may *tag* my verses if you will.' Dennis says, that Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence, as more than twenty years after he confessed to him, and is pretty plain from his writing 'The State of Innocence.'† We may add that Milton also was imperfectly acquainted with Dryden's powers, and could little have anticipated the future splendour of his fame.

As Scott observes, that the *costume* of our first parents must have rendered this play unfit for the stage, it is not easy to conjecture the motives which led Dryden to form the epic of Milton into a drama. At the same time it must be observed, that the stage directions are minute and particular, more so than would be at all necessary in a poem intended for perusal. I can only escape from the difficulty of this dilemma, by supposing that accuracy and propriety of dress‡ was no more required by the audi-

* Langbaine remarks on the dedication of this play to the Dutchess of York, 'whether the author has not been guilty of the highest flattery, I leave to the reader's judgment, but I may presume to say there are some expressions in it that seem strained, and a note beyond 'Ela,' as for instance, 'your person is so admirable that it can scarce receive addition, when it shall be glorified; and your soul, which shines throughout, finds it of a substance so near her own, that she will be pleased to pass an age within it, and to be confined to such a palace.'—Dram. Poets, p. 172. This is high-flown nonsense certainly, but it was addressed to the most dazzling and radiant beauty that ever sate on the British throne, and Dryden had so long been accustomed to extravagant expressions, that he was not aware of their real force.

† Mr. Dennis's Letters moral and critical, vol. i., p. 75, 8vo. 1721.

‡ In a French play, 'The Mort d'Abel of Legouve,' partly taken from Gesner, which was *often acted*; Adam and Eve appeared on the stage dressed ac-

ence, or attended to by the players at that time, than consistency of language and character was maintained by the poet; and that without shocking probability, Adam might have sate in* the primeval bower, formed of cut yew trees and rosemary, in a Steinkirck cravat and Chadreux peruke; while Eve conversed with the serpent (himself perhaps dressed in a herald's coat) with a hoop petticoat, a falbala, and a fan.

Of the execution of this performance, I know not what to say, but that all who can estimate the greatness of Milton's images, the simplicity, the majesty, the richness of his language, the exquisite propriety of his thoughts, the fine ideal of his characters, Dryden's distorted reflection of it must appear very grotesque and ridiculous; in many parts puerile and weak; in all, losing sight of the exalted strains of poetry, and the noble conception of the original. That great creation of Milton's genius, the character of Satan, the angel of sorrow is sullied or lost. All his majestic lineaments disappear,† the eye of pride, the lurid brow of wo, the greatness of his scorn, the conscious dignity of his demeanour, the feelings of one who had stood before the throne of light, (himself the morning star of heaven) all are destroyed; while only the impish cunning, the wicked, malignant, fiendish joy of the satyr and the demon is left. The simplicity of Eve is impaired, and even her purity and innocence stained;‡ while the behaviour of Adam to his angel guest, and his pertinacious arguments on the doctrines of liberty and necessity, which it took two angels with the assistance of old Hobbes to answer, is in strong and humiliating contrast with the exquisite truth, the delicacy, and propriety of Milton's picture.* A great want of taste is also discovered, in uniting the ornamented and figurative diction of Milton, with his own meaner and more colloquial language, and even sometimes in making it the vehicle of political satire. One of his critics told him, that he 'had heard of anchovies dissolved in sauce, but never of angels dissolved in Hallelujahs.'

cording to the most *exact* imitation of that state in which they may be supposed to have lived, when they left the bowers of Eden.

* Act ii. sc. 2. 'Scene Paradise.' Trees *cut out* on each side, with several fruits upon them, a fountain in the midst; at the far end, the prospect terminates in a walk. Eve enters and utters the following lines among others.

Like myself, I see nothing: from each tree,
The feather'd kind peep down to look on me,
And beasts with upcast eyes forsake their shade;
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am somewhat which they wish to be,
And cannot, *I myself am proud of me.*

† Dr. Warton has contrasted the majestic character of Satan in Milton, with the grotesque figure drawn by Dante, with his three heads and leathern wings. This is not, he says, the figure of an archangel fallen. The Satan in the Davideis disgraces Cowley. Warton's Dryden, ii. p. 310. Tasso has followed the grosser conceptions of the elder Italian poets; I have thought that they both drew from their early painters; even M. Angelo in this respect was not in advance of his brethren, though he brought to painting the sensibilities and powers of a poet.

‡ In a pamphlet I have quoted before, 'Reason of Mr. Bayes for changing his Religion,' there is much amusing banter on the subject of Eve in Dryden's play, discoursing of flames, darts, transports, the performances of lovers, and the fatality of matrimony: for 'Adam. I made him as well acquainted with all the arguments of the supralapsarians, as a justice's clerk is with all the she traders in his master's dominions. So that when the archangel Michael came to pay him a visit at his summer-house, he presently engages him before the second course is removed in the controversy about Free-will; professes mediums, silences objections, tells his guest that his major was open enough to let a whole shoal of Arminians in at the breaches; that his minor would not hold water,' &c.—

* Act iii. sc. 1. Eve says to Adam,

A doubtful trembling seized me first all o'er,
Then wishes and a warmth unknown before:
What followed was all ecstasy and trance,
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes
did dance.
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults tost,
I thought my breath and my new being lost.

Upon hearing which, Lucifer says,

Why have not I, like these, a body too,
Formed for the same delights which they pursue;
(I could so variously my passions move,)
Enjoy, and blast her in the act of love.

In the same scene, Eve is supposed, in a dream, to see the future temptation. It is thus described—

Angel. Behold what a change on a sudden is here,
How glorious in beauty, how bright they appear,
From spirits deformed they are deities made,
Their pinions at pleasure, the clouds can invade,
Till equal in honour they rise
With him who commands in the skies,
Then taste without fear, and be happy and wise.

Woman. Oh! now I believe! such pleasure I find
As enlightens my eyes, and enlivens my mind;
I only repent
I deferr'd my content.

Angel. Now wiser experience has taught you to
prove,
What a folly it is,
Out of fear to shun bliss,
To the joy that's forbidden we eagerly move, &c.

In act v. the following speeches occur:

Eve. The unhappiest of creation is a wife,
Made lowest in the highest rank of life,
Her fellow's slave! to know and not to choose,
Curst with that reason she must never use.

Adam. Add, that she's proud, fantastic, apt to
change,
Restless at home, and ever prone to range;
With shows delighted, and so vain is she,
She'll meet the devil, rather than not see.
Our wise Creator, for his choirs divine,
Peopled his heaven with souls all masculine, &c.

Shade of John Milton! your verses have been *tagged* indeed!

Dryden had now the leisure of two years for the composition of Aurengzebe, his last tragedy, which was exhibited in the spring of 1675. It was his last heroic tragedy. He confessed that he had grown weary of his old mistress rhyme, and he discovered at length that nature and passion were not so to be constrained.

> Passions too fierce to be in fetters bound,
> And nature flies her like enchanted ground.

The manuscript was perused by Charles, before it received the author's last hand, and (oh! courtly confession!) the most considerable event in it was modelled by his 'royal pleasure;' which is something better than his 'royal taste.'

Should this play be considered as a model of the heroic style, the character, sentiments, and language of the Queen Nourmahal will be sufficient to place it on a very low level in point of delicacy of taste and soundness of judgment. The last speech of the queen is probably the most exalted specimen of absurdity, hyperbole, and extravagance, that was ever conceived.* Could Dryden intend it as a satire on his own style, and ungratefully ridicule the antiquated beauty whom he had so long worshipped, but whose faded and too familiar charms he was going to desert? In it is his last farewell to his once admired model, the rhyming heroic tragedy, and in this speech the character was well preserved to the last.†

I must now for a moment divert the current of the dramatic narrative, shortly to detail the ungrateful subject of the controversy with Settle.

Elkanah Settle had the misfortune to be raised by the intrigue of a court party and a state faction to a temporary rivalry with Dryden. Rochester hated Dryden, from the latter's intimacy with his victorious opponent, Mulgrave, and he envied the immense superiority of his talents; he therefore made use of so mean and contemptible a person as Settle, whom in his heart he must have despised, in order to distract the public opinion from Dryden's merits, and, at the least, to divide the fickle judgment of the town. In 1671, Settle's play of Cambyses, King of Persia, was acted for six nights successively; his second, The Empress of Morocco, was performed with immense applause for a month together. Prologues were written by Rochester, and even by Mulgrave, the friend of Dryden; and they were delivered by the lips of beauty, in the person of the Lady Elizabeth Howard. Settle was giddy with his unlooked-for success; and an arrogant dedication to the Earl of Norwich was levelled against our Poet. The play was decorated with engravings;* the price of it was advanced to two shillings; and Settle assumed the title which belonged by right to Dryden, of Servant to his Majesty.

Dryden could not patiently digest this triumph of a fool; he ought to have held in his spleen, and waited for the passions of the town to cool; but his anger and provocation were great, and in conjunction with Shadwell and Crowne, he printed his remarks on the Empress of Morocco. Settle answered it, and left his antagonist covered with the dust and dirt of a degrading and injudicious controversy.†

No sooner had Rochester placed Settle on the pedestal of fame, than he was anxious to dethrone him; to effect this he persuaded Crowne to write the mask of Calisto, which was acted in 1675 by the ladies at court, who were most distinguished for their rank and

Dr. Johnson's supposition, 'that in assuming for his subject a *living prince* Dryden incurred some risk: as should Aurengzebe have learnt and resented our freedom, and that he was figuring on the boards of Drury Lane, our *Indian trade* was exposed *to the consequences of his displeasure*.' fortunately was not verified. Sir W. Scott considers that the last descendant of Timor, the Emperor of India, the Ornament of the throne, might not hear of his degradation; or if he did, whether he would have cared about it.

* The beauties of Aurengzebe, says Scott, will be found to consist in strains of didactic morality or solemn meditation. The passage descriptive of life has been praised by all the critics down to Dr. Johnson. There is much less of ornate structure and emphatic swell than occurs in the speeches of Almanzor and Maximian. It is amusing to see the anxiety with which Dryden justifies the hazardous experiment of ascribing to emperors and princesses the language of nature and passion. Davies, in his Dramatic Miscellanies says, that Dryden's last and most perfect rhyming tragedy was Aurengzebe. In this play, the passions are strongly depicted, the characters well discriminated, and the diction more familiar and dramatic than in any of his preceding pieces. Vol. i. p. 157. I must observe that all observations on the advantage or defects of *rhyme* are confined strictly to the English language. There is no reasoning from the Italian or the French to the English about rhyme or blank verse. One language, says Johnson, cannot communicate its rules to another.

* See 'The Art of Poetry.'

> 'Nay 'tis a wonder if in his dire rage
> He prints not his dull follies for the stage,
> And in the front of all his senseless plays
> Makes David Loggan crown his head with bays.'

Loggan was the engraver. Scott thinks that these lines are Dryden's. See vol. xv. p. 244. The frontispiece to the play was curious, as exhibiting the *façade* of the theatre in Dorset Gardens.

† See Scott's ed. vol. xv. p. 398. For an amusing extract from the fustian and nonsense of this play of Settle's, see Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 183. Dryden has drawn so nice a distinction between his plays and Settle's when he says 'His were good sense, that looked like nonsense; Settle's nonsense, which yet looked very like sense,' that we must suppose that there was not much difference between them.

beauty.* It had a run of thirty nights; was of course got up with all becoming splendour of decoration, and Dryden suffered a further mortification in having his epilogue to it refused, which was intended to have been spoken by the Lady Henrietta Wentworth; then young, and beautiful, and innocent—afterwards the adored, the unfortunate, alas! the guilty mistress of the Duke of Monmouth. Crowne's reign of glory, however, was as short as that of his predecessor, and Rochester now recommended Otway to the royal protection. Don Carlos appeared in 1676; in his preface† he owned his obligations to Rochester, who soon after lampooned him; and he spoke disparagingly of Dryden, who really saw, and more than once confessed in what the strength of Otway's genius consisted.

In an anonymous satire, which appeared in 1678, called 'An Allusion to the tenth Satire of Horace,' Rochester again assailed Dryden's reputation. Dryden alludes to it in the Preface to his All for Love. To account for this bitter system of persecution, it is necessary to recollect that Mulgrave's Essay on Satire‡ was submitted to Dryden's correction. Though written in 1675, it was not made public till 1679. It was peculiarly severe on Rochester, accused him of cowardice, and openly denounced the profligacy of his life. Rochester thought, or pretended to think, that Dryden was the author, and he meditated a species of revenge more ferocious than the pen could give.* On the night of the 18th of December, 1679, Dryden was way-laid by hired ruffians and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose Street, Covent Garden, on his return from Will's Coffee House to Gerrard Street; a reward of 50*l.* and a promise of pardon was in vain offered in the London Gazette and other papers, for the discovery of the perpetrators; but Rochester and the Dutchess of Portsmouth were universally considered as the secret promoters of the outrage. This Rose-alley ambuscade became, it appears, proverbial, under the name of 'a Dryden Salutation.'

In 1678, the tragedy of All for Love and the Comedy of Limberham were printed. With regard to the former play, Dryden said 'it was the only one which he wrote for himself, the rest were given to the people.' This play was founded on the Antony and Cleopatra of Shakspeare; but the plays of our great bard, after the restoration, were not popular. Jonson stood unrivalled in public estimation; and, it is said, that we are mainly indebted to Dryden for bringing the public to a better and higher taste. In his preface he speaks of Shakspeare in such language of praise as could scarcely be heightened. As one who, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that, in a manner, he left no praise for any who came after him. He speaks of the pleasure he would have had, had opportunity been convenient, of drawing a parallel between him and Fletcher, and how far they were to be imitated; and, at length, he says, 'I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excelled myself in this play, and particularly that I prefer the scene between Antony and Ventidius to any thing which I have written of this kind.

When Dryden had broken loose from the bondage of his artificial drama,† if he did not spring

* Callisto, by Lady Mary, afterwards Queen.
Nyphe . . Lady Anne, afterwards Queen.
Jupiter. . Lady H. M. Wentworth.
Psicas . . Lady Mary Mordaunt.
Diana . . Mrs. Blayne.
Mercury . Mrs. Sarah Jennings, afterwards Dutchess of Marlborough.

Attendant nymphs—Countess of Pembroke, Lady Catharine Herbert, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Mrs. Fraser.

† 'A certain writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at him by what follows) being asked his opinion of this play, very gravely cocked and cried, Igad, he knew not a line in it he would be author of; but he is a fine facetious person, as my friend Sir Formal has it, and to be even with him, I know a comedy of his that has not so much as a quibble in it, which I would be author of.' Pref. to Don Carlos. Don Carlos went off with great applause, while The Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, Venice Preserved, met with a very cold reception. See Armstrong's Miscellan. i. p. 137.

‡ Though prais'd and punish'd for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as much applause *sometimes*.

This egregiously impudent effusion applied by Sheffield to Dryden, Pope erased; and no doubt with due indignation. I shall here mention that the 'Art of Poetry,' by Sir William Soame, is published in Dryden's Works, on the authority of J. Tonson; and that Scott says, 'a great part of the poem bears marks of Dryden's polishing hand, and some entire passages show at once his taste in criticisms, principles, and prejudices.'

* In a letter of Rochester to H. Saville, 20th of Nov. 1692. 'You write me word that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a boy that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, *and leave the repartee to black Will with a cudgel.*' In the country, Lord Rochester lived a blameless life, but he used to say, 'when he came to Brentford, the Devil entered into him, and never left him till he returned to the country.'

† According to the opinion of Walter Harte, who had studied Dryden's works with great diligence, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of Aurengzebe; and, according to his own account, of the short time in which he wrote Tyrannic Love, and the State of Innocence, he soon obtained the full

at once into the arms of nature and of poetry, he moved towards them. What a striking contrast does this play afford to the last! How rich in imagination, how true in feeling! how powerful in interest! the eloquence of the tongue interpreting the dialect of the heart. What variety of incidents, what contrast of character, what pathos of sentiment, what melody and luxuriance of language. If any thing were wanting to assure us of the genius of Shakspeare, we have only to contemplate what Dryden became the moment he forsook the conventional models of the French stage, and followed Shakspeare, though at a distance, into the sanctuary of nature. To institute a comparison between the two plays, it would be necessary to keep in mind, that the one is modelled on the other, that it has borrowed from it some of its boldest flights, its picturesque descriptions, and its touching appeals, while the judgment and taste of the later poet are displayed in the closer connexion of the plot, in the disposition of the incidents, in the greater uniformity* of the whole,

effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness. Johnson's Life.

The reign of rhyming tragedies lasted about fifteen years, from 1662 to 1676: a few heroic plays afterwards appeared, but they were not long-lived. A French critic has so acutely and sensibly expressed his sentiments on the genius of Corneille, and so much of what he has remarked on that particular writer, applies to the *system* adopted partly from him and to the peculiarities of Dryden's mind, that I shall make no apology for extracting a small portion of it, as I transcribe it from an early volume of the Correspondance Littéraire of Bar. Grimm. In much of what Grimm remarks, the name of Dryden might be substituted for that of the French poet. 'Pierre Corneille avait reçu de la nature, du génie, de l'élévation, une tête grande et forte. Si avec toutes ses grandes qualités, il se fut trouvé doué du sentiment, d'un âme tendre, flexible, et mobile, c'eût été sans doute le Poëte du génie le plus rare qu'il eût jamais eu. C'est le cœur qui rend véritablement éloquent, c'est lui qui dans les siècles cultivés comme dans les siècles barbares donne le caractère touchant qui rend les poëtes immortels. Le Cœur de Corneille fut aride, les ressources qu'il n'y trouvait pas, il fallait les chercher dans sa tête, et le raisonnement prit partout la place du sentiment. . . . . Le goût de la Littérature *Espagnole* qui avait infecté une grande partie de l'Europe, a achevé de corrompre celui de Corneille. Ce poëte, plein de chaleur et de force, établit sur la scène Françoise l'influence Espagnole, la déclamation, et la fausse emphase à côté de l'élévation, et de la grandeur. Si Corneille avec ses grands talens, avec cet art de raisonner, qu'il possédait si éminemment, se fut tourné de côté du barreau, c'eût été sans doute, le plus grand avocat qu'on eût jamais eu, mais la poésie dramatique, qui était alors à créer en France, exigeait autre chose. Ses situations sont ordinairement sublimes, la première conception de ses idées, grande et merveilleuse: mais j'oserais dire que leur exécution satisfait rarement un esprit cultivé, un homme de goût. Ses personnages manquent toujours du naturel; dans les momens les plus beaux c'est presque toujours le poëte qui est grand, et qui vous distrait de ses acteurs. Le génie de ses hommes d'état consiste à débiter des maximes de politique dont ses livres dogmatiques sont pleins, mais avec lesquelles on n'a jamais bruité aucune affaire. Ses tyrans et ses méchans ont aussi leurs sentences, et débitent naïvement des principes qui ont été souvent dans leur cœur, mais que bien loin d'avoir dans la bouche, ils ne se sont jamais bien avoués à eux mêmes. Ses caractères, sensibles et tendres, mettent le raisonnement, souvent fort alambique, toujours froid, à la place du sentiment qui entraine, la passion, et particulièrement l'amour, au lieu d'être un suite des dévélopemens des mouvemens les plus secrets de notre âme, sont devenus dans ses pièces un résultat de raisonnemens, et de lieux communs.'

* * * * * *

Again, in another place he says;—

'Notre tragédie a un code particulier de lois, les événemens s'y passent et s'y enchaînent autrement que dans le monde moral. Les personnages agissent sur d'autres motifs que ceux qui déterminent les actions des hommes, leurs discours ne ressemblent point à ceux que l'intérêt, la passion, la vérité de la situation inspirent, tout le systême de la tragédie moderne est un systême de convention et de fantaisie qui n'a point de modèle dans la nature. Si un homme sensé vous racontait sérieusement qu'il s'est passé en tel lieu de l'Europe un événement important de la manière dont ils se passent dans les tragédies les mieux intriguées, cet homme vous ferait pitié avec son conte. Si un ministre, un homme d'état discutait une grande affaire dans le goût de la fameuse scène de Sertorius qu'on entend citer sans cesse comme un chef-d'œuvre de politique, vous le croiriez menacé de tomber en enfance. Si les discours d'un homme en détresse ou en proie à une passion terrible, ressemblaient le moins du monde à une tirade tragique, au lieu de vous intéresser, ils vous feraient rire.' See also Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 70. 72.

* Shakspeare has diffused the action of his piece over Egypt, Italy, and Greece; Dryden has concentrated and confined his plot to the city of Alexandria: he has also discarded many uninteresting characters. Dryden contents himself with the concluding scene of Antony's History, instead of introducing many previous circumstances that distract the attention from the points of main interest. Thus a unity of time and place has been happily attained; but though Dryden has shown superior address in managing the story, his biographer justly says, in other respects he is inferior to his great prototype. Antony, the principal character, is incomparably grander in Shakspeare. Dryden has made love the sole ingredient, but it has not the deep and mingled passion of the dishonoured soldier and the dethroned emperor. The awful ruin of grandeur, undermined by passion, and tottering to its fall, is far more striking in Shakspeare. In the Cleopatra of Dryden there is greatly less spirit and ingenuity than in Shakspeare's. The preparation of the latter for death has a grandeur which puts to shame the same scene in Dryden's, and serves to support the interest during the whole fifth act. In the character of Ventidius, Dryden has filled up with ability the rude sketches which Shakspeare has thrown off in those of Sæva and Eros. Davies says, that even in his time, this play had gradually sunk into forgetfulness.

and in the rejection of much that was extraneous to the movement of the action. In the description of Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus, Dryden gives us little more than a selection from Shakspeare, but that selection is made with admirable judgment. Something of the exuberant fancy, of the gorgeous and lavish magnificence of the elder poet is lost, but nothing is borrowed that is not of sterling worth.

On the whole, the conduct of the plot is better arranged in Dryden; the unities more strictly preserved, the interest more concentrated. Those parts that do not advance the action are omitted, some characters are more fully developed, but that of Antony, Scott considers to be weakened, and that of Octavia rendered less amiable. Dryden's tragedy does honour to his poetical powers, yet in the original play, every page is filled with some touches of invention, some poetical conceptions, some master strokes of wisdom or of wit, that leave all comparison far behind, and prove the inexhaustible and unapproachable excellence of Shakspeare's genius. I cannot help remarking that the character of Cleopatra would be one of the most difficult in all Shakspeare as a trial to the talents of an actress; such is the variety of passion, the change of feeling, the scornful, the festive, the ironical, the impetuous; in the gayety of its humour and in the depth of its pathos, it would require a flexibility, as well as force of talent, such as perhaps were seldom united.

The subject of this play is one so brilliant and captivating, as to have called forth the emulation of other and considerable poets; as Sir Walter Scott says that he never met with the dramas on this subject by May and by Daniel, I shall be excused in saying, that Daniel's is dedicated, in some elegant stanzas, to the Countess of Pembroke. It is written in the quatrain, a species of verse sufficient of itself to destroy the spirit of the drama, but Daniel's genius was not dramatic; the poetical language is excellent, the moral reflections and sentiments engaging; the choral songs are composed in the spirit of the old tragedies, but the scenes of fiction bear more resemblance to Seneca than Shakspeare.

The Cleopatra of May is very inferior in delineation of character, variety of dialogue, knowledge of nature, fertility of fancy, and general dramatic effect. There is a coldness of colouring when compared with the glowing descriptions of Shakspeare and Dryden. The plot is composed of accidents, adventures, and surprises, and is wanting in distinctness of character and forcible representation of manners. Cleopatra is lowered and degraded by duplicity, the misanthropy of Antony is coarse and beyond nature; but little attempt is made to move the passions, and narration usurps too much on the place of action; notwithstanding these defects, the tragedy is the work of a poet and a scholar. The versification is masculine and good, the language elevated and poetical, and the action uniform. I observe from some marks of imitation that Milton had read this play.

The fate and failure of Limberham is curious.* 'It expired on the third night, (says the author,) from having expressed too much of the vices it decries.' Langbaine explains this as meaning that it was condemned for exposing the keeping part of the town; not that the wit was too loose, but that the satire was too personal, and that the condemnation of Limberham was the vengeance of the faction ridiculed. Malone thinks he has somewhere read, that Dryden had Shaftesbury† in view in the character of Limberham; others, I believe, have pointed out Lauderdale. The play was much altered, and that which was offensive on the stage was omitted in print; it is still, however, supposed to be extant in its original state, for Malone once saw a copy which Bolingbroke had found among the sweepings of Pope's study, (what gold dust was there!) in which a pen had been drawn across several exceptionable passages, that do not appear in the printed play.

The contract between Dryden and the King's Company now closed; the cause of disagreement is not known, and his three following dramas were exhibited at the theatre of their opponents, in Dorset Gardens.

Œdipus was written in conjunction with N. Lee, and published in 1679. The outline of

* The stage for introducing Limberham, the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, was judiciously chosen, as it was a satire upon a *court* vice, it was deemed peculiarly calculated for that playhouse. The concourse of *citizens* thither is alluded to in the prologue to Marriage à-la-Mode; yet it was ill received and withdrawn. Printed in 1698.

† Scott says that the character of Limberham has been supposed to represent Lauderdale, whose age and uncouth figure rendered ridiculous his ungainly affectation of fashionable vices. Langbaine considers this as the best of Dryden's comedies; he traces a few of the incidents to the novels of Cinthio Giraldi, and some obscure French authors. Scott has observed, that this play has preserved some traces of the genuine manners of the age, as regards the promiscuous intercourse that took place between women of character and ladies of looser virtue. Such were the manners of the age of Charles II. Nell Gwyn lived in familiar intercourse with the Duchess of Norfolk, and was it not by one bishop that the Duchess of Portsmouth was introduced to the chamber of the king, and to another, that the good dying monarch uttered his last earthly commands—Do not let Nell starve? In a letter to Mrs. Thomas, Dryden has warned her against falling into the license Mrs. A. Behn allowed herself; and says, 'I confess I am the last man who ought in justice to arraign her, who have been myself too much a libertine in most of my poems, which I am well contented I had time either to purge, or to see them fairly burnt.'

Dryden's play was traced after the Œdipus of Sophocles: but he has inserted the Love Plot of Adrastus and Eurydice, and he has deviated from the conclusion of the Athenian drama, in the death of Œdipus. Creon (as Scott observes) is in his ambition and deformity a poor copy of Richard the Third, without his abilities —but the discovery of the guilt of Œdipus, which in Sophocles is at once proclaimed by Tiresias, in the modern play is judiciously and skilfully deferred. The interest progressively increases. The language becomes more full of passion and affection, the dark allusions of the oracle grow more distinct, till the incestuous veil is slowly moved up, that discovers the wretched monarch's guilt, and the awful and avenging Nemesis appears. The first and third acts were wholly written by Dryden, and the superiority of his manner is clearly seen. Though he revised the whole, yet he was unable to prevent the extravagant sallies of 'Lee's blowing and puffing style,'* from occasionally appearing. In Œdipus walking in his sleep, as in the incantation, Scott remarks how attentively Dryden was now imitating the style of Shakspeare.

Notwithstanding that the genius of the greatest poets has united to construct and adorn a tale of deep interest, with all the advantage that a well adjusted plot, powerful language, and elegant imagery could give, the history itself is so revolting† and disagreeable, as to preclude its success on a modern stage, or rather to prevent its representation. To Athenian ears it came with other language. To them it was a terrible and afflicting illustration of the doctrines of fatalism. It was the ancient tragedy arrayed in all its terrific sublimity; it spoke of the relentless power of destiny, of man struggling in vain and helpless against the decrees of fate—of the awful and inscrutable designs of heaven. It was repulsive to no refined feelings, it attacked no moral prejudices, it met with no shuddering sensibilities that shrank from such a fiction with disgust. In fearful mysterious language it pointed to one predestined to the complicated crimes of parricide and incest; sacred and safe by the very enormity of his guilt from the justice of man, and devoted to the deities of darkness. I must express my astonishment that any modern writer of dramatic experience could select such a subject as this with the hope of investing it with a natural interest, or that he should have dragged from the recess of history, the obsolete doctrines of an exploded fatalism. Could the page of humanity afford nothing more instructive than this? could the imagination find nothing to adorn but the most offensive relic of Pagan belief?* Could not the sphere of observation be enlarged to a wider conception of nature, and a brighter delineation of life. Is there not scope for endless creations in the fresh combinations of human character, in the gradual development of man's moral powers; the progressive advance of feelings, thoughts, and actions; in the perpetual conflict of interests, in the vicissitudes of fortune, in what new forms of society, and the changing institutions, manners, and habits of every country produce. Dryden, however, copied the models of French tragedy, and followed the example of the *great* Corneille. How differently did *He* look for subjects of sympathy, who collected in Hamlet the broken wrecks and fragments of a noble intellect disturbed, who opened the recesses of a heart filled with vague anxieties, and wild perplexities of wo; who marked, as in Timon and Macbeth, the passions which nature pours into the general heart of man; and then brought them forth distinct with all the traces of individual character; with the peculiar combinations, the minute lines and shadowings which prove the truth of the ideal portrait; and which display that select observation, that deep discernment, that fine analysis, and that philosophical power which is at once the test and triumph of genius.

Dryden published his alteration of the Troilus and Cressida of Shakspeare, in the same year (1679)† under the title of 'Truth never found too Late,' an Essay on the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy was prefixed to this. Shakspeare probably took the outline of his play from the poem of Chaucer. Scott observes, that while in Dryden the arrangement of the plot is more artificially modelled, and the unity of the fable is better preserved; his other improvements show to little advantage beside the venerable structure to which they are attached: and he considers that Dryden deviated no less from historic

* See Dryden's preface to Troilus.

† Jacob in his lives of the dramatic poets, p. 88, says, 'Œdipus's *relish* of an embrace from Jocasta, after he had fled from his crown, and pulled out his eyes, is judged an impropriety.' When this play was revived about thirty years since, the audience were unable to support it to the end, the boxes being all emptied before the third act was concluded. This play was represented early in the season, 1678—9, printed in 1679.

* See an impartial and instructive criticism on the Œdipus of Sophocles and Corneille in Portefeuille de Voltaire, ii. p. 1—59. 12mo. See also Scott's observations justly and elegantly written, Dryden's works, vi. p. 117—123.

† The translation of Appian, published in 1679, by J. D. and called Dryden's Appian, was probably by Jonathan Dryden, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of some occasional verses. Scott's Life, p. 31.

truth in making Cressida innocent, than if he had represented Helen chaste, or Hector a coward. It would have been more natural to have brought about the catastrophe on the plan of Shakspeare and Chaucer, than by the forced mistake in which Dryden's Lovers are involved, and the stale expedient of Cressida's killing herself to evince her innocence. In his endeavours to simplify the plot, he has retrenched the whole scene between Ulysses and Achilles in the third acts, full of the purest and most admirable precepts, expressed in the most poetical and dignified language. It has been observed that the delicacy of Chaucer's tale has suffered even in the hands of Shakspeare: but in those of Dryden it has undergone a deeper deterioration; what is coarse in Shakspeare has been dilated into ribaldry; and the character of Pandarus in particular is heightened in very offensive colouring. So far, says the editor, as the play is to be considered as an alteration of Shakspeare, I fear it must be allowed that our author has suppressed some of the finest poetry, and exaggerated some of his worst faults.* To these observations, I shall add that we cannot but be struck with the total change which Dryden's sentiments must have undergone, when one compares this play with Aurengzebe or Almanzor. The mixture of farce and tragedy, the buffoonery of Thersites, the gibes and jests of Pandarus, the playful artifices of Cressida, the coarse animal courage of Ajax, the distinctness and variety of character, the flexible manners, the natural passions and scenes drawn after life, the sparkling and salient wit, all are in strong contrast with the taste on which his earlier plays are modelled: when the Trojan warrior would have worn a flowing peruke under his helmet, and Cressida on the battlements of Troy, would have called, like Queen Mary, for her palatine and hood—but Shakspeare was before him, and he could not greatly err.

The enemies of Dryden who followed closely on the rear of his fame, and attacked him with lampoons when they found a part that was vulnerable, said that his pension being withheld (as it was by the poverty of the exchequer) gave rise to the Tragi-Comedy of the Spanish Friar.† It was acted with success in February, 1681, and produced much profit to the company. Nokes, the Liston of the day, (if Liston could ever have had a prototype) was admired in the part of Gomez, and Leigh in that of the Friar.

This play is one of the happiest and best of Dryden's numerous dramatic efforts. Johnson has remarked on its excellence, in the coincidence of the tragic and comic plot: and Scott observes, that the felicity of the plot does not consist in the ingenuity of its original conception, but in the minutely artificial strokes by which the reader is perpetually reminded of the dependence of the one part of the play on the other. These are so frequent, and appear so natural, that the comic plot, instead of diverting our attention from the tragic business, recalls it to our mind by a constant and unaffected allusion. In the comic part, though the intrigue is licentious, the language is not coarse or disgusting, the dialogue is lively, the character of Dominic* diverting, and full of the humour of the Old Comedy. I do not think the tragic part free from objection, the murder of the dethroned monarch by the queen, and her subsequent attempt to turn the odium of the crime on Bertram, because her affections were changed to another object, take all sympathy or attraction from her character, while the discovery that Elvira is the sister of Lorenzo, comes with a shock to our feelings, when we consider by how slight a chance they were prevented from an incestuous crime, and how long they persevered in a guilty intrigue. Scott sums up his judgment on the play: 'Upon the whole, as the comic part of this play is our author's masterpiece in comedy,' the tragic plot may be ranked with his very best efforts of that kind, whether in Don Sebastian or 'All for Love.' After the revolution it was the first play ordered by Queen Mary,† and honoured by her presence.

The two companies, the King's and the Duke's servants, had nearly ruined themselves by an expensive competition for many years, and by the inconstancy of the public. The audiences, it appears, fell off, for the playhouses were abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by all persons who desired the character of seriousness and decency. They now therefore agreed to

* Langbaine is most unusual in his candour, when he says, 'the last scene in the third act is a masterpiece, and whether it be copied from Shakspeare, or Fletcher, or Euripides, or all of them, I think it justly deserves commendation.'

† Dr. Warton says, 'Dryden was ordered by his confessor to write the Hind and Panther, as an expiation for having written the Spanish Friar. Dryden's Poems, vol. iv. p. 1.

* The whimsical caricature of a Roman Catholic priest, in the person of Father Dominici, was received with rapture by the prejudiced spectators, yet the satire was still more severe in the first edition; and afterwards considerably softened. It was, as Dryden called it, a Protestant play, and as Jer. Collier says, was rare Protestant diversion. It was the only play prohibited by James II. after his accession.

† See a very curious letter on this subject from the Earl of Nottingham, published by Dalrymple from a copy given to him by Bishop Percy, republished in the third volume of Malone, and in Scott's ed. vol. vi. p. 372.

cease hostilities, and were formed into one in 1682. When the coalition took place, Dryden furnished them with a Prologue and Epilogue, which were spoken at the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane, November 16th, 1682. He joined with Lee in the Tragedy of the Duke of Guise; Dryden wrote the first scene, the fourth act, the first half of the fifth, and he furnished the epilogue, which is not preserved in his works. In the latter part of the reign of Charles, the violence of political factions, and particularly the struggle between the protestant interest and the supporters of the Catholic religion, had displayed itself even upon the stage. On the side of the Whigs, Settle wrote his tragedy of Pope Joan, and Shadwell his Lancashire Witches, both levelled against the Papists. To destroy or weaken the influence which these writers might possess, the court opposed to them Otway, Lee, and Dryden; not only the plays themselves, but the prologues and epilogues formed most convenient channels through which any political opinions, personal reflections, and party invectives might be delivered with effect. At this time, Lee called on Dryden to return the assistance which the former had afforded him in his tragedy of Œdipus. In the history of the Duke of Guise, Dryden had found a subject which he considered acceptable to the court, after the restoration, but what was applicable in 1665, drew more closely to a parallel with the events that took place in England in 1681. The power and influence of Shaftesbury, the contest between the court and Whigs for the election of the sheriffs, the assembly of the parliament at Oxford, the situation if not the character of the Duke of Monmouth, his return to England against the king's authority, above all, the famous bill of exclusion moved in 1660, against the succession of the Duke of York as a Papist, all found a striking historical resemblance to the events which took place in France connected with the intrigues of the Duke of Guise, and the proceedings of the league against the king of Navarre.

Dryden contributed the scenes which he had formerly written, and Lee added the rest from the 'Massacre of Paris,' a play then lying by him in manuscript. There were, however, circumstances connected with the plot not altogether agreeable to the feelings of the court. If the parallel were to hold between the Dukes of Monmouth and Guise, the fate of the latter must occasion alarms, or awaken affection in the parental breast of Charles. The representation was forbidden; the play lay in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain for more than half the year. At length, the tenderness and affection of the king broke down under the factious and undutiful conduct of his son; an open rupture was at hand; orders were given for Monmouth's arrest at Stafford, and consequently there could exist no motives of delicacy any longer to delay the representation.

This play is not distinguished for any high strain of poetic feeling, for the loftier flights of genius, or for any elaborate display of dramatic skill. Much of the descriptions and sentiments is taken closely from Davila, and the strong picturesque language of the historian is without difficulty raised into elegant and harmonious verse. In the character of Marmoutiere, an allusion to the Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth is probably intended. The story of Malecorn is said to be taken from Rosset's Hist. Tragiques, and one or two striking passages from Pulci. Sir Walter Scott thinks that the last scene between the fiend and the necromancer is horribly fine; but I do not feel certain that the parting speech of Malecorn would be considered natural; surely in his situation an agony of terror would overwhelm all reflection and stifle all argument. This part of the play failed in the representation; indeed the whole encountered a stormy, if not an unfavourable reception. Its poetry was but the vehicle for political sentiments; but as the court party increased in strength, its success became more assured.

Dryden's attachment to the Duke of York led him to write a long political prologue to Otway's Venice Preserved, (which was spoken April 21, 1682,) and another in honour of the Dutchess, in May of the same year. Shadwell severely attacked him for the former; of the latter, Malone says he never saw a copy, but the original half sheet in Mr. Bindley's possession. Though Dryden's genius was fertile, his industry vigourous, and though practice had supplied him with the necessary expedients by which he might assist his exhausted powers, still the drudgery of his contract with the theatre was severely felt by him. The profit which he derived from each play was by no* means large, while the bread which he so laboriously earned was rendered bitter by the envy and malignity of party rivals and poetical foes. He was now in the full maturity of his powers: the assiduous study of our great original poets, and of the laws and province of poetry, as he surveyed them in their

* If Southerne's biographer can be trusted, Dryden never made by a single play more than one hundred pounds; so that with all his fertility he could not, by his theatrical labours, make more than two hundred a year. Southerne reluctantly owned to Dryden, that he had cleared in his last play near 700*l.* which appeared astonishing to Dryden. Life of Southerne.

works, had given solidity to his judgment, and a correctness of taste far superior to any of his contemporaries; yet the intrigues of interested patrons had raised such men as Settle and Crowne to a temporary equality of fame with him. He spoke on this subject in his preface to Aurengzebe with feeling as with candour.*

We shall, therefore, scarcely be surprised that the mind of Dryden turned away from that branch of poetical exertion which had brought no profit without trouble and obloquy, which had been the scene of disgrace as well as triumph: and that he reposed with more pleasure upon the contemplation of forming an Epic Poem; of indulging the flow of his genius uncontrolled; and of contemplating the growing creations of his fancy, without any fear of the inconstancy of the public, the intrigues of favourites, or the detraction of rivals. He selected the same subject on which the youthful mind of Milton had long dwelt, and which it relinquished only for one still more congenial to its powers—King Arthur among the Saxons. He sketched out also the outlines of another subject, and this Malone thinks he preferred. It was 'Edward the Black Prince subduing Spain,† and restoring it to Don Pedro, the lawful Prince. It is not for me to speculate on the manner in which Dryden's genius would have built up this great design, or to imagine the beauties which his imagination would have supplied; but his intention of introducing into the poem the characters of his chiefest friends and patrons, and the noblest families, does not present itself to my mind in a favourable view. He followed, he said, the example of Virgil and Spenser. At this distance of time, in the work of the Roman poet, the individual portrait, if such there was,‡ has melted into the historical character and disappeared. And the nobles of Spenser's age, Sidney, and Essex, and Raleigh, and the mistress of all hearts, the 'Maiden Queen' were more congenial in their romantic and elevated characters to the purpose of epic fable, than my Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidley, or even the merry monarch himself. To have preserved the likeness, yet arrayed them in the costume of the Plantagenets; to have given the dastard Rochester the valour of Cressy or Poictiers; to have made Mulgrave and Buckingham little less than heroes of Romance, would have been a work of difficulty even with Dryden's resources; nor would it have been without some feelings of surprise, that we should in no long interval of time, have beheld the same persons the heroes of an epic, changing their state-dresses, reappear as the leading characters of Absalom and Achitophel. He who writes an epic poem, surely hopes to write for posterity. It is the production of too great an effort to be exhausted on the admiration, or to appeal to the flattery of contemporaries alone; and however some immediate applause might have repaid the poet for his courtesy and skill, all the laborious touches, the minute finishings, the graphic strokes that bring out the individual character, the delicate, half-ambushed praise, the characteristic sentiment which satisfied the poet, and delighted the patron, would have been squandered on the cold neglect and the indifference of the succeeding age. An eloquent writer has thus expressed his opinion of what the merits of this poem would have been, nor does his conjecture appear to me to be far from the truth. 'It probably would have been a vigourous narrative, animated with something of the spirit of the old romances, enriched with much splendid description, and interspersed with fine declamations and disquisitions. The danger of Dryden would have been from aiming too high, from dwelling too much, for example, on his angels of Kingdoms, and attempting a competition with that great writer, who, in his own time, had so incomparably succeeded in representing to us the sights and sounds of another world. To Milton, and to Milton alone, belonged the secrets of the great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of fire, the palaces of the fallen dominations glimmering through the everlasting glade, the silent wilderness of verdure and fragrance, where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers, the portico of diamonds, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of the cherubim blazing with adamant and gold. The council, the tournament, the procession, the crowded cathedral, the court, the guard-room, the chase, were the proper scenes for Dryden.'*

* He says, 'I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds, and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy.' Wycherly and Etheredge were probably the comic poets here in his thoughts. Malone's Life, p. 137.

† See Dryden's Letter to Dennis, March 1693—4. Scott's ed. vol. xviii. p. 114: 'but the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand, a man must be deeply conversant in the Platonic philosophy to deal with these; and, therefore, I may reasonably expect that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or if he should, he might, perhaps, be ingrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor.'

‡ I cannot agree with Pope's opinion. 'The Æneid was evidently a party piece, as much as Absalom and Achitophel.' Spence's anec. p. 289. Pope would not have printed such an opinion as this, though he may have dropped it casually in conversation.

* See Ed. Rev. No. xxiii. p. 96.

In 1681 Dryden produced, or to use Malone's favourite phrase, *issued out*, but without his name, his celebrated Satire of Absalom and Achitophel, the object of which was to gain friends for the King, and discredit the faction of Shaftesbury, Monmouth, and their adherents. Of this poem Dr. Johnson speaks in the following words: 'If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible, acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition. It is not, however, without its faults. Some lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David. The subject had likewise another inconvenience, it admitted little imagery or description, and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious. Though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader if not relieved by the interposition of something that soothe his fancy grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.'*

The plan of this poem, says Scott, has been uniformly and universally admired, not only as one of Dryden's most excellent performances, but as the most nervous and best political satire that ever was written. It is said to have been undertaken at the command of Charles. The time of its appearance was chosen with as much art, as the poem displays genius. Shaftesbury had been committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, on the 2d of July; and the poem was published a few days before a bill of indictment was preferred against him: the sensation excited by such a poem, at such a time, was intense and universal. The plan of the poem is not original; not only had a similar one been conceived, but the very† passage of Scripture adopted by Dryden, as the foundation of his parallel, had been applied to Charles and his undutiful son. Shaftesbury was distinguished by the nickname* of Achitophel, before the appearance of this poem. The more deeply we examine that piece, the more reason we find to applaud the exquisite skill of the author. In the character of Absalom, particularly, he had a delicate task to perform. He was to draw the misguided and offending son, but not the hardened reprobate; for Charles, notwithstanding his just indignation, was to the end of his reign partial to the unfortunate prince, and anxious to detach him from his desperate counsellors. Dryden has accordingly liberally transferred all the fouler parts of the accusation to the shoulders of Achitophel, while he is tender of the fame of Absalom. We may suppose, in doing so, that the poet indulged his own feelings; the Duchess of Buccleuch had been his most early patroness, and he had received personal favours from Monmouth himself. These recollections must have had weight with him, when engaged in composing this party poem, and we may readily believe him when he affirms, that David could not be more tender of the young man's life, than he would be of his reputation. In many other characters, that of Buckingham in particular, a certain degree of mercy is preserved, even amid the severity of satire; the follies of Zimri are exposed to ridicule, but his guilt (and the age accused him of most foul crimes) is left in the shade. Even in drawing the character of† Achitophel, such a degree of justice is rendered to his acute talents, and to his merits as a judge, that we are gained by the poet's apparent candour to give him credit for the truth of the portrait in its harsher features. It is remarkable that the only considerable additions made to the poem, after the first edition, have a tendency rather to mollify than to sharpen the satire.‡ Sir Walter Scott has observed, that this poem is as remarkable for correctness of taste, as for fire and spirit of composition. I should say, that in comparing it with any of the celebrated satires of Pope, we find in Dryden a greater fertility of ideas, and a more copious variety of allusion, a more natural flow of versification, and more boldness of idiomatic expres-

* See Johnson's Works, vol. ix. p. 413. Murphy's edition.

† See Dryden's Works, ed. Scott, vol. ix. p. 188. Naboth's Vineyard, or the Innocent Traitor, copied from the original holy scriptures, in heroic verse, printed for C. R. 1679. In 1680 a small tract appeared, called 'Absalom's Conspiracy, or the Tragedy of Treason,' which furnished the general argument of Dryden's Poem, reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.

* In the Badger in the Foxtrap, published it appears about the 9th of July, 1681, four months before Dryden's Poem,

Some call me Tory, some Achitophel,
Some Jack-a-dandy, some old Machiavel.

† Shaftesbury, the author of the Characteristics, always mentions Dryden with aversion and contempt. It is said he felt more resentment on account of the imbecility ascribed to his father, than for all the biting and bitter satire heaped on his grandfather; he could bear the open and avowed hatred of the latter, but not the ridicule and mockery of the former.

‡ See Scott's Dryden, vol. ix. p. 200.

sion. Dryden has the more commanding eloquence, and Pope the more polished and brilliant wit. In Pope the cadences are more nicely modulated, and the rhythm more equally balanced. There is more glitter of antithesis, more refinement of expression, more finish of execution, and a greater love of alliteration. In Dryden there is an ease, a negligence, a confidence in his powers, that overlooks petty inequalities, and does not stoop to minuter beauties; he has fewer marks of patient and assiduous toil; he never appears to aspire to the highest excellence; or to direct the eye of emulative genius towards an imaginary perfection.* Yet it would be difficult to distinguish many passages of one poet from the other, from any decided difference of execution. Dryden is often equally vigorous in conception, compact in expression, and musical in the flow of his verse. In the character of Zimri, for instance, I do not recognise any verse which the exactness of Pope's ear would have wished him to remodel, or any part of the portrait, which he would not have been proud to own; and I think that Johnson in his well known and eloquent parallel, has, for the sake of contrast, placed the peculiarities of the respective poets in too strong opposition. When Pope drew the portrait of Buckingham, Dryden had anticipated him in nice discrimination of character, in the exhibition of the follies, inconsistencies, and contradictions of that eccentric person. These were given with a truth, a spirit, and a pleasantry not easily to be surpassed. Pope therefore touched another string: and painted 'the lord of useless thousands,' in the hour of his deserted and miserable decline, in his solitary retreat, his ruined fortune, and his faded fame; but while Dryden in his masterly analysis has adhered to nature and truth, Pope, for the sake of a stronger contrast, has been led, I believe, considerably to exaggerate the severity of the circumstances, under which Buckingham expired. The phrase of 'Mimicked Statesman' does not seem correct: and surely 'Victor of his Health,' and 'Victor of his friends' is a mode of expression unusual, inelegant, and harsh.

Tate relates that this poem was undertaken at the desire of Charles II., in 1680, and Malone thinks that Dryden was employed on it about nine months. On the 28th March, 1681, the parliament was dissolved, and the 2d of July following, Shaftesbury was committed to the tower. The first edition was sold in a month, a second appeared before December, two, if not three, editions were called for in the following year, and a sixth in 1684; the famous Atterbury* translated it into Latin verse. It appears that Dryden paid little attention to his works after they were once made public; he was too indolent, or too busy to correct mistakes, or suggest improvements. He felt himself superior to the other writers of the age, and he could afford to be negligent, without injury to his fame. He had not that anxious desire for excellence, that tenderness for his own fame, that respect to the opinion of others, which could make him submit to the patient correction, the delicate and repeated attention, and those minute finishings, without which perfection is not to be attained, or approbation permanently secured. But in the poem now before us he added some lines to his character of Shaftesbury, for which his enemies† said he was paid by the nomination of a scholarship in the charter house being given to his son. Malone has spared no pains in the detection of this among other errors; indeed, deprived of the result of his patient and praiseworthy labours, a life of Dryden would be little better than a romance. He has found that the whole 'is a pure and unsophisticated falsehood.' Young Dryden was admitted on the recommendation of Charles II. as one of the governors of the institution.

In November, 1681, the grand jury at the Old Bailey returned ignoramus on the bill presented against Shaftesbury, and he was taken from the court-house with shouts of applause. To perpetuate his triumph, a medal was engraved, which gave rise to Dryden's poem,‡—'A Medal, or a Satire against Sedition.' Spence has mentioned, in his Anecdotes, on the authority of a catholic priest whom he met at Paris, that Charles suggested the subject (as he seems to have done others) to the poet. One day the king was walking in the Mall, and talking with

* 'Dryden did not come far short, but he wanted *study* and honest principles, and that *love of his art which is always requisite to make a complete artist.*' Upton on Shakspeare, p. 106.

* The poem was so popular that another Latin translation was published, 4to. 1682, at Oxford, by Dr. William Coward, a physician of Merton college. The poetical Reflections on a late poem, entitled Absalom and Achitophel, by a person of honour, folio, 1682, is ascribed by Malone and Scott to the Duke of Buckingham; but see Godwin's Lives of the Philipses, p. 186.

† This error has crept into the Biographia Britannica, but see Malone's Dryden, vol. i. p. 148.

‡ There seems to have been some uncertainty both among tories and whigs, concerning the author of the Medal. Settle himself did not recognise the hand of Dryden, and thought that the author of the Medal, and of Absalom and Achitophel is not one person, since the style and painting is far different, and the satires of a different hue, the one *being a much more slovenly beast than the other.* Scott's ed. vol. ix. p. 428.

the poet; he said,—'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner.' He then gave him the plan of the Medal. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as it was finished to the king, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it. This anecdote Pope seemed to confirm, and added, that Charles obliged Dryden to put his Oxford speech into verse, and to insert it towards the close of his Absalom and Achitophel.

On the merits of this poem, I have nothing to add to what has been said by Johnson and by Scott;* the latter of whom thinks it does not greatly suffer from being placed, as the subject naturally invites, in comparison with Absalom and Achitophel. The latter, as a group of figures, presents greater scope and variety, and may therefore be more interesting than the portrait of an individual; but it does not more fully display the abilities of the artist. As might be expected, to his former poems many answers were quickly published; there was plenty of vulgar and virulent abuse in them, and but little poetry. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, contributed his poetical reflections, which could add nothing to his fame. Sam. Pordage published an answer, under the name of Azariah and Hushai, (Monmouth and Shaftesbury,) and Dryden's old antagonist, Settle, appeared, under the name of Absalom senior, or Achitophel transposed, in about fifteen hundred lines. J. Warton suggested that he was assisted by Mr. Clifford, but that was not the case. Spratt, however, and some other of the party, publicly joined with him in the production. It is mentioned in this poem, that Dryden once intended to go† into holy orders. Against the Medal we find Pordage again writing, in a poem called The Medal reversed, wrongly ascribed to Settle. The medal of John Bayes was given to Shadwell; as also 'The Tory Poets' published in the same year. The author of Dryden's Satire to his Muse has not been discovered; I think that Malone is not unwilling to have it believed that Somers was the author, though he disavowed it in a conversation with Pope. Friendships and enmities were now formed according to political opinions. Dryden and Shadwell were of opposite parties, and though they had been on good terms, (for Dryden wrote a prologue to Shadwell's True Widow, in 1678,) yet political discussion as it grew more virulent, after the dissolution of the second parliament in 1679, destroyed all private friendship; the playhouses were applied to political purposes. Settle's Pope Joan, and Shadwell's Lancashire Witches, were applauded by the whigs; while Durfey, Otway, Crowne, and Dryden supported the party of the tories.

During the year 1682, a shower of lampoons from wretched and despicable scribblers appeared against our poet, as full of abuse as they were empty of wit, none of which he condescended to answer; at length, as their infamous charges grew bolder by impunity, he was roused to revenge, and punished them by his Mac Flecknoe. In this poem, as Malone observes, ample vengeance is taken on his corpulent* antagonist; a torrent of wit and satire, mixed with contempt, indignation, and derision, overwhelmed in one gigantic effort, and by a well directed blow, the wretched poet against whom it was levelled. The most cutting sarcasm was conveyed in skilful versification, which gave point and keenness to the edge of its wit, and which has been emulated and copied, but not exceeded even on the broader canvass of the Dunciad. It passed through several editions, and received some slight alterations. Shadwell, in the Dedication to his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, some years after, asserted that Dryden, when he was taxed with being the author of Mac Flecknoe denied it, with as solemn im-

* See Works, vol. ix. by Scott, p. 413.

† It was intimated by Dryden's enemies, that he chose the subject of Religio Laici to smooth the way to his taking orders. See the Revolter, a tragi-comedy, acted between the Hind and Panther and Religio Laici, in 1687.

But 't was his wrath, because his native church
Left his high expectations in the lurch;
He saw the playwright laureate debauch'd
By the times, vices which himself reproach'd;
And by his grand reform of stage-pit fools,
Judg'd his ability to manage souls, &c.

And Langbaine says, 'ever since a certain worthy bishop refused orders to a certain poet, Mr. Dryden has declared open defiance against the whole clergy; and since the church began the war, he has thought it but justice to make reprisals on the church.' Dram. Poet p. 171.

In the Trial of the Poets (Buckingham's Works, i. p. 152.) are these lines:

'In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit, so long lov'd and fear'd;
But Apollo had heard a story i' th' town
Of his quitting the muses to wear the *black gown*,
And so gave him leave, now his poetry's done,
To let him turn priest, since *Reeve* is turn'd nun.'

See also a poem, in defence of the Church of England, in opposition to the Hind and Panther, folio, 1688. He is also said to have asked for the provostship of Eaton College.

* In the vindication of the Duke of Guise, Dryden gave a severe flagellation to Shadwell, in which he says, 'although Shadwell has often called him an atheist in print, he believes more charitably of his antagonist, *and that he only goes the broad way, because the other is too narrow for him*.' In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. iii. p. 76, a singular mistake is made. *Mr. Richard Flecknoe*, the *new laureate*, with whose name the satire is inscribed, was a very indifferent poet, &c.

precations as his friend, the Spanish Friar, did the Cavalier Lorenzo.

Dryden's readiness and fertility of satire was surprising: instead of being exhausted by the brilliant efforts he had made, in a month after Mac Flecknoe was published, appeared the second part of Absalom and Achitophel, in which his two hundred lines appeared refulgent,* amidst the flatness and cold mediocrity of Tate's verses. Besides those of other scribblers of inferior note, the characters of Shadwell† and Settle appeared drawn with a terrible sagacity, and finished with such a felicity of touch, as is unequalled among satirical portraits.

In the same month he published his Religio Laici: it is addressed to a young friend,‡ the initials of whose name alone are known, and who translated Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament; the purpose of it was to explain the tenets of the Church of England in a plain and philosophical manner; and to defend it against the attacks of the Catholics and the fanatical dissenters.§ Johnson allowed, 'that this is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humourous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaic in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither hovers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.' Although the object of his poem was to explain the tenets and defend the character of the Reformed Church;* and although it must have represented Dryden's serious attachment to it, yet some not ambiguous marks have been discovered in the argument, in which such an uncertainty of opinion is expressed, and such a bias to Catholic doctrines evinced, as foreboded the changes in his religious sentiments which he was soon openly to avow. He furnished Southerne, then young, with a Prologue and Epilogue to the Legal Brother, and contributed a Prologue to his second piece, the Disappointment, in 1684, and he consoled him in a copy of verses at the ill success of his Wives' Excuse in 1692. Southerne in return, on account of Dryden's illness, wrote one half of the fifth act of Cleomenes. For 'Honest Nat Lee' Dryden had a great regard, and wrote several Prologues for him.

In 1663, he discontinued writing for the stage, though he was much straitened in his pecuniary resources, particularly by the uncertain payment of his salary. His letter to Lord Rochester for half a year's pension is most urgent. Yet though his wants were pressing, it is written without any meanness of solicitation, and his claims are modestly and fairly advanced; the manner in which he spoke of his sons is honourable and just. 'It is enough, he adds, for one age to have neglected Cowley, and starved Butler.' Let us hope that his petition was granted, and his uneasiness removed.

He assisted a new translation of the Lives of Plutarch with a preface, and life of the au-

* Scott has observed, 'that had Dryden limited his assistance to this fragment, he would have injured rather than assisted his coadjutor. Since it would have shone like a lamp in a dungeon, only to show the dreary waste in which it was inclosed; but he has obviously contributed much to the poem at large. Much of the character of Corah is Dryden's, so probably is that of Arod, and the verses descriptive of the green ribbon club. The character of Michal, of Dryden as Asaph, and some of the encomiastic passages seem to show the extent of Tate's powers, when unsupported by his powerful auxiliary. They are just decently versified, but flat, commonplace, and uninteresting. The second part did not attain the popularity of the original.

† Settle was a dunce, but Shadwell was a man of talent; Rochester said of him, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. In comedy, he as much excelled Dryden in observation of nature, and delineation of character, as Dryden surpassed him in lively dialogue and witty repartee. See Shadwell's Preface to his Sullen Lovers, where he says, that Jonson is the man of all the world, he most passionately admires for his excellence in dramatic poetry.

‡ To H. D. See verses prefixed to E. Howard's British Princes. Scott conjectures that the person meant by these initials was Henry Dickenson, probably son of Edm. Dickenson, the well known author of Delphi Phœnecizantes, 12m. &c.

§ Sir W. Scott has given an analysis of this poem, vol. x. p. 4-8, he observes (p. 7.) that the style of this poem has been imitated successfully by Cowper in some of his pieces. Yet he has not always been able to maintain the resemblance; but often crawls where Dryden would have walked. The natural dignity of our author may be discovered in the lamest lines of the poem, whereas his imitator is often harsh and embarrassed. Both are occasionally prosaic, but in such passages Dryden's verse resembles good prose, and Cowper's, that which is feeble and involved. The second edition of this poem appears to be exceedingly rare, and escaped the researches of Malone.

* As Dryden wrote 'Religio Laici,' so Mason wrote 'Religio Clerici' in imitation. See his works, i. p. 427, he says of the poem,

'How few like him could write a layman's creed,
Make logic's rules to metre's laws submit,
Blend truth with fancy, argument with wit;
Yet this he did! and in so smooth a lay,
It satisfied the nicer ear of Gray,
Who always held it as the guide supreme,
Of bards employed on a didactic theme.'

In a note he says, I have often heard my friend give this eulogy to the 'Religio Laici' in nearly the same words. My friend who admired Dryden even to excess, said that he attained his excellence in versification by study and practice.

ther. The first volume was published in 1683; it has long become obsolete, and been superseded by Langhorne's. The illustrious name of Somers appears as one of the writers. Having translated some years before 'A few of the epistles of Ovid,' Dryden now added detached portions of Horace, Theocritus, Virgil; and uniting them to some smaller pieces, prologues, epilogues, &c., he produced, in 1683, the first volume of his Miscellany.* The last poem, Virgil's Tenth Eclogue, is by Sir W. Temple. Milton's Allegro and Penseroso, with the Lycidas, are inserted, and Marvell's beautiful little poem of the Dead Fawn is not overlooked.

Some months after, at the king's command, he translated the history of the League, from the French of Maimbourg. It was written, Malone says, to show that the sectaries and the long parliament in their solemn covenant had the French leaguers in view, and that all the disciples of Calvin must continue to hate monarchy, and love democratic constitutions.

Early in the following year, 1685, the second volume of the Miscellanies appeared. Dryden contributed several pieces, and two poems by Evelyn are inserted.

Charles II. departed this life on the 5th of February, 1684; in consequence, the political opera of Albion and Albanius, which Dryden had composed to celebrate the *new restoration* of his majesty on Shaftesbury's discomfiture, was not exhibited till the following June; owing to Monmouth's invasion, it was performed only six times; the expenses of preparing it for the stage were great, and the loss to the managers considerable.† This Opera was written, as I have said, for a political purpose, to celebrate the triumph of loyalty over sedition and dissension: it was at first composed in one act, and was designed as an introduction to the drama of King Arthur. Although the king had died while the opera was in rehearsal, a slight addition adapted it to the new fortunes of James, but there was a fatality against its success. There is nothing ingenious in the plot, or interesting in the story, but the versification is flowing, easy, and melodious. Scott has pointed out the desolation of London at the opening of the piece, and the speech of Augusta, as specimens of real poetry, and has mentioned the lyrical diction as most beautifully sweet and flowing.

Soon after the accession of James to the throne, Dryden became a convert to popery. Malone suspects that his wife, Lady Elizabeth, had long been a Papist, as her brother, the second Earl of Berkshire certainly was, and of Dryden's sincerity in this great and serious change, he entertains no doubt. He bred his children Papists, and he maintained his new faith during the reign of William, when his adherence to the religion of the abdicated monarch would prove an insurmountable obstacle to favour or preferment. I presume that no one would have questioned his sincerity, had his conversion not taken place at a juncture, when it would be peculiarly grateful to the new king: for James's sentiments had long been known to all. At the same time, the integrity of such a man as Dryden is not to be sullied by suspicions, that rest on what after all might prove a fortuitous coincidence of circumstances, the only favour which he ever received from James was an addition to his pension of 100*l.* a year.*

To the memory of the old king,† his respect was testified by the publication of his Threnodia

* The first volume, called *Dryden's Miscellany*, published in 1684, the second, entitled *Sylvæ*, in 1685, the third, *Examen Poeticum*, in 1693, the fourth, called *the Annual Miscellany*, 1694, after Dryden's death two more volumes were *issued out* in 1703, and 1708. Tonson published, in 1716, a new and altered edition, the common one now in use.

† The music of the piece was entrusted to Louis Grabut or Grabu, the master of the king's band, whom Charles preferred to the celebrated Paule. It was generally admitted that the music was very indifferent. Scott has printed a satirical ballad on the subject written against the poet and musician, the following is a specimen:

Each actor on the stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is infallibly true,
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh, in a fever with railing,
Curse poet, painter, and Monsieur Grabu.

Betterton, Betterton, thy decorations
And the machines, were well written we knew,
But all the words were such stuff, we want patience,
And little better is Monsieur Grabu.

Bayes, thou wouldst have thy skill thought universal,
Tho' thy dull ear be to music untrue;
Then whilst we strive to confute the rehearsal,
Pr'ythee leave thrashing of Monsieur Grabu, &c.

With thy dull prefaces still thou wouldst treat us,
Striving to make thy dull bauble look fair,
So the horned herd of the city do cheat us,
Still most commending the worst of their ware, &c.

See also an epigram in Langbaine's Dram. Poets, p. 152, on the same subject.

* Dr. Johnson's sentiments on Dryden's conversion are expressed with soundness of argument, and with a candid and charitable interpretation of his motives, such as are not always to be found in the Doctor's writings: nor often in his conversation. Dryden's eldest son, Charles, is said to have been a catholic previous to his father's change, and to have contributed to it.

† A host of Pindaric odes appeared on this occasion, by Mrs. Behn, E. Arwaker, Duke, and many nameless poetasters. Otway began a pastoral,

Augustalis. It has not much of that spirit of lyric poetry, which he afterwards so eminently possessed. The lines are constantly sliding into the heroic couplet, and the argument descends into delineation of character, and description of the regal virtues, resembling the style of his didactic poems, more than a pindaric ode; yet he had studied Milton, and republished Lycidas. Though Scott considers the general effect less impressive than might have been expected, yet he thinks there are some fine passages and striking pictures, as describing the joy of the people, on the fallacious prospect of the king's recovery.

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.

He also remarks the judicious choice of topics, his *appropriate* praise, and his skilful management of the subject, in never having touched on the delicate theme of the queen.

Dryden probably did not take so important and awful a step, as changing his religious faith, without having attentively studied the controversial writings on the question, and weighed the arguments of the respective churches. Consequently he was enabled without difficulty of preparation to undertake the defence of a paper written by Anne Hyde, Dutchess of York, (who had avowed herself a Papist not long before her death) stating the motives which had induced her to change her religion. Some papers also in the writing of the King, though not believed to be his composition, were discovered with them. Stillingfleet published an answer in 1686, and the controversy was prolonged, but with no farther interference of our poet. It appears that he translated Varilla's History of the Revolutions, but did not publish it. Burnet takes the credit to himself of stifling the progress of this work by his reflections, which destroyed the character of the original.

The Hind and* Panther, a long and laboured poem of near two thousand lines, employed Dryden's attention during the years 1686 and 1687. It was widely dispersed and eagerly read, and soon went through three or four editions. It brought with it the double attraction of being written by the first poet of the age, and of offering a subject which engrossed all the interests, and agitated the passions of society, under a new form of controversy, conveyed in the artifice of fable, and adorned with the decorations of rhyme. The purpose of Dryden was to detail in poetry the arguments that had conducted him into the profession of popery; and to recommend a union between the Catholics and the Church of England, at least to persuade the latter to throw down the barriers by which the Catholics were kept out of state employments. Dryden's poem appeared about a fortnight after the king's memorable declaration of indulgence was promulgated; and† if (says his biographer) the Protestant dissenters ever cast their eyes on profane poetry, the Hind and Panther must have appeared to them a perilous commentary on the king's declaration, since it shows clearly that the Catholic interest alone was what the Catholic king and poet had at heart, and that however the former‡ might now find himself

Yet tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn, let us together stay;
O'er all the universe let it be spread,
That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that *shepherd of the sheep;*
He who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone! ah! gone! ne'er to return, &c.

This was fortunately left unfinished: the most remarkable is 'the Quaker's Elegy,' written by W. P. a sincere lover of Charles and James, 31st March, 1685. Tears wiped off a second part on the coronation (22d April) in the following lines, he must have been moved by the spirit:

No sooner had this stranger seized my soul,
But Rachel (his maidservant!) knock'd to raise me from my bed,
And with a voice of sorrow did condole
The loss of Charles!—whom she declared was dead.
Charles dost thou mean, we king of England call,
That lived within the mansion of Whitehall?
(Rachel) Yes!—'tis too true!

Another more numerous shoal of small fry appeared to congratulate James on his accession; among others, Mr. Peter Ker, whose joy exceeds all common bounds, when he advises even the ships to run a ground:

Let subjects sing, bells ring, and cannons roar,
And every ship come dancing to the shore.

Johnson said, the title Threnodia Augustalis is not strictly classical, but Dr. Adam of Edinburgh has defended it. 'Threnodia' is a word purely Greek, used by no Latin author. Augustalis, denotes in honour of Augustus. Thus 'Ludi Augustales,' games instituted in honour of Augustus. Tac. An. i. 15. 54: so Sacerdotes, Sodales Augustales, ib. and ii. 83. Hist. ii. 95, &c. Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 60. A poem called 'Threnodia Triumphalis,' by F. Fisher, was published on Oliver Cromwell's death, 1658. Dryden's Elegy went through two editions in 1685.

* 'This Poem is said to have been written at Rushton, near Huntingdon. There was an embowered walk, called Dryden's walk; an urn was placed there about the middle of the last century, with an inscription to Dryden's memory, and an allusion to the Poem.' MS. Comm. of Oct. Gilchrist.

† See Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 89.

‡ Dryden has taken pains to have it believed that he was not incited to write this poem by any one: and his assertion is worthy of credit. If the poem had been written under the direction of James, the tone adopted to the *sectaries* would have been more conciliating. In order to procure

obliged to court their favour to strengthen his party against the established church, the deep remembrance of ancient feuds and injuries was still cherished, and the desire of vengeance on the fanatics was neither sated nor subdued. The fable is divided into three parts. The first is dedicated to the general description and character of the religious sects, and particularly to the churches of Rome and England; in the second, the general arguments for the controversy between the two churches are agitated: in the last part, from discussing the disputed points of theology, the Hind and Panther descend to consider the particulars in which their temporal interests were supposed to interfere with each other. I shall not repeat the well known criticism of Johnson on the plan of this poem, nor the admirable and eloquent observations of Scott, but I shall content myself with observing as regards the form of a parable, or fable in which it appears, that the divided opinions of its propriety relate to one of those questions of *degree* which are so open to dispute. The form of fables is familiar to us by use, and as it were consecrated by antiquity. We read them before we are aware of the improbability of the events, and the singularity of their structure. The arguments, as well as subjects, arise out of the interests and habits of the animals, or other instruments used by the fabulists. The wolf betrays his gluttony, the daw her vanity, and the fox his artifice. There is no elaborate train of reasoning required, no minute division of argument, no subtle processes of thought. In the pleasing simple fables of Æsop and Phædrus, the well known disposition and instinct of the animals merely invests itself with human speech, and the truths, inculcated are familiar and recognised. But Dryden has at once plunged the beasts of the forest into the investigation of the most intricate subjects, in decisions that would have required the erudition of general councils, and arguments that would have called forth the powers of the most dexterous polemics. The Hind enters into the subtlest points of the Nicene creed; and the Panther is engaged in the discussion of the Quinquarticular controversy. But the greatness of this error has in some degree rectified itself, for the length and intricacy of the arguments so take possession of the mind, that we forget the improbable machinery by which it is introduced, and consider that the poet himself is reasoning before us. When we have once recovered from the startling absurdity of the plan, the words Hind and Panther, as they occasionally recur in the dialogue, stand merely as signs or symbols of the opposing parties, and lose as it were the force of their original signification. The mind, by its own instinctive love of what is probable and true, rectifies the absurdities of the original plan, and though the subject is perhaps too abstruse and argumentative to be treated in verse, yet we rise from the perusal of it, admiring the skill and talents of the author who could present us a poem of such varied excellence; argumentative without being rugged or obscure, familiar without being mean and low, pointed in its satire, copious in its illustration, majestic in its language, magnificent in its descriptions, adapting itself to every change of subject, and winding its way with the most graceful ease and flexibility through all the intricate mazes of theological argument. It is but fair to remark, that Pope considered this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. The lines beginning 'So when of old the Almighty Father sate;' in the second part, Dr. Warton says, are the most splendid and sublime that Dryden ever wrote.*

This poem was not likely to escape the ridicule of the wits accordingly, in the same year, appeared the Hind and Panther transversed, in the story of the Country and City Mouse, a composition in prose and verse, written by two young men, Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, and Prior, then a student at St. John's, Cambridge. Montagu is said to have written the preface, but it certainly appears that Prior had the largest share in the work. When Spence asked Lord Peterborough whether Halifax did not write the Country Mouse, in conjunction with Prior, 'Yes,' was the answer, 'as if I were in a chaise with Mr. Cheselden here drawn by his fine horse, and should say, "Lord, how finely we draw the chaise!"'† Prior does not seem to have been contented with his share of profit or of fame.

There is a story current on the authority of Spence, that Dryden was much affected at the unkindness of this satire, and feelingly complained of it. Johnson, as usual, disbelieved it; but

as many friends as he could to the repeal of the Tests, and Penal Laws against the Catholics, James extended indulgences to the Puritans and Nonconformists, the ancient enemies of his person, family, and monarchy; but Dryden showed by his language, that he was not in the court secret.

* The motto of this poem must not be overlooked.
Antiquam exquirite matrem
Et vera incessu patuit dea.

† Mr. Todd has noticed a satire, entitled, Erebellus Britannicus, or a memento to the Jacobites of the higher order; in which many of Dryden's phrases and sentiments are introduced and printed in the italic character. It occurs in The Loyal and Impartial Satyrist, containing Eight Miscellany Poems, 8vo. 1694. See Warton's Dryden, vol. ii. p. 9

Malone, who was cautious enough upon points like these, thinks that it has been related upon sufficient authority. Dean Lockier told it to Spence on his own knowledge; for his words were (I have heard him say,) 'For two young fellows that I have always been very civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner!' and he wept as he said it. It is possible that the story has not lost as it has come down to us. Dryden might have been vexed at the appearance of such able and unexpected antagonists, who attacked him with his own weapons, and he might have reflected on their conduct with asperity and emotion. In this year he produced his first ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* Some months after he wrote his Britannia Rediviva, on the birth of the young prince, and addressed a familar epistle to his friend, Sir G. Etheredge, on his being appointed envoy to Ratisbon. Of this poem, Britannia Rediviva, Sir W. Scott thus expresses himself with all the feelings of a poet.—'Dryden, who knew how to assume every style that suited the occasion, writes here in the character of a devout and grateful catholic, with much of the *unction* which marks the hymns of the Romish church. In English poetry, we have hardly another example of the peculiar tone which the invocation of saints and an enthusiastic faith in the mystic doctrines of the catholic faith, can give to poetry. To me, I confess, *that* communion seems to offer the same facilities to the *poet*, which it has been long famous for affording to the painter: and the Britannia Rediviva, while it celebrates the mystic influence of the sacred festivals of the Paraclete and Trinity, and introduces the warlike forms of St. Michael and St. George, has often reminded me of one of the ancient altar-pieces, which it is impossible to regard without reverence, though presenting miracles which never happened, or saints who never existed. These subordinate divinities are something upon which the imagination, dazzled and overwhelmed by the contemplation of a single Omnipotent Being, can fairly rest and expand itself. They approach nearer to humanity, and to comprehension; yet are sufficiently removed from both to have the full effect of sublime obscurity.'

At the time Milton published his immortal poem, Cowley was in the full possession of the public admiration. He possessed great talents and considerable acquirements. He wrote in the style and taste of the age, and his superior genius placed him at the head of his school. Milton's poem was formed on models essentially different; and it demanded a comprehension of mind, an extent of knowledge, a purity of taste, a lofty imagination, in fact, a conception of the power and provinces of poetry so exalted, that it met with admirers, perhaps with readers, only among those of deeper learning and more cultivated minds; but every year shook off something from the fragile blossoms of Cowley's fame, and Paradise Lost slowly made its way by its own excellence, as a purer and better taste gradually revived. Dennis says, it took thirty years, or more, before the great merit of Milton was generally known; and near thirty years certainly elapsed before a second edition of his exquisite early poems, the rich and ripened fruitage of his studious youth, were given to the public. A new edition of Paradise Lost was now called for, and Tonson, with the assistance of Somers and Atterbury, printed a splendid one, in folio. Above five hundred subscribers were obtained, and Dryden contributed his famous hexastich, which Malone thinks was suggested by the couplet of Selvaggi.*

There is some particular year of misfortune in the life of almost every man, in which the adversity that has been invisibly accumulating comes on with unexpected weight and singular combinations. Good fortune in some, and great prudence and foresight in others, may put aside the blow; but the expectation of passing life without feeling this shock is not formed on the lessons of experience. I wish that I could say, in this respect, that Dryden escaped the common lot of humanity; but alas! he was to be awakened from his dreams of preferment and wealth, by the abdication of the king, and a change in the succession, most adverse to his interests. In August, 1689, he lost his office of laureate, and with it full three hundred pounds a year. To add to his mortification, both places of poet and historiographer were given to Shadwell. Dryden could not hold them as being a catholic, and Shadwell received them as being a whig. Deprived of his certain and official in-

* Of this ode, Sir W. Scott says, (vol. xi. p. 166,) 'The first stanza has exquisite merit, and although the power of music is announced in the following, in a manner more abstracted and general, and therefore less striking than when its influence upon Alexander and its chiefs is placed before our eyes, it is, perhaps, only our intimate acquaintance with the second ode that leads us to undervalue the first, although containing the original ideas so exquisitely brought out in Alexander's feast.' Pope said—'Many people would like my ode to music better if Dryden had never wrote on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote it, and not with any thought of rivalling that great man, whose memory I do, and have always reverenced.' Spence's Anecd. p. 12.

* Gesner, in his notes on Claudian, (vol. i. p. xliii.) says that Dryden's lines are taken from the following Greek Epigram.

'Ειν ἐνι, βιργιλιοιο νεον, και ρουσαν Ομηρου
Κλαυδιανον ρωμη, και βασιλεις ἐθεσαν.

come, he was obliged to return to the stage for support. In 1620, he produced his tragedy of Don Sebastian, which was acted with applause; and his comedy of Amphitryon was also successful. Dryden prefixed the following motto to his tragedy, proclaiming that seven years, the interval since the production of the Duke of Guise, had not impaired his power of invention, nor dimmed the fire of his genius:

——— nec tarda senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.

The biographers of Dryden have considered the poet to have been particularly happy in the choice of his subjects, the character of Sebastian presenting all that was heroic and dignified, and the history of his fate terminating, as it were, in that awful uncertainty, which is one of the regions in which poetry loves to dwell. The changes of fortune during his life, and the mysterious disappearance after the overthrow of his ambition, was a subject in which the imagination might wander at will, without offending the majesty of truth.

The characters are separated and set off in fine poetical contrast; Sebastian, open, brave, impetuous, full of all regal virtues,—every inch a king. Dorax represents one whose good and generous qualities have been met by injustice and oppression, and driven back into the disappointed and disordered mind. His stern misanthropy, his sullen pride, his high and haughty demeanour, the bitterness of his hatred, that discontent with himself, which, too proud to avow, he is obliged to feel, 'his long stride and sullen port;' his passions and feelings, have been brought by Dryden into one of the most powerful characters which he ever sketched. Muly Moloch is the old tyrant in tapestry, the fierce Saracen, the hot savage Moor, yet with generosity enough to save him from our hatred. In Benducar is the cool, crafty, fawning villain. Almeyda's violence has too much, I think, of fury in its sentiment, and rant and hyperbole in language.

Johnson says of this play, that some sentiments leave a strong impression, and others are of excellence universally admired. This, his last biographer considers to be but meagre commendation when applied to the chef-d'œuvre* of Dryden's dramatic works, in which he had centred in the effort the powers of his mighty genius, and the fruits of his long theatrical experience; accordingly, Shakspeare laid aside, it would be difficult, he says, to point out a play containing more animating incident, impassioned language, and beautiful description. Perhaps the truth lies between these two opinions. Although in Dryden we must praise a happy disposition of accidents, and a considerable variety of characters;* though there is much that is masterly in the conception and execution of his subjects, yet our praise cannot be bestowed without some qualification. The incestuous connexion between Sebastian and Almeyda is a great blemish to the plot; and the expressions of both parties, when their guilt is discovered, are such as we must consider with abhorrence. Some previous sentiments of Almeyda are too voluptuous to be approved; the manners of the Mahometans are grossly violated,† and the comic scenes are too broad. After all, and with all its merits, this declamatory kind of drama, the school of the French theatre, with its elevated sentiment, its long-drawn similes, and its majestic and melodious verse, must not be compared to the pliancy, the fire, the vivacity, the truth, the flashes of comic genius, the depth of tragic passion, the genuine representations of life, the boldness, the variety, of our old dramatists, embodying in their noble dramas the passions and follies and virtues of men, shaking us with terror, or melting us with tears, and making us forget all their anomalies, and even some absurdities, in the surpassing splendour of their creations. In the very best of Dryden's plays, there is something of an artificial medium which the poet has interposed between use and

* Don Sebastian has been weighed, with reference to its tragic merits, against 'Love for Love,' and one or other is universally allowed to be the first of Dryden's dramatic performances. To the youth of both sexes, the latter presents the most pleasing subject of emotion; but to those whom age has rendered incredulous upon the romantic effects of love, and who do not fear to look into the recesses of the human heart, when agitated by darker and more stubborn passions, Don Sebastian offers a far superior source of gratification. Scott's Works, vii. p. 279; yet this play, on the first night of representation, was only *endured*. 'The audience,' says Dryden, 'were weary with much good nature and silence:' when curtailed and altered, it became a great favourite with the public. Acted and printed in 1690.

* As when Almeyda says,

How can we better die than close embrac'd,
Sucking each other's soul, while we expire?

The following is objectionable on another account.

My father's, mother's, brother's death I pardon,
That's somewhat sure, a mighty sum of murder,
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off,
My prayers and penance shall *discount* for these,
And beg of heaven to *charge the bill* on me.

† Human sacrifices are offered up to Mahomet, and they are represented as worshipping the image of Jupiter, in the Conquest of Granada. A solecism, as Langbaine observes, scarcely more pardonable than placing a pistol in the hand of Demetrius, which Dryden justly censured. On the impropriety of the *classical* allusions in the mouth of Mahomedans, Addison had remarked in the Guardian, No. 110.

nature; we see her features in a glass darkly. It is a style formed after the rules of criticism, from arbitrary opinions and narrow views; its illustrations are tedious, its events improbable, its catastrophes ridiculous. It is wanting in real force, and rapidity of thought and language: it gives no emphatic imitation of real individual character, no strong representation of powerful feeling; the perfume is drawn through a limbec before it reaches us. In Shaksp are, it comes with all the woodland fragrance on its wing, fresh blowing from the violet banks, and breathing the vernal odours. Dryden's composition is like the artificial grotto raised amid level plains, sparkling with imported minerals, and glittering with reflected and unnatural lights. The old drama resembles rather the cavern, hewn from the marble rock by nature's hand, whose lofty portals, winding labyrinths, and gigantic chambers, fill the mind with wonder and delight. The one opens into decora ed gardens, trellised bowers, and smooth and shaven lawns; the other lies amid nature's richest and wildest scenes, the glacier, and the granite hills above,—wild flowers, and viny glens and sunlit lakes below.

The play of Amphitryon is founded on the old comedy of Plautus, with some necessary alterations of the plot, and some few improvements in the incidents. Dryden did not judge incorrectly of the taste of his audience, for it was favourably received, and Scott considers it as one of the most favourable specimens of his comic muse,* but taste has grown more capricious, or more refined in modern days. A few years since I was present at its revival, when the skill and cleverness of the best comic actors could not save it from disgrace. The feelings of the audience did not seem from the first to be engaged in the exhibition. The manner of thinking was not theirs; the incidents were strange, the characters and customs beyond the common line of observation, the wit was cold and did not strike.

In the days of Plautus, it probably kept the benches in a roar, and the original play, even now, when the mind, through the language, is thrown back into the feelings of the time; and when the improbabilities of the dramatic scene are softened down in the perusal, may be read with much pleasure. That the gods were wont occasionally to descend from Olympus for earthly recreation, and to assume the shape of men was an established belief, or a familiar tale. Jupiter and Mercury, as Amphitryon and Sosia, were old friends to the smutched artificers and shopkeepers of the Tiber, while the dresses and masks rendered the illusion perfect. I remember that the endearing terms of greedy cupidity in which Phædra addresses the golden goblet, that was offered as a bribe, seemed to disgust the audience as something unnatural; the character of the impudent, cheating household slave in Sosia, and the drollery, the disguise, the knavish tricks of Mercury, which made the children of Romulus chuckle, appeared in its humour and conceits coarse and low. The play was heard throughout with impatience and dislike.

The opera of King Arthur was performed in 1691: its own merits, and Purcell's beautiful music, ensured its success. Dryden had long hoped, as I before mentioned, to have enjoyed leisure and competence sufficient to enable him to devote himself to the composition of an Epic poem on the History of Arthur. That time, however, unfortunately never arrived: and we have lost, according to Sir Walter Scott's opinion,* a poem probably formed upon the model of the Ancients, classical and correct, though wanting in the force, which reality of painting and description never fails to give to Epic narrative. Arthur would have reminded us of Achilles, and the sameness of a copy would have been substituted for the spirit of a characteristic original; but we should have found picturesque narrative detailed in most manly and majestic verse, and interfused with lessons teaching us to know human life, maxims proper to guide it, and sentiments which ought to adorn it. Certainly, if this poem had been executed with the spirit, the elegance, the picturesque narrative, the masculine language, the 'long resounding march of verse' that distinguishes his fables, it would have formed a rich and noble addition to his fame, and to our poetry. We must regret, says his biographer, that avarice or negligence withheld from him the means of a comfortable support: when he had abandoned all hopes of executing his greater work, he adapted his intended subject to an opera, a fairy tale in verse.† Scott says, the scene in which Emmeline recovers her sight, when well represented, never fails to excite the most pleasing testimony of interest and applause. The language and ministry of Grimbald, the fierce earthly demon, are painted with some touches that rise even to sublimity. The conception

* Malone recovered from Tonson's papers a letter and copy of verses, addressed to the publisher, on the merits of Amphitryon, by Milbourne, who afterwards attacked Dryden with such bitterness and malignity; they are full of praise. See Works, vol. viii. p. 8.

* See Scott's Dryden, vol. viii. p. 118.

† The principal incident in King Arthur is copied from the adventures of Rinaldo, in the haunted grove on Mount Olivet, in the Gier. Liber. of Tasso.

of Philidel, a fallen angel, retaining some of the hue of heaven, who is touched with repentance, and not without hopes of being finally received, is an idea, so far as I know, entirely original.

This piece was written for the conclusion of the reign of Charles, and had a political tendency, but the Revolution ruined Dryden's prospects of preferment, and put a strong restraint on the avowal of his opinions; consequently his poem sank into a pleasing description of the wonders and adventures of a fairy tale. It was received with great applause, and is the only one of Dryden's plays which keeps possession of the stage.* I shall observe, if any one conversant with the poetry of Milton, will attentively read this play, and Don Sebastian, he will acknowledge that Dryden had now diligently studied the works of that great poet, and transplanted, with taste and judicious selection, some of his fine combinations of language, and beautiful expressions of thought. The lyrical dialogue between Cupid and the genius, was in the recollection of Gray, when he wrote the Descent of Odin.

In May, 1692, his tragedy of Cleomenes was acted: Dryden was too ill to finish it, and it was obligingly completed by his friend Southerne.† This is one of the most successful specimens of the heroic drama which he left; nor do I know that any thing can be well added to the observations which his last eminent biographer and critic has made. The character of Cleomenes, Dryden has drawn with admirable spirit and precision. It was peculiarly suited to his genius, for though sometimes deficient in the pathos, and natural expressions of violent passion, he never fails in expressing, in the most noble language, the sentiments of that stoical philosophy, which considers sufferings rather as subjects of moral reflection, than of natural feeling. Dryden has softened the character of his Spartan Hero by the influence of those chaste and tender romantic affections which thrive best in bosoms rendered by nature and philosophy inaccessible to selfish feeling. The haughty and unbending spirit, the love of war, the thirst of honour proper to the Lacedæmonians, complete the character of Cleomenes. Cleonidas is a model of a Spartan youth, which seems to be taken from the character of Hengo in the Bonduca of Beaumont and Fletcher. The wife and mother of Cleomenes seem to be sketched after those of Coriolanus: the former exhibiting the mild gentle disposition, the latter the high souled magnanimity of a Spartan matron. Ptolemy is a silly tyrant, Sosybius a wily minister, and Cleanthes a friend and confidant, such as tyrants, ministers, and confidants in tragedies usually are. Cassandra is not sketched with any peculiar care; her snares are of a nature not very perilous to Spartan virtue, for her manners are too openly licentious. She may be considered as furnishing the original hint for the much more highly finished character of Zara in Congreve's Mourning Bride. The rabble scene, the poet tells us, was introduced to gratify the more barbarous part of the audience. This play, when first published, met with opposition from the government, being supposed to allude to the situation of the exiled king. The exertions, however, of Lord Rochester and others, as well as the evidence of its inoffensive nature, removed this. Mrs. Barry* distinguished herself by her representation of the first character.

There is nothing in this play strongly to excite the passions, or to awaken a thrilling interest in the fortunes of the characters; but the Spartan courage, lofty virtue, unbending firmness, generous and affectionate disposition of Cleomenes, are felt with delight. The character of Cassandra would have admitted a finer touch, and more varied colouring; the plot brings with it few changes that surprise, and its termination, though faithful to history, does not satisfy the mind, as it involves only the innocent and brave in misfortune, and leaves the guilty and 'the weak, the voluptuous tyrant and his abandoned mistress, unpunished and secure.'

We are now arrived at the close of Dryden's dramatic efforts; he had possession of the stage for a period of thirty years, from 1664 to 1694, and during that time his industry and fertility of invention bestowed on it no less than seven and twenty dramatic performances. I am sorry to add that his last piece, Love Triumphant, was condemned by the universal consent of the town. This unsuccessful play is so inferior to some of his later productions, that I have often, while reading it, considered, whether in the hard necessities of his later days, he might not have produced a piece written in earlier life† and which had been deservedly re-

* The battle between Arthur and Oswald, with *sponges* in their *hands filled with blood*, which they occasionally squeeze on each other, be its any stage direction in absurdity that I ever remember; it would have formed a fine duel in Tom Thumb.

† Southerne revised and finished the latter half of the fifth act. See the Dedication to his Play, called 'The Wife's Excuse.' Malone erroneously reads the 'fifth act' for *half* the fifth act.

* See Cibber's account of Mrs. Barry at this time, in his Life, as quoted by Malone, vol. iii. p. 227.

† Scott owns that the turn of the dialogue is in our poet's *early* manner, and in the most laboured scenes, he has recourse to rhyme, which he had so long discarded: my conjecture, therefore, I think, is not improbable. Scott says, 'If we except Am-

glected by him, while the unimpaired vigour and luxuriance of his genius supplied him without difficulty. The plot turns on the indulgence of that incestuous passion which I have observed and censured before; and on which the genius of Dryden seemed to look without a sufficient consideration of its offensive nature.* There are no characters which command our respect or love. Veramond's feelings towards Alphonso are those of aversion; the incidents are strained and improbable: and the termination is effected by a sudden and inconsistent change in the feelings of the king which the speech of Celidea effected. But as Scott observes, the hatred and aversion of Veramond was not likely to be abated by the objects of them turning out to be father and son, nor much soothed by the circumstance of their making him prisoner in his own metropolis. Yet the tyrant of Arragon alters his whole family arrangements and habits of mind, and takes his hated foes into his family and bosom, merely in order that the play may be concluded.†

Literary exertion was now doubly necessary to secure to Dryden the means of livelihood: and from this time to the close of his life, he will be found assiduously and laboriously employed. He translated three of the satires of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius;‡ and with the assistance of his sons, and Messrs. Dryden and Creech, he gave to the public a complete translation of the two great satirical poets. In 1691, he wrote a short preface to Walsh's Dialogue on Women; and in February of the same year, he composed an elegy on the Countess of Abingdon, under the name of Eleonora. It has been observed that one singularity attended this production. It was written on a person whom he had not seen, at the request of another whom he did not know.

He prefixed, in 1692, an account of Polybius to Sir Henry Sheare's translation, and in 1693, he published the third volume of his miscellanies. Some poems of Ovid and the poetry of Hector and Andromache in the Iliad are from his pen. Messrs. Yalden, C. Hopkins, and N. Higgens, are the heroes who shine in this volume; and Johnny Crowne closed it with the translation of the Lutrin. An unfinished poem on the civil wars by Cowley, from a manuscript, formed an attraction to the book.

At this time, Congreve astonished the public by such an early display of brilliant wit, comic force, and knowledge of character, as could be expected only to result from a familiar acquaintance with society, and extensive observation of mankind. Yet Congreve was scarcely of age,* when his first play, the Old Bachelor, was performed. I am not aware that any English poet, with the exception perhaps of Chatterton, ever exhibited such a precocity of talent: and this was shown in a department of poetry in which the minds of youthful poets are seldom seen to expatiate. Congreve, however, sought neither 'the flowery meadow, nor the purling stream,' but was seen with his youthful pencil lightly sketching the foibles, analyzing the passions, and tracing the characters of mankind. We know, that at a far more advanced age than this, Dryden considered a comedy required such powers of execution and such a delicacy of conception, as to make him regret his rashness in intruding himself to the

boyna, our author never produced a play when the tragic part had less interest, or the comic less humour.'

* Stories turning on incestuous passion have seldom been successful on the *modern* stage. On this account alone Garrick denounced his intention of reviving the play of 'King and no King.' Phædra and Hippolytus, though powerfully supported, failed for the same reason: and even the excellences of Don Sebastian were unable to expiate the disgust excited by the discovery of his relation to Almeyda. See Scott's Dryden, vol. vi. 121. viii. 202.

† See a letter preserved by Malone on the fortune of this play, 23d March, 1673—4, when the writer says: 'The success of Southerne's Fatal Marriage will vex huffing Dryden and Congreve to madness.' Dryden's play is a Tragi-Comedy, but 'in my opinion, one of the worst he ever wrote, if not the very worst; the comical part descends beneath the style and show of a Bartholomew Fair Drill. It was damned by the universal cry of the town, nemine contradicente, not the conceited poet. He says in his prologue that this is the last the town must expect from him; he had done himself a kindness, had he taken his leave before.

‡ For a character of this translation, see Gifford's Introduction to Persius, p. vi. 'The majestical flow of his verse, the energy and beauty of particular passages, and the inimitable purity and simplicity which pervade much of his language, place him above the hope of rivalry, and are better calculated to generate despair, than to excite emulation; but Dryden is sometimes negligent, and sometimes unfaithful. He wanders with licentious foot, careless alike of his author and his reader, and seems to make a wanton sacrifice of his own learning. It is impossible to read a page of his translation without seeing that he was intimately acquainted with the original, and yet every page betrays a disregard of its sense. By nature Dryden was eminently gifted for a translator of Persius. He had much of his austerity of manner and closeness of reasoning. Yet by some unaccountable obliquity, he has missed those characteristic qualities so habitual to him, and made the poet flippant and inconsequential.'

* Wycherly wrote his first play, Love in a Wood, at nineteen. The Plain Dealer, when he was twenty-five, which he wrote in three weeks. As regards both Wycherly and Congreve, I believe it must be conceded, that the mirror which *their Thalia* held up, did not reflect with truth the manners of their age: I believe it is Madame de Staël, who says, 'Nothing is less like English manners, than English comedy;' true, for it was but an imitation of the French.

public under the auspices of Thalia. In preparing this play for the stage, Dryden willingly lent the assistance of his great experience to the young poet; by whom he was repaid, with a very sincere attachment, and a kindness that extended beyond his life. Some lines prefixed to the Double Dealer, are given to Dryden, of which Malone says, 'they are of such excellence, that however often they are perused, they can never cease to be read with delight and admiration.'

In 1694 Tonson published the Annual Miscellany, to which Dryden contributed a version of the third Georgic, and an Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Dismissing now all inferior engagements, having relinquished the stage for ever, and anxious, by the success of some great work, to save himself from the approach of poverty, in his declining life; Dryden, in the full maturity of his practised powers, with great knowledge of the laws of poetry, and with all the dexterity and grace that arises from experience and exercise, commenced his translation of Virgil's Æneid.* Johnson says, that the nation considered its honour interested in the event. Sir William Dolben gave him the various editions of the author. Dr. Knightly Chetwood furnished him with the Life of Virgil, and the preface to the Pastorals; Addison supplied the arguments of the several books, and an Essay on the Georgics. The first lines of this great poet, which he translated, he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of Chesterton House, in Huntingdonshire, then the residence of his kinsman and namesake. To those who look with reverence to the Genius Loci, which virtue and talent have sanctified by their residence, it will be far from uninteresting to hear, that the version of the first Georgic and a great part of the last Æneid were made at Denham Court, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir William Bowyer; and that the seventh Æneid was translated at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh: thus the venerable oaks, and the gray battlements of that princely mansion, are hung with poetic tablets and noble recollections of departed genius; no less are the grottoes of Twickenham and the glades of Dawly filled with the fondest remembrances of the past; the gardens which Pope loved, and the retreat which Bolingbroke adorned, will ever have an interest to the mind of taste, beyond what the charms of nature could alone impart. This feeling will preserve its emotions, though it must change its object: and the next generation will be attracted with a delightful curiosity, where Genius has built his bower among the woods of Abbotsford; or linger with a pensive interest, where the footsteps of wisdom and of virtue have been reflected in the waters of Keswick.

It was resolved to print this work by subscription, as the Paradise Lost had been published some years before. Pope was employed six years on his translation of the Æneid; it appears that Dryden began his Æneid in the summer of 1694,* and it was published in the July of 1697. He was dealt with in a penurious manner by old Tonson, who would allow him nothing for the annotations which he was anxious to make. It would take seven years, said Dryden, to translate Virgil exactly. Malone has endeavoured to trace with accuracy the precise sum which Dryden received for this work; there is some difficulty in ascertaining the truth, for there was a double list of subscribers at different prices;† and Tonson kept back some money to defray the expenses of the plates,‡ but probably

* Supped at Mr. Edward Sheldon's, where was Mr. Dryden the poet, who now intended to write no more plays, being intent on his translation of Virgil. He read over his Prologue and Epilogue to his Valedictory Play, now shortly to be acted.
Evelyn's Diary, p. 98.

* By the agreement, dated June 15, 1694, Dryden was to receive for the translation of Virgil the sum of 200*l.*, at stated intervals, and one hundred copies of the work upon large paper, which Tonson was to sell for him at 5*l.* 5*s.* each to subscribers; Dryden was also to have any additional number of copies, on paying the difference between the price of the small and the large paper. Tonson paid all expenses, and had only the proceeds of the small paper copies. Dryden also received to himself the power of cancelling the agreement, on the repayment of any sums he had received of Tonson. Congreve was one of the witnesses to the instrument.

About eleven years ago, a tragedy, called *Œdipus*, was acted at the minor theatre in Tottenham Court Road. It was formed on the drama of Dryden and Lee, intermixed with some passages from Maurice's translation of Œdipus Tyrannus. The part of Jocasta was played by Mrs Glover. Œdipus came on the stage throned in a triumphal car, drawn by real horses. The piece was performed many nights with success.

The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles was acted at Stanmore, by the scholars of Dr. Parr, in the original Greek, before Dr. Samuel Johnson, and a great body of foreign and British literati, in the year 1776: this I learn from Maurice's preface to his translation of the play in question.

† See Scott's ed. of Dryden's Works, vol. xiii. p. 231, where is a list of the two sets of subscribers.

‡ Tonson seems to have driven some hard (not to say not quite honest) bargains with our poet. In one letter he says, 'You know now money is very scrupulously received. In the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the *clipped money*, there were *at least forty bad kings brass*.' Again, 'I expect 50*l.* in *good silver*, not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I, nor stay for it, four and twenty hours after it is due. You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last.' Again, upon trial, I find all your trade are sharpers; and you not more than others, therefore I have not wholly left you. It appears that the translation of Virgil was sent to the press when only eight books of it were finished.

Dryden received more than twelve hundred pounds. Pope gained by his Homer above five thousand.

Much has been said in dispraise of Dryden, for having lavished his dedications too plentifully on his patrons in this work, but it was in the taste of the age; there was, at that time, no republic of letters, a few men of literature and rank were the arbiters and guides of public judgment. The booksellers looked to their fiat to regulate their bargains with the author; besides, the nobles of that time were liberal and rich; there were no manufacturers, or merchant princes to rival them in opulence, and exceed them in prodigality, and they were so separated by wealth and rank from the common order of society, many of them being men of very cultivated minds and elegant knowledge, and not a few themselves authors, that praise* might be offered without meanness, and assistance solicited without servility. It is sufficient vindication of Dryden's integrity to say, that he resisted Tonson's urgent importunity to dedicate the works to King William. The disappointed bookseller turned for assistance to the engraver, who placed a hooked nose on all the plates representing Æneas,† in honour of the Nassau prince.

Dr. Johnson has spoken of the merits of this translation, though he has not entered into a critical exposition of its beauties; but as it seems to have united the suffrage of the critics, and the approbation of the public, I shall just observe, that while I confess it to possess many and various excellencies, while I believe that it has enriched our language with new forms of expression, and new modulations of verse, I do not think that it adequately represents the peculiar beauties of the original poem. Dryden does not seem fully aware of what has been well called 'the rich œconomy' of Virgil's expression, the exquisite structure and magic of his words, to attain which he has pushed the power of his language to the extreme verge of its structure, and transplanted those graces from its parent tongue which his native idiom did not supply; nor has Dryden kept in mind, that he who treads in the footsteps of the Roman poet must not deviate without error from the path that has been prescribed.* Hence the grace, the fineness of touch, the *tender bloom*, of Virgil's language is lost; and that finished and innate delicacy of taste which seemed instinctively to feel how to arrange the rich materials which it had collected, and which presents all that is appropriate and all that is select;† which admits no figure into its composition that does not produce the intended effect; this cannot with justice be said to have been successfully attained by the translator. Almost every epic poem has its own peculiar level, from which it rises, its own presiding tone of diction. The style of Virgil is elegant, ornamented, and graceful, giving him scope to make gentle descents on the wing, or occasionally to soar, without unnatural effort, into the highest regions of imaginative creation; while his language has such a transparent and crystal clearness, as to reflect with precision every image deposited within it. In awakening the finer sensibilities, in delineating the movement of the varying passions, in portraying the deep emotions of the heart, Dryden always failed, and such power here was imperiously demanded; yet we must allow that the general character of his poem is dignified, majestic, and harmonious, that it flows on 'with varied sweetness and with varied force,' that it possesses many passages of surprising vigour and energy, and examples of versification splendid and successful. Perhaps, as he himself suspected, he should have chosen an author of a different kind: perhaps, under any skill or talent, our language cannot reflect the exquisite beauties of the original. Certainly it must be said, that no one has yet eclipsed the fame which Dryden has so long enjoyed.‡

I must now enumerate some works of less importance and labour. Dryden translated

* See Burke's opinion of Dryden's dedications in a conversation with Malone. P. Works, ii. p. 322. Dryden had frequent recourse to the bounty of the Earl of Dorset. This is proved by some manuscript letters of his in the possession of the Dorset family, and which contain some particulars unfit for publication.

† MS. Harl. p. 3, Brit. Mus. are the following well known verses:

Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook nosed face
On poor (young) Æneas' shoulders.
To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking:
One took his father pick-a-pack,
And t'other sent him packing.

* Dryden has not attended sufficiently to the *tenses* used by Virgil; while Pope is particularly defective in rendering the force of the *particles* used by Homer: indeed, he seems almost entirely to have neglected them, to the great detriment of his translation.

† Virgil's great distinctive excellence and delicacy of sentiment and expression, joined to the most consummate technical skill, and just feeling in dressing out every circumstance or incident that he employs: but in the *appropriation* of those incidents and circumstances he is less happy. P. Knight on Taste, p. 312.

‡ Swift's ridicule of this translation, in his Tale of the Tub, is well known. Luke Milbourne was distinguished for his venomous and persevering malignity. Oldmixon and J. Parker volunteered in Dryden's defence.

Du Fresnoy's Art of Poetry, in about two months, and prefixed a preface, which cost him the labour of two mornings. He honoured Purcell's memory with an ode, and wrote a Life of Lucian, at Moyles' solicitation.

In August, 1697, he was requested by the stewards of the musical festival, to write a second ode, to be sung at the celebration of St. Cecilia's day.* This was published under the title of Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music, in December, 1697. A story has long been current, which Joseph Warton first published, on the authority of Mr. Beringer, that this splendid ode was written and completed by Dryden in the course of a single night, but it came through too long and circuitous a channel not to have gained in its progress; for it appears that Mr. Beringer told it to Dr. Warton, while he had learned it from Gilbert West, who was indebted for his account to Pope, to whom it was communicated by Bolingbroke: a far better authority, that of Dryden's son, asserts that it took his father a fortnight to compose it. Malone was seldom caught by the wonderful, or surprised into belief, and he has satisfactorily examined the evidence of this fact; indeed Dryden, in a letter to his sons, mentions his being occupied on this ode in a way that proves it was by no means an extemporaneous effort. 'I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music; this is troublesome, and no way beneficial.' Warton has observed, that it is difficult to express our admiration of the variety, the richness, the melody of its numbers, the force, beauty, and distinctness of its images, the succession of so many different passions and feelings, and the matchless perspicuity of its diction: no particle of it can be wished away, but the epigrammatic turn of the last four lines.†

This ode certainly possesses the great constituents of the lyric style, its bold abrupt transitions; its brilliant contrasts; its vividness and energy; its changes from exultation and triumph to the voice of pity, and the notes of wo. Nor is it wanting in those quick flashes of the brightest imagery passing as it were with electric rapidity down the chain of poetical connexion. Yet it has not the exquisite and finished language of Gray, nor his rich and select combinations of metaphorical diction.

Jeremy Collier, a nonjuring clergyman, made at this time an attack upon the stage, and singled out the most illustrious names of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Dryden, for the subject of his animadversions. The two former defended themselves, but Dryden's dramatic zeal had cooled, his interest on the stage had passed away, and he was not prepared, in the cool reflection of age, to defend those immoralities which in the carelessness and intemperance of youth he had lavished on a thoughtless and dissipated audience.

Malone says, that Dryden devoted nine entire days to the revision of his Virgil, and that a translation of Homer was among his literary projects. Dryden thought that Homer's fiery way of writing was more accordant to his genius. It has been reported, but on no sufficient authority, that he would have rendered his translation in blank verse. I should consider that Dryden knew his mastery over rhyme too well to desert it for a species of verse unpractised by him except in the drama, and unknown in its beauty and excellence to any poet of his age. At the same time, I think, that if we are ever to possess a translation that is to give us the spirit and manner of the original, that is to catch the keynote of the Chian harp, that is to please the poet and satisfy the scholar, it must be one that is free from the enfeebling bondage of rhyme.* The rhyming couplet, in my estimation, is sufficient alone to impair the venerable and simple dignity of the original, to modernize and alter its character. Whatever may be the excellencies of Pope's translation, the very essence of Homer's poetry has undergone a great change in passing through his hands: for he has altered the style of his author, raised artificially the level of his diction, lost the flexibility, the variety, the occasional familiarity of its manner throughout: he sets out in a higher region of expression, soars with a less flexible pinion, and with a more compulsory and laborious flight. Bentley's famous sarcasm on Spondanus had nearly as much truth as wit. Yet, I must confess, that nothing

* Johnson says, 'that in this ode some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes, a defect which he never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the metre might hinder him from perceiving.'—There is only one verse without a rhyme in the poem.

——and sigh'd and *look'd*.

Dryden said to a young templar, (the father of Lord Chief Justice Morlay,) who complimented him on his ode,—'you are right, young gentleman, a sobler ode never *was* produced, nor ever *will*.' Malone's Dryden.

† Dryden received from the society 46*l.* for this ode. Gray had forty guineas for his two odes. Dryden's ode was set to music, by Jer. Clarke, by Clayton, and, in 1736, by Handel.

* Richardson says, that Dryden told Sir W. L. (Sir Wilfred Lawson?) 'that he would not have done his Virgil in rhyme, if he was to begin it again.' Scott's Dryden, p. 413. As I find myself opposed in my preference of blank verse in a translation of Homer, to the great authority of Mr. Payne Knight, I must refer to his Essay on Taste, p. 121. 208, for some observations on the subject.

can more strongly display the genius of Pope, than under such great disadvantages, that he has done so well. Possessing a very slight and superficial knowledge of Greek, and never having studied the peculiar language of his author, he undertook a translation of the most ancient and most difficult poet; educated in a very refined and polished age of literature, more distinguished for wit than force of genius, and most dissimilar in feeling and character to the genius of Homer, he has given a translation which has pleased many and pleased long.

In 1698 he began to remodel some of the fables of Chaucer, and translate some of Boccacio's tales; the selection which he made from the Decameron (for he was on dangerous ground) did honour to the soundness and manliness of his taste. Having proceeded in his undertaking, he agreed, in 1699, to furnish his bookseller with ten thousand verses for the sum of 500*l.* of which 250*l.* was to be paid down. An Epistle to his cousin, John Dryden, of Chesterton,* was inserted in the volume, for which, it is believed, a handsome pecuniary present was returned. The volume had a double dedication; one in prose to the Duke of Ormond, and another in verse to Mary, the second Duchess; she is reported to have rewarded the writer as became a person of rank and opulence. It is singular that a second edition of this work was not called for till thirteen years after the death of the author, though now the most popular of all his works; for the thoughts are natural and beautiful; the imagery richly carved with something of Arabesque magnificence; the narrative interesting and picturesque, and the stream of verse is poured along warbling in fine musical intonation, and with long melodious flow. The fables of Pope, compared to these, have a paler and fainter colour, possessing neither Dryden's vigour of imagination, nor his rich and brilliant plumage of poetical expression.†

About this time Vanburgh revived Fletcher's Comedy, entitled 'The Pilgrim,' for the actors at Drury Lane, and stipulated that Dryden should have the benefit of the third night's performance, in return for this prologue and epilogue,* and a secular mask introduced at the end of the piece. These small poems were written but three weeks before our author's death; and the play which they accompanied was the first in which that beautiful and accomplished actress, Mrs. Oldfield, displayed the extent of her dramatic powers. It is singular that Dryden's muse accompanied her earliest entrance into fame; and that the pencil of Pope drew the last features of her fading portrait, as she departed from life.

The days of our poet's existence were now fast drawing to a close. He had been for some years harassed by attacks of gravel and gout. In December, 1699, the erysipelas appeared in his legs. In the April following, in consequence of neglecting an inflammation of his feet, a mortification ensued, of which he died after a short illness, at three o'clock, on Wednesday, the 1st of May, 1700, at his house in Gerard Street.† He behaved during his last

* Malone is inclined to believe that Dryden received from his cousin, not *five* hundred pounds, but *one*; and a sum of the same amount from the Duchess of Ormond. *Life*, p. 327.

† The faults in these fables are pointed out by an acute and ingenious critic,—'no false wit from the school of Cowley turns a baron bold into an epigrammatist; no Sigismunda delivers a lecture on republicanism, on being caught with her lover; no heroine of a knight of Arthur is degraded, as in the Wife of Bath's tale, into a vehicle of modern satire; no action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, like that of Palamon and Arcite.' See Taylor's Surv. of German Poetry, ii. 267.

* Dryden possessed an undisputed superiority over all his contemporaries as a writer of prologues and epilogues; his assistance was accordingly sought by the authors of new plays, and by the players on remarkable occasions. There is in most of them much variety of fancy, pleasantry of satire, keenness of observation, and harmony and elegance of verse. The tone of superiority in which they are written has been remarked; and he rather lays down laws to his audience, than supplicates their favour, and throws the defects of his play, not on the want of genius in the writer, but on the imperfect taste of the audience; indeed, Granville, Lord Lansdowne, in his Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry, apologizes for Dryden having suffered his judgment to be swayed by a wild audience. In his Oxford Prologues a becoming deference and respect is shown to the taste and learning of the University. It must, however, be deplored, that in these productions his liveliness too often descends into coarse and licentious allusion; though it stops far short of the gross indecency that is to be found in Shadwell. The original editions, printed on single leaves, and sold at the door of the theatre, are very rare; they are coarser and more licentious than those which Dryden finally adopted. He appears to have set but little value on them; for he often transferred the same prologues from one play to another, or took an epilogue out of a former poem. The satire against the Dutch furnishes the greater part of the prologue and epilogue to Amboyna. The epilogue to Mithridates, King of Pontus, 1681, the first play acted at the Theatre Royal, is printed for the first time by Scott among Dryden's Poems, vol. x. 324. When Southerne offered Dryden for a prologue to his first play, 'The Loyal Brother,' the sum of five guineas, he refused it, saying, 'Not that I do so out of disrespect to you, young man but the players have had my goods too cheap, in future I must have ten.' Malone thinks that the sum of three guineas and five should be substituted for five and ten.

† Mr. Hobbes, an eminent surgeon, proposed to amputate the limb, but Dryden refused, saying, he was an old man, and had not long to live by the course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, to preserve an uncomfortable life upon the rest. Ward's London Spy, part xviii.

moments with composure and resignation to the Divine will. He expressed, at his advanced period of life, no anxious wish to have existence prolonged; he took a tender and affectionate farewell of his afflicted friends; and he died in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith.

About thirty years after Dryden's death, in some memoirs of Congreve, published by a person under the fictitious name of Wilson (and who might have been Oldmixon,) a most erroneous account of our poet's funeral was given, and generally received as true. The original fabricator of the falsehood was Mrs. Thomas, well known under the name of Corinna, which Dryden had bestowed on her. She gave this story to the world, with a perfect consciousness that the whole narrative was false. She was in the Fleet prison at the time, and it is supposed, supplied Curll with this singular imposition for some slight remuneration. This is the same person who surreptitiously procured Pope's letters to Cromwell, and sold them to Curll, without consent of either of the parties. The whole narrative must have been founded on the slight foundation of a letter from Farquhar, and a description of the funeral by T. Brown. As, however, the real circumstances attending the burial of our poet are not without some singularity, I shall give them as they are faithfully recorded by Malone.

Dryden expired on Wednesday morning at three o'clock, the first of May. As he died of a gangrene, it was necessary that he should be buried without delay. Accordingly, two days after, his corpse, at the expense of Mr. Montagu* (afterwards Lord Halifax,) was carried from his house in a private manner, to be interred probably in the churchyard of the neighbouring parish. The Earl of Dorset, Lord Jeffries, and others, either hearing of the circumstances, or perhaps meeting the funeral procession as it passed, thinking that so celebrated a poet should be buried with some greater marks of respect and admiration, prevailed on the friends of the deceased to consent that the body shou'd be carried for embalmment to the house of Mr. Russell, the undertaker: at the same time, they applied, through Dr. Garth, to the Censors of the college of physicians, to permit it to be deposited there, till it was conveyed to Westminster Abbey for interment. A subscription was raised to defray the expense.* The body having laid in state for ten days, on the 13th of May the funeral obsequies were performed. A Latin oration was recited by Garth† in the theatre of the college, *then the last ode of the third book of Horace was sung*. The procession, consisting of nearly fifty coaches, and attended with music, moved on to the abbey. The body of Dryden was deposited in the grave of Chaucer;‡ one of the prebendaries reading the service, and the choir of the cathedral attending.

Soon after the death of Dryden, H. Playford, (the well known publisher of music) printed a collection of Latin and English verses, under the title of 'Luctus Britannicus,' or the tears of the British Muses for the death of Mr. Dryden. Another collection, in a small volume, called, 'The Nine Muses, or Poems, written by nine several Ladies,' lamented Dryden's memory. It was generally expected that Mr. Montagu would have erected a monument in the abbey; but, seventeen years after the poet's death, Garth complained that he who had the power of conferring immortality by his pen, should himself want a monument to his fame.

In 1717, Congreve complimented Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, on his munificence in having *given orders* for erecting a splendid monument to one who was an honour to his country. His grace received the praise, and reserved the money. At length, Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, roused, it is said, by some lines of Pope's intended to be inscribed on Rowe's tomb,§ gave Kent an order to form a plain unexpensive design, and the bust of the poet was sculptured by Scheemaker.‖ The

* Pope's bitter lines on Montagu are known to all.

Dryden alone, what wonder, came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd his judging eye;
Yet still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

But the accusation is not quite correct. See Malone's Dryden, ii. 90.

* The undertaker's (Mr. Russell) bill for the funeral amounted to 46*l.* 17*s.* See Scott's edit. vol. xviii. p. 194.

† In a satirical poem called the Apparition, 1710, Garth's funeral eloquence is described.

John Dryden with his brethren of the bays,
His love to Garth, blaspheming Garth conveys,
And thanks him for his pagan funeral praise.

In Garth's Essay on Ovid's Metamorphoses is a eulogy on Dryden, p. 281. When Boileau heard of the honours paid to Dryden's remains, he pretended ignorance even of his name.

‡ In Cibber's (Shiel's) Life of Dryden (Lives, iii. p. 93,) there is a copy of very indifferent Latin verses, signed John Phillips, 1700, æt. 14, which he says were thrown into the grave of Dryden, and which he printed for the first time.

§ Thy relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's useful dust.
Beneath a *rude and nameless stone he lies*,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes,
&c.

‖ It appears from an entry in the chapter books at Westminster, that *a bust of inferior workmanship* kept its place on our author's tomb, for ten

whole cost not much more than one hundred pounds, and was erected twenty years after the poet's decease.

Dryden had three sons by Lady Elizabeth,—Charles, John, and Erasmus Henry, who are described by a lady to whom they were personally known, as fine, ingenious, and accomplished gentlemen. Charles was bred at Westminster school, chosen king's scholar in 1680, and elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was admitted a member in 1683. He published some Latin verses on different subjects: one called the Horti Arlingtoniani, may be found in the third volume of the Miscellanies. He translated the seventh satire of Juvenal, which appeared in his father's version in 1692. Afterwards he went to Italy as nuncio to Pope Innocent XII. and was appointed chamberlain to his household. He appears to have been a person of accomplishments, a musician, a poet, and tolerable scholar. He was a great favourite with his father, who, indeed, to all his children was a tender and affectionate parent. He returned to England in 1698, and after his father's death administered to his effects. He was drowned, while attempting to swim across the Thames, near Datchet, and buried at Windsor, August, 1704. Concerning this son, there are some curious astrological predictions by Dryden, published by Mrs. Thomas in Congreve's life, the incongruities of which Malone, as usual, has detected.

John, the second son, was born in 1667—8, was admitted a king's scholar at Westminster, where he continued till 1685, when he was elected to Oxford. He was not matriculated a member of the university, having adopted, it is supposed, the religious opinions of his father, but placed under the private tuition of the famous Obadiah Walker, master of university, who was a papist; probably he went to Rome with his elder brother in 1692, when twenty-four years old. He became an officer in the pope's household, officiating as his brother's deputy. Previous to his leaving England he translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal, and while at Rome wrote a comedy, entitled, 'The Husband his own Cuckold,' which was acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields 1696, to which his father contributed a prologue, and Congreve an epilogue. He made a tour through Sicily and Malta, which was published: and after his return to Rome in January, 1701, he died of a fever.

Erasmus Henry, the third son, was born May, 1669, admitted a scholar of the charter house, on the nomination of Charles II. in 1682. He was elected to the university, but on account of his religious opinions did not become a member of either. He also went to Rome, was a captain in the Pope's guards, and probably remained there till after the death of his elder brother. By the death of Sir John Dryden, in 1720, the title of baronet, but without the estate, devolved on him.

He resided with his kinsman, Edward, in Canons-Ashby, for the greater part of the time; it is supposed, in a state of mental imbecility; a disease perhaps derived from his mother. He enjoyed the title only six weeks, and died in the forty-second year of his age, at the family mansion, and was buried at Canons-Ashby, 4th December, 1710; by his death the title was transferred to his uncle Erasmus.

Of the Lady Elizabeth, for so she was always called, little that is pleasant or satisfactory remains to be told. In the latter part of Dryden's life, during his various excursions in the country, she never accompanied him: nor was she ever visited by his relations, except in a formal and ceremonious manner. No authentic account has been transmitted of her person,* nor has any portrait of her been discovered. I am afraid that her personal attractions were not superior to her mental endowments; that her temper was wayward, and that the purity of her character was sullied by some early indiscretions.

Soon after Dryden's death she became insane, and was confined under the care of a female attendant, to whom her dower from his paternal estates of Blakesley was regularly paid for her use. In this condition, she continued for several years, and died in June or July, 1714, probably in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Though we have no original whole length portrait of Dryden,† yet Malone considers that there are

years, previous to Scheemaker being employed, who probably received for his bust twenty-five guineas. 'At a chapter held the 20th Nov 1751, ordered, that her grace the Dutchess of Buckinghamshire have leave to change the present bust of Mr. Dryden for a better.' In Hacket's Epitaphs is an epigram on putting up this monument. See vol. i. p. 128.

* A letter from Lady Elizabeth to her son at Rome is preserved, as remarkable for the elegance of the style, as the correctness of the orthography. She says,—'your father is much at woon as to his health, and his defnese is not wosce but much as he was when he was heare; give me a true account how my deare sonn Charlies is head dus.'—Can this be the lady who had formerly held captive in her chains the gallant Earl of Chesterfield?

† In the preface to 'the Reasons for Mr. Bayes changing his Religion,' considered in a dialogue between Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. Bayes, 1688, 4to., is a passage designed to be a portrait of Dryden. I can make a pretty shift to read without spectacles, wear my own hair, which is somewhat

few English poets of whose external appearance more particulars are recorded. He was certainly a short, fat, florid man, 'corpore quadrato,' as Lord Hailes observed: a description which Æn. Sylvius applied to James I. of Scotland. He wore his hair in large quantities, and it inclined to gray even before his misfortunes, a circumstance which Lord Hailes said he learned from a portrait of Dryden, painted by Kneller. In Riley's portrait, 1683, he wears a very large wig, so also in that done by Closterman, at a later period. By Tom Brown he is called 'Little Bayes,' and by Lord Rochester he was nicknamed 'Poet Squab.' Of his appearance I have nothing more to remark, than in an epigram of Elsum's,* he is described as having 'a sleepy eye,' and not a countenance of sweet favour; and that a large mole on his right cheek is conspicuous in all his portraits.† Malone thinks that his pecuniary difficulties and distress have been overrated; he considers that his income was more than 500*l.* a year,‡ for a considerable period, a sum he says equal to 1800*l.* at this day; but that in August, 1689, his distress truly began:§ for being deprived of both his places, his certain revenue was reduced to 120*l.* a year, with such contingent accessions as might arise from his literary exertions, or the affectionate contribution of his friends.

The account which I have now given of Dryden would be left imperfect, were I not to conclude with inserting the delightful character of him that has been so minutely sketched by the affectionate and grateful hand of Congreve, who, during the last ten years of his life, had lived in close habits of intimacy with him.*

'—Mr. Dryden had personal qualities to challenge both love and esteem for all who were truly acquainted with him. He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. Such a temperament is the only solid foundation of all moral virtues and sociable endowments. His friendship, when he professed it, went much beyond his professions, though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency. As his reading had been extensive, so was he very happy in a memory

inclined to red, have a large mole on my left cheek, am mightily troubled with corns, and what is peculiar to my constitution, after half a dozen bottles of claret, which I generally carry home every night from the tavern, I never fail of a stool or two next morning; besides I used to smoke a pipe every day after dinner, and afterwards steal a nap for an hour or two, in the old wicker chair near the oven; take gentle purgatives, spring and fall, and it has been my custom any time these sixteen years, as all the parish can testify, to ride in Gambadoes. Nay, to win the heart of him for ever, I invite him here before the courteous reader, (provided he will before hand promise not to debauch my wife,) when he shall have sugar to his roast beef, and vinegar to his butter; and lastly, to make him amends for the tediousness of his journey, a parcel of relics to carry home with him, which I believe can scarce be matched in the whole Christian world, &c.

* Epigrams on the paintings of the most eminent masters, by I. E. (John Elsum) 8vo. 1700. Ep. clxiv.

A sleepy eye he shows, and no sweet feature,
Yet was indeed a favourite with nature, &c.

† On Dryden's portraits, see Malone's Life, p. [illegible]. Perhaps the *mole* on his cheek was the cause of his not taking orders: for Wood says, that Laud would not ordain Shirley the poet, on account of a *mole on his left cheek*.—Mole ruit sua.—

‡ About the year 1670, when Dryden possessed both his places, and his share of the theatre, Scott considers his income to have been 600*l.*, or to 700*l.* annually, but his pension was not regularly paid, the burning of the theatre injured his income from that quarter, and *Lady Elizabeth was not very economical*. Life, p. 117.

§ In one of his dedications of Virgil, to Lord Clifford, Dryden says, 'What I now offer to your lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and *oppressed by fortune*, without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian.' In the letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, is one from Dryden, offering the dedication of the Georgics to his patronage, and saying, 'From the first hour since I have had the happiness of being known to your lordship, I have always preferred you in my poor *esteem to any other nobleman, and that in all respects*, and you may please to believe me as an honest man, that I have not the least consideration of profit in this address.' A second letter follows, in which he thanks the earl, for the *noble present* which he received, he says, by the *largeness of your* present, I must conclude, that you considered who gave, not who was to receive. See Lord Chesterfield's Letters, p. 378. 381.

* See Congreve's Dedication of Dryden's Dramatic Works to the Duke of Newcastle. Congreve says—'In some very elegant, though very partial verses, which Dryden did me the honour to write to me, he recommended it to me—to be kind to his remains. I was then, and have been ever since, most sensibly touched with that expression; and the more so, because I could not find in myself the means of satisfying the passion which I felt in me to do something answerable to an injunction laid upon me in so pathetic and so amiable a manner.' The lines are—

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage,
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O! defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you;
And take for tribute what these lines express,
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

Ep. to Mr. Congreve.

tenacious of every thing that he read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than communicative of it, but then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation: but just such, and went so far, as by the natural turn of the discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer, who thought fit to consult him,* and felt as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others in respect of his own oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say, of very pleasing access, but somewhat slow, and as it were diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any society whatever: indeed, it is to be regretted that he was rather blameable in the other extreme; for by that means he was personally less known, and consequently his character will become liable to misapprehension and misrepresentation. To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all men that ever I knew, one of the most modest and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals.

'As to Mr. Dryden's writings, I shall not take upon me to speak of them; for to say little of them, would not be to do them right, and to say all that I ought to say, would be to be very voluminous. But I may venture to say in general terms, that no man hath written in our language so much and so various matter, and in so various manners, so well. Another thing, I may say, was very peculiar to him, which is, that his parts did not decline with his years, but that he was an improving writer to his last, even to near seventy years of age; improving even in fire and imagination as well as in judgment; witness his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his last performances. He was equally excellent in verse and prose.† His prose had all the clearness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry. I make this observation only to distinguish his style from that of many poetical writers, who meaning to write harmoniously in prose, do in truth often write mere blank verse.

'His versification and his numbers he could learn of nobody; for he first possessed those talents in perfection in our tongue, and they who have best succeeded in them, since his time, have been indebted to his example; and the more they have been able to imitate him, the better they have succeeded.

'As his style in prose is always specifically different from his style in poetry; so on the other hand, in his poems, his diction is, whenever his subject requires it, so sublime and so truly poetical, that its essence, like that of pure gold, cannot be destroyed. Take his verses and divest them of their rhymes, disjoint them in their numbers, transpose their expressions, make what arrangement and disposition you please of his words, yet shall there eternally be poetry, and something which will be found incapable of being resolved into absolute prose, an incontestible characteristic of a truly poetical genius.

'I will say but one word more in general of his writings, which is, that what he has done in any one species, or distinct kind, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a great name. If he had written nothing but his prefaces, or nothing but his songs, or his prologues, each of them would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in his kind.'

To this interesting eulogy of Congreve, in which the partiality of friendship may have a little heightened the opinion he has delivered, I shall add the judgment of a writer himself possessing very considerable powers, and an original manner of thinking and expression.

'Dryden,' says Young, 'destitute of Shakspeare's genius, had almost as much learning as Jonson,* and for the buskin quite as little taste,

* When Addison was a student at Oxford, he sent up his play to his friend Dryden, as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre, who returned it with very great commendations; but with his opinion, that on the stage it could not meet with its deserved success! but though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public stage of life.—Young on Orig. composition, p. 130.

† The English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his (Dryden's) debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.—Goldsmith's Bee, p. 222. Dryden's versification (says Armstrong, Essays, p. 159) I take to be the most musical that has yet appeared in rhyme: round, sweet, pompous, spirited, and various, it flows with such a happy volubility, such an animated and masterly negligence, as I am afraid will not soon be excelled. From the fineness of his ear his prose, too, is perhaps the sweetest, the most mellow and sonorous, that the English language has yet produced.

* This is certainly an incorrect assertion; Jonson's learning was profound and extensive: Dry-

He was a stranger to the pathos, and by numbers, expression, sentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, strove to make amends for it, as if a saint could make amends for the want of conscience, a soldier for the want of valour, or a vestal of modesty. The noble nature of tragedy disclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart, and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think; the tragedian's point is rather to feel; such distant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged, destroys the former. Look on Barnwell and Essex, and see how as to these distant characters Dryden excels and is excelled. But the strongest demonstration of his no taste for the buskin are his tragedies fringed with rhyme, which in epic poetry is a sore disease, in the tragic absolute death. To Dryden's enormity Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are fitts to mourning, these two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to those solemn ornaments, which the noble nature of their works required. . . . . Dryden had a great but a general capacity, and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind concentered and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heat. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours, so what comes from his head sets our brains at work, and our hearts at ease. It makes a circle of thoughtful creations, not of distressed patients; and a passive audience is what tragedy requires. Applause is not to be given but extorted, and the silent lapse of a single tear does the writer more honour than the rattling thunder of a thousand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes, (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met,) are a satire on the writer's talent and the spectator's taste. But Dryden had his glory, though not of the stage. What an inimitable original is his ode? a small one indeed, but of the first lustre, and without a flaw, and amid the brightest boasts of antiquity it may find a foil.'

It is only necessary to add, that whatever difference of opinion may exist in the estimation formed of Dryden's genius; however some may consider that, even in the manhood and maturity of his taste, he was too fond of swelling sentiments and poetical rant; while others lament the absence of that simple pathos, and those touches of nature which speak directly to the heart; or look in vain for that high tone of feeling, those exalted views, and that virtuous sensibility which have cast such a moral dignity over the pages of Pope; yet, besides other great poetical qualities, the highest praise of style and language must be universally conceded to him. No English poet, perhaps no English writer, has attained, as regards expression, such undisputed excellence. He may be considered as the connecting link between the writers of the Commonwealth, Clarendon and Milton; and those who introduced an easier and less artificial manner—Addison and Swift. I think that it may not unjustly be affirmed, that he was the first* who presented an example of a style, polished, elegant, and copious. This was effected, not by the importation of foreign words, or learned constructions, but by calling out the native strength of the language, recovering its lost idioms, recalling its forgotten beauties, and producing the strongest effects by common and familiar expressions. His prose style has the same kind of excellence as his poetical; harmonious without effort, familiar without meanness, flowing on with richness of sound, variety of cadence, majesty and flexibility of movement, and with a copious and expanded eloquence.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

A writer† who has deeply studied the principles and structure of our language confesses that Dryden's *practical* knowledge of the English language was beyond all others exquisite and wonderful. With the polished and perhaps fastidious taste which the late Mr. Fox possessed, with his dislike of every thing pedantic, or inflated, with his love of simplicity of expression and purity of style, with the nicety of his choice in the selection of words, and forms of speech; we can hardly wonder at the decision which he adopted of admitting no word into his history, for which he had not the authority of Dryden‡. He was anxious to lend his high influence in restoring that pure and idiomatic style which he thought had been much corrupted by the example of some eminent writers, and perhaps unjustly estimated in the opinion of the

den't was confined and very deficient in exactness: he is sometimes guilty of errors in quantity, as in Æn. vi.

'Then Laodamia with Evadne moves.'

Dryden possessed a large extent of knowledge, and he had thought much on subjects connected with poetry; but deep learning assuredly cannot be claimed by him.

* 'Clarendon himself is often liable to exception, both in sentiment and style; and our language indeed was not entirely polished till the present century.' See Sir W. Jones's Pref. to Nadir Shah.

† See Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley, vol. ii. p. 400. 4to.

‡ See Lord Holland's preface to Fox's History, p. xii.

public; but with deference to a judgment so carefully formed, and so strongly supported, I must consider his decision to have been too narrow and exclusive, nor do I think it wise to confine our models of imitation to the authority of any single writer. Style and language must be always influenced by the subject. Perhaps instances might be found in Mr. Fox's own history which would make us hesitate in adopting his opinion; and ask whether Dryden's familiar and homely expressions appear in proper *keeping* with the subjects of the historic narrative. The prose works of Dryden consist of critical disquisitions, prefatory addresses, letters and casual treatises, which require the *character* of their style to differ from that of history; but while I fully acknowledge their exquisite beauties, and varied excellencies, I still think it would have been more judicious in Mr. Fox to have extended his approbation to many other celebrated writers as well as to Dryden.*

I would rather subscribe to the more modified opinion of Gray, who, when Dr. Beattie expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Gray thought his due, told him, that if there were any excellence in his own numbers he had learnt it wholly from that great poet, and pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and phrases was singularly happy and harmonious. Remember Dryden, he added, and be blind to all his faults.*

* Since writing the above, I was much pleased to observe my opinion supported by the very high authority of Dr. Parr, who says—The general character of Mr. Fox's style is purely English; and as to the rejection of a word for which he had not the authority of Dryden, it is a fancy which seems to me not less unwise than the fastidiousness of the Ciceronian sect. Philop. Varvicensis, p. 589.

* See Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music, 4to. p. 360. Mason, in his life of Whitehead, p. 17. says that Gray, who admired Dryden almost beyond bounds, used to say of a very juvenile poem of his in Tonson's Miscellany, written on the death of Lord Hastings, that it gave not so much as the slightest promise of his future excellence, and seemed to indicate a bad natural ear for versification. See also Mason's works, vol. i. p. 451.

THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

UPON THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.*

Must noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease: if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who 'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline? who 'd not esteem
Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully. [praise,
Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:
Than whom great Alexander may seem less:
Who conquered men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native soil was the four parts o' the earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle; and, with reverence may
I speak 't, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
Whose regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul;† and thence
Shone through his body, with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical. [shone
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which
More bright i' the morn, than others beam at noon
He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 't was did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us. [thus
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like nævs on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did sprout
Like rose-buds, stuck i' the lily skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit:
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.
O! had he died of old, how great a strife [life?
Had been, who from his death should draw their
Who should, by one rich draught, become
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were? [whate'er
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by
A universal metempsychosis. [this
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swoll'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to naught [corn;
Thus fades the oak i' the sprig, i' the blade the
Thus, without young, this Phenix dies, new-born.
Must then old three-legg'd graybeards with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out?

* Son of Ferdinand, Earl of Huntingdon: he died before his father in 1649, being then in his twentieth year, and on the day preceding that which had been appointed for the celebration of his marriage.

† *Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul*] This word is used in the second book of Lucretius, ver. 153, in the same sense.

'Sed complexa meant inter se conque globata.'
John Warton.

Time's offals, only fit for the hospital!
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal! [live
Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning,
With such helps as broths, possets, physic, give
None live, but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail: sorrow will force its way;
And show'rs of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin widow, left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
The ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe th' original in new copies; give
Hastings o' the better part: so shall he live
In 's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue, which to eternity shall last,
Yet but the irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums: for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.*

TO HIS FRIEND JOHN HODDESDON.

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.†

Thou hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I
Who ne'er before could ken of poetry,
Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend.
Yet 't is but of the second hand; if aught
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thief, who dar'st, Prometheus-like, aspire
And fill thy poems with celestial fire:
Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rays
Add a bright lustre to thy crown of bays.
Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sun of righteousness i' th' face.
What may we hope, if thou goest on thus fast,
Scriptures at first; enthusiasms at last!
Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a saint, go on,
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon.
That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold,
Thou'lt know adult'rate copper, which, like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own.

Yet 't is our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune (that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard)

* The verses on Lord Hastings in the 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' are subscribed 'Johannes Dryden. Scholæ Westm. alumnus.'—It appears from a note of the editor's, that they were sent at a late period in the year (1649,) after a great part of the book was printed off, and when it was just ready for publication. *Malone.*

† Mr. Hoddesdon's poetical effusions were published in 8vo. 1650, under the title of 'Sion and Parnassus, or Epigrams on several texts of the Old and New Testament.' To this book is prefixed the author's engraved portrait, 'Ætat. 18.' by which it appears that he and Dryden were nearly of the same age. *M.*

Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He, private, mark'd the fault of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.*

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.†

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battle such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
Still, by new maps the island might be shown,
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he [came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's [hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety rescued Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'T is true, his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield:
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-weigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 't was cast;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though some meaner artist's skill were [shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet still the fair designment‡ was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw,
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confidant of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
By intuition, in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtue heaven sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;

* *By acts their age too late would wish undone*] Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens. Hor. I. Ep. ii. 1. 60. *J. W.*

† *To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein*] The loyalists supposed that by this line Dryden meant to allude to Cromwell's *murder of his sovereign*. Thus in 'The Laureat,' or 'Jack Squabb's History in a little drawn, Down to his evening, from his early dawn,' ver. 21—25.

'Nay, had our Charles, by heaven's severe decree,
Been found, and murther'd in the royal tree,
Even thou hadst prais'd the fact; his father slain,
Thou call'st but gently breathing of a vein.' *M.*

‡ *Designment*] He has borrowed this word from Spenser, F. Q. ii. xi. 10.

'Gainst which the second troupe *dessignment* makes:'

That is, *plot*. Dryden, however, uses it simply for *design* or *plan*. It should be added, that *dessignment* is the reading of Spenser's 2d edition; as the first reads, without perspicuity, *assignment*. *Todd.*

Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

He made us freemen of the continent,*
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard; [stand,
And trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to
Although an Alexander were her guard.†

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

* *He made us freemen*, &c.] We may be said to have been made freemen of the continent by the taking of Dunkirk, which was wrested from the Spaniards by the united forces of France and England, and delivered up to the latter in the beginning of 1658. *Derrick.*

† *Although an Alexander*, &c.] At this time Alexander VII. sat in the papal chair. *D.*

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II. 1660.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. *Virg.*
The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,‡
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war: [skies,
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
The ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As nature bred, and interest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride,
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars denied us Charles his bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence church and state did groan;
Madness the pulpit,§ faction seiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost:
Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen;
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent,
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt.
For when by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.

‡ *Now with a general*] *Waller*, as well as Dryden altered his sentiments, and changed his notes, on the Restoration; and when the king hinted to him the inferiority of his second poem to the former, answered, 'Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.' What notice Charles took of Dryden's Astræa we are ignorant. *Dr. Joseph Warton.*

§ *Madness the pulpit*] From the numerous sermons preached before the parliament, particularly from 1640 to 1650, a variety of curious examples might be adduced to prove the justness of Dryden's assertion. And who can wonder at this assertion, when he is told that notifications of the following kind were affixed on walls and door-posts: 'On such a day such a brewer's clerk *exerciseth*; such a tailor *expoundeth*; such a waterman *teacheth*?' See the Preface to Featly's *Dippers Dipt*, 4to. 1647. For a minute account of the ravings and rantings of many of the preachers before the parliament the reader is referred to a collection of extracts from their discourses, entitled *Evangelium Armatum*, printed soon after the Restoration of King Charles II. *T.*

Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from treason's reach is free,
If Jove and Heaven can violated be?)
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless savage liberty.
Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles his woes, who
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us! [thus
He, toss'd by fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.
As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
How easy 't is, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
For when his early valour Heaven had crost;
And all at Worcester but the honour lost;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew,
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much; his purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand.

Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor,
Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd;
Who, yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast [powers,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes; [down,
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles his too too active age,*
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble, ye nations, who secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strews?
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portumnus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:
For those loud storms that did against him roar
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go:
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white.
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
The effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,

* *Charles his too too active age*] Original edition. Derrick prints, 'Such is not *Charles's* too too active age.'

See also before, ver. 49. *Too too* active age, was an ancient formulary. So in H. Parrot's *Springes for Woodcocks*, 12mo. Lond. 1613, Epigram 133. Lib. 1.

——— 'tis knowne her lesting's *too too* evill.'

And even in prose, as in Penri's *Exhortation vnto the Gouernours, &c. of Wales*, 1588, p. 51. 'The case is *too too* manifest.' *Too too* for *exceeding* is also used in the Lancashire dialect. I venture to add part of P. Fletcher's well-drawn character of Lasciviousness personified, *Purp. Isl.* edit. 1633, p. 98.

'Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport;
His fashion *too too* fond, and loosely light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,
Like to a woman's hair, well show'd a woman's sprite.' T.

Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himself confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only served to show*
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
The attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour,
Not come: so like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'T was Monk, whom Providence designed to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clews draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.
How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body natural we see!
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'T was not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out,
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade:
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
A heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
'T was hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their fougue must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our suff'rings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurried o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh, had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied.
The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standard out,
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.

Booth's forward valour, &c.] In 1659, Sir George Booth assembled a considerable body of men for the king's service in Cheshire, and possessed himself of Chester, Chick-castle, and several other places, being joined by the Earl of Derby, Lord Kilmurray, Sir Thomas Middleton, Major-general Egerton, with other loyal gentlemen, who encountering with Lambert, general of the parliament's forces, were entirely routed at Winnington-bridge, near Northwich, in Cheshire, and most of the principal people made prisoners. *D.*

The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew:
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too:
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, spilt,
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight,
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often, wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an interest in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds that overcast your morn, shall fly
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they,
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone,
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and art foreshew
The world a monarch and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground;

And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.
Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season too comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,
Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close:
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you;
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store,
Full of your self you can admit no more;
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition: [possess,
We know those blessings, which we must
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
Kind heaven so rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes,
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire
Hither in summer evenings you repair [please.
To taste the fraicheur of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find, [mind.
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When even your pleasures serve for our defence.

Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discord cease:
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Choose only, sir, that so they may possess
With their own peace their children's happiness.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE,*

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crowds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, a happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That, courted long, at length are forced to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the Church's sovereign rise;
From their own order chose, in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
Through you, to us his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private course,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease;
And like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disencumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,

Edward, Earl of Clarendon, to whom this poem is addressed, having followed the fortune of the king, was appointed secretary of state at Bruges, and constituted lord high chancellor of England on the demise of Sir Richard Lane. He was confirmed in this last post at the Restoration, when he was also chosen chancellor of the university of Oxford, in the room of the Duke of Somerset, and created Baron Hindon, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon.

He was too honest for a court; his plain dealing and integrity ruined him; the king, abandoned to pleasure, was impatient of admonition, and Hyde was not sparing of it: this paved the way for his disgrace. He was prosecuted with great acrimony by the Earl of Bristol, who impeached him in the House of Peers. Finding his party too weak to support him, he retired to Rouen, where he died in 1674. He is said to have been concerned in selling Dunkirk to the French. He was an able lawyer, a great statesman, and an elegant writer. *D.*

(Too great for any subject to retain,)
He wisely tied it to the crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clew,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure,
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:
For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man to his designs
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.
Our setting sun* from his declining seat
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes:
Thus those first favours you received were sent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly punishment.
Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,
E'en then took care to lay you softly by;
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise:
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than war's do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs, while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
Let envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy, that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of fate,
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
But drops of heat, that in the sunshine fall.
You have already wearied fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty, that it stops our wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,
Your greatness shows: no horror to affright,
But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:
Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
In small descents,† which do his height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years.
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly‡ bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

* *Our setting sun*] Charles I. employed him in writing some of his declarations. *Dr. J. W.*

† *Sometimes the hill submits itself a while*
In small descents]
'——— quà se subducere colles
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo.'
Virgil, Ecl. ix. 8. *J. W.*

‡ *Thus heavenly*] Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that 'in this poem he seems to have collected all his powers.' I should lament if this were true. But then he adds, 'He has concluded with lines of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning.' *Dr. J. W.*

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolved not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you 'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest 's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That like a stink, 't is nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty, [be.
And that what once they were, they still would
To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
When he 's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato, fruits of Afric did display;†
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude;
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage‡ be subdu'd.

* This poem is no more than a prologue a little altered, prefixed to our author's tragedy of Amboyna. *D.*

† *As Cato*, &c.] Compare the *Annus Mirabilis* stan. 173.

"As once old Cato, in the Roman fight,
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold." *T.*

‡ *And Carthage*] The very words and allusion by Lord Shaftesbury, in his famous speech against the Dut..

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS,§

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665, AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

When for our sakes your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy; [breast,
You lodg'd your country's cares within your
(The mansion where soft love should only rest;)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 't was for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
As awfully as when God's people past:
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
Those, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highness rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray. [tide
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and
You brib'd to combat on the English side.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord‖ you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

§ The Lady to whom our author addresses this poem was daughter to the great Earl of Clarendon. The Duke of York had been some time married to her, before the affair was known either to the king his brother, or to her father. She died in March, 1671, leaving issue one son, named Edgar, and three daughters, Katherine, Mary, and Ann. The two latter lived to sit on the British throne; the two former survived their mother but a short time Bishop Burnet tells us, that she was a woman of knowledge and penetration, friendly and generous, but severe in her resentments. *D.*

‖ *Your much-lov'd lord*] James, notwithstanding, had many mistresses. Lady Dorchester, says Lord Orford, vol. iv. p. 319, 4to. said wittily, she wondered for what James II. chose his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we had wit, he has not enough to discover it. And once meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lady Orkney the favourite of King William, at the drawing-room of George I. she exclaimed, "Good God! who would have thought that we three should have met together here!" *Dr. J. W.*

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought,)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might re-
But such a leader could supply no more. [store,
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue,
To being them as his slaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'er-
came.
Then, as you meant to spread another way,
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids
Like commons the nobility resort, [strong.
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go, [show.
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the
So when the new-born Phenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the
East, [creast:
From every grove her numerous train 's in-
Each poet of the air her glory sings,* [wings.
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDON, IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.†

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies: to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph: I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more a history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true

* *Her glory sings*] The Duchess of York, says Burnet, was an extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things, but took state on her rather too much. She wrote well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. She was bred to great strictness in religion, practised secret confession, and Morley was her confessor. *Dr. J. W.*

† This dedication has been left out in all editions of the poem but the first. To me there appears in it an honest unfeigned warmth and a love for the king, which compensates for any thing that may have dropped from our author's pen in his verses on Cromwell's death; however we submit this opinion under correction to the judicious reader. *D.*

Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired than by,

The greatest of your admirers,
And most humble of your servants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER
TO THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now instead of an acknowledgement, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war: in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast, and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonality of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects: and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use among us; in which I am sure I have your approbation.* The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion; for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet: but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use

* Dryden certainly soon changed his opinion, since he never after practised the manner of versification he has here praised: but we shall find it always his way to assure us, that his present mode of writing is best. Conscious of his own importance, he soared above control; and when he composed a poem, he set it up as a standard of imitation, deducing from it rules of criticism, the practice of which he endeavoured to enforce, till either through interest or fancy he was induced to change his opinion. *D.*

among other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet; such as among us is the old translation of Homer, by Chapman: all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here —*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus.* I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real; other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor Paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving, or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous among the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind either combating between two contrary pas-

sions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious selection of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour, as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

'——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Parisve lapis circundatur auro.'

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus:* the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum'——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art, which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

'Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadunt, parcè detorta'——

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same

reason beget laughter; for the one shows nature beautified as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poesy, and for the Historic and Panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollùs æra:* there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus;* I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.*

And now, sir, 't is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; *Nec sunt parùm multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant:* I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all her children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 't is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is, sir,

The most obedient, and most
Faithful of your servants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

* See the preceding poem, which in the original edition of the *Annus Mirabilis* occurs in this place. *J. W.*

ANNUS MIRABILIS,
THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:†
For them the Idumean balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of their year;
Each waxing moon supplied her wat'ry store,‡
To swell those tides, which from the line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy but more strong:
And this may prove our second Punic war.

† *In eastern quarries*, &c.] Precious stones at first are dew, condensed and hardened by the warmth of the sun, or subterranean fires. *Orig. ed.* 1667.

‡ *Each waxing*, &c.] According to their opinion, who think that great heap of waters under the Line is depressed into tides by the moon towards the Poles. *Orig. ed.*

What peace can be, where both to one pretend ?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong :)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end ;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations, then, engag'd so far, [land :
That each seven years the fit must shake each
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain :
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay [hand ;
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our king ; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro :
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd
And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay ;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great ;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war ;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain ;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry ball,
He in himself did whole Armadoes bring :
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey ;
So hear the scaly herd† when Proteus blows,‡
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies ;§
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.‖

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone :
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
Which loses footing when to mortals shown.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,¶
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first, with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place : [fess,
Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did con-
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main, [thing,
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.**

Lawson among the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief,†† blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride presum'd to give the law :
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd :
So reverently men quit the open air,
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

* *Th' Iberian*] The Spaniard. *Orig. ed.*

† *So hear the scaly herd*] The first edition erroneously has *here*. *T.*

‡ *When Proteus blows*]
' ——— Cœruleus Proteus immania pontî
Armenta, et magnas pascit sub gurgite phocas.' *Virg.*
Orig. ed.

§ *Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies*] This line seems indebted to Sir P. Sidney's Astrophel and Stella :
' Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies.' *T.*

‖ *Two glaring comets rise*] A comet was seen first on the 14th of December, 1664, which lasted almost three months ; and another the 6th of April, 1665, which was visible to us fourteen days. Appendix to Sherburn's Translation of Manilius, p. 211. *D.*

¶ *And now, a round of greater years begun*]
' Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.' *Virg.*
J. W.

** *And therefore doom'd*, &c.] Sir John Lawson was born at Hull, of but mean parentage, and bred to the sea ; he was for some time employed in the merchants' service, which he left for that of the Parliament, in which he soon got a ship, and afterwards carried a flag under Monk ; with him he cooperated in the restoration of the king ; for which good reason he received the honour of knighthood at the Hague. He zealously supported our claim to the sovereignty of the sea, and quarrelled with De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, for being backward in acknowledging it, an accident that partly occasioned the Dutch war. In the action here celebrated he was rear-admiral of the red, and acted immediately under his Royal Highness. His death was occasioned by a musket-ball, that wounded him in the knee, and he was not taken proper care of. We find him characterised honest, brave, loyal, and one of the most experienced seaman of his time. *D.*

†† *Their chief*] The admiral of Holland. *Orig. ed.*

And now approach'd* their fleet from India,
With all the riches of the rising sun: [fraught
And precious sand from southern climates† brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their waylaid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring:
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

By the rich scent we found our prefum'd prey,
Which flank'd with rocks did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son who, twice three months on th' ocean tost,
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,‡
And so we suffer shipreck every where!

Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer?

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,§
Heaven, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,‖
In whom we seek the German faith¶ in vain:
Alas! that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

Happy, who never trusts a stranger's will,
Whose friendship 's in his interest understood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest at gaze, without the lists did stand:
And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
What noiseful valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended** that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite:
Would heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,

* The attempt at Berghen. *Orig. ed.*

† *Southern climates*] Guinea. *Orig. ed.*

‡ *Such are*, &c.] From Petronius. Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium. *Orig. ed.*

§ *The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill*]
Prudens futuri temporis, exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit deus. *J. W.*

‖ *Let Munster's prelate*, &c.] The famous Bernard Vanghalen, bishop of Munster, excited by Charles, marched twenty thousand men into the province of Overyssell, under the dominion of the republic of Holland, where he committed great outrages, acting rather like a captain of banditti than the leader of an army. *D.*

¶ *The German faith*] Tacitus saith of them, Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse. *Orig. ed.*

** War declared by France. *Orig. ed.*

Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honour made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,*
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infant's first vows for them to heaven are cast,
And future people† bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp,‡ nor Asian train,
T' infect a navy with their gawdy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect;
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides,§ and straight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight,
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
Th' Elean plains‖ could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Born each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd,¶ and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

* Prince Rupert and Duke of Albemarle sent to sea. *Orig. ed.*

† *Future people*] *Examina infantium futuresque populus.* Plin. Jun. in Pan. ad Traj. *Orig. ed.*

‡ *With them no riotous pomp*] Dryden follows his great master, Milton, in making *riotous* only two syllables. Again, in st. 59, *elephant* is contracted in like manner. Other examples of this kind occur. *T.*

§ Duke of Albemarle's battle, first day. *Orig. ed.*

‖ *Th' Elean, &c.*] Where the Olympic games were celebrated. *Orig. ed.*

¶ *Lands unfix'd*] From Virgil:

'——— Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas,' &c. *Orig. ed.*

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkley alone,* who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with a lost Crëusa meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumb'ring smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.†

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
Or shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead:
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,‡
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
He sigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never, till now, unwilling to obey: [plore,
They not their wounds, but want of strength de-
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day:
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows.

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That like the sword-fish in the whale they [fought:
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send:
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,

* *Berkley alone*, &c.] Among other remarkable passages in this engagement, the undaunted resolution of vice-admiral Berkley was particularly admired. He had many men killed on board him, and though no longer able to make resistance, yet would obstinately continue the fight, refusing quarter to the last. Being at length shot in the throat with a musket-ball, he retired to his cabin, where, stretching himself on a great table, he expired; and in that posture did the enemy, who afterwards took the ship, find the body covered with blood. *D.*

† *Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply*] So Milton, in the spirited speech which he gives to Samson as an answer to the cowardly language of the giant Harapha, *Sam. Agon.* ver. 1237:

Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, *bulk without spirit vast*,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low, &c. *T.*

‡ Second day's battle. *Orig. ed.*

Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

The dastard crow that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;
Past hope of safety, 't was his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd:
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue;
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd, and one for his bold sin
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves,* unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail,† and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
And weary waves,‡ withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where while her beams like glittering silver
Upon the deck our careful general stood, [play,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.§

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

Yet like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea 's a tomb that 's proper for the brave.‖

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

And slowly moves] The simile is Virgil's:
'———Vestigia retro
Improperata refert,' &c. *Orig. ed.*

† *He swings his tail*] The metre of this line, perhaps, introduced *swings* instead of the more emphatic word *swinges*, applied to a lion enraged by Chapman, in his Cæs. and Pompey, 1607:
'And then his sides he *swinges* with his *sterne*.'
And by Sylvester, Du Bart. p. 205, 4to. ed.
'Then often *swinging* with his sinewie traine,' &c.
Milton, in a line of admirable effect, has applied the word to the old dragon, who,
'Wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.'
Ode Nativ. st. 18.
Waller also describes the '*tail's* impetuous *swinge*' of the whale, Batt. Summ. Isl. c. iii. *T.*

‡ *Weary waves*] From Statius Sylv.
'Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus: occidit horror
Æquoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt.'
Orig. ed.

§ *Succeeding day*] The 3d of June, famous for two former victories. *Orig. ed.*

‖ *Yet like an English general will I die,*
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea 's a tomb that 's proper for the brave.]
This speech contains nearly the same words that the Duke of Albemarle spoke in a council the evening before the battle, in which he fought with amazing intrepidity, and all that determined resignation here implied. *D.*

But now,* his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had fortune power, here forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:
This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound;
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute the appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield;
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who, like fallen angels, fear'd
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance not th' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,*
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows.

Behind, the general mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away;
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;

* Third day. *Orig. ed.*

* Fourth day's battle. *Orig. ed.*

Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home, they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call:
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below; [sight,
Without, grim death rides barefac'd in their
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's mainmast bore;
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:
Who stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 't was a triumph not to be o'ercome.*

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
Lasting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much:

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away; [guide.
For realms are households which the great must

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day;

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he, like heaven, does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and kings work, when they their work survey,
A pasive aptness in all subjects find.

In burden'd vessels first,† with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburgh sent,
His navies molted wings he imps‡ once more;
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundation lay
Of virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops: [stand,
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves with-
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling bind,
Or searcloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:

* *A triumph not to be o'ercome*] From Horace:
——— 'quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus. *Orig. ed.*

† His majesty repairs the fleet. *Orig. ed.*

‡ *Wings he imps*] See Mr Warton's note on Milton's 15th Sonnet, 'to *imp* their serpent-*wings*:' where he observes that the expression occurs in poets much later than Milton. The latest, whom I have hitherto found using this old poetical expression, is Shadwell, by whom it is employed towards the end of his *Isabella*. *T.*

To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartrage sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
(The phenix daughter of the vanish'd old,)
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-lov'd king:
And, with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
A useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And, hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,
And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken
And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

Of all who since have used the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have won:

Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,*
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe;
Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretel from your auspicious care,†
Who great in search‡ of God and nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from the injurious Dutch redeem the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor staid the English long; but, well supplied,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be tried,
And the success the braver nation show.

* By a more exact knowledge of longitudes. *Orig. ed.*
† Apostrophe to the Royal Society. *Orig. ed.*
‡ *Great in search*] Alludes to the Royal Society. *Dr. J. W.*

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen,* loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;†
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag,‡ as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage§ to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis on a muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size a hundred fighting sail,
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
That heaven, and earth, and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast:
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight;
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,‖
The midmost battles hasting up behind:
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every porthole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
For honour, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,
And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so. ¶

* *Old expert Allen*, &c.] Sir Thomas Allen was admiral of the white. *D.*

† *Holmes, the Achates of the*, &c.] Sir Robert Holmes was rear-admiral of the white, called the Achates from his eagerness to support the general. Achates was the faithful companion of Æneas. For an illustration of the two last lines of this stanza, see our notes to the Satire on the Dutch. *D.*

‡ *With him went Sprag*, &c.] Sir Edward Sprag served under Sir Jeremiah Smith, who carried the blue flag: he was drowned passing from one ship to another, in a fight with Van Tromp, on the eleventh of August, 1672, bearing the character of a gallant officer, and an accomplished gentleman. *D.*

§ *His high courage*] The *courage haut* of Spenser and our elder poets, which Dryden no doubt had in mind. *T.*

‖ Second battle. *Orig. ed.*

¶ *And seeming to be stronger makes them so*] 'Possunt, quia posse videntur.' *Virg* *Orig. ed.*

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's [bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English to the fight;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbies flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory which we disdain;
Then let them know, the Belgians did retire*
Before the patron saint† of injur'd Spain.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes‡ did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny;
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So, close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans to attend their prey;
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send:§
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons, variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guiney, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gawds the simple natives wear:
Some, for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spongy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
And as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

But ah; how insincere are all our joys!‖
Which sent from heaven, like lightning make no stay:
Their palling taste the journey's length destroy
Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.¶

* ——— *the Belgians did retire*
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain]

The victory was completed on the twenty-fifth day of July, a day sacred to St. James the Great, patron of Spain, which nation our author calls injured, inasmuch as the Hollanders had rebelled against King Philip II. being aided by Queen Elizabeth: and the next stanza refers to this transaction, for which the poet supposes us now to have atoned. The monarchy mentioned in the 199th stanza is Spain, with which Queen Elizabeth had been long at variance, when, in our author's opinion, we overlooked the growing power of France and Holland, which merited much more our attention. *D.*

† *Patron saint*] St. James, on whose day this victory was gained. *Orig. ed.*

‡ *Philip's manes*] Philip the Second, of Spain, against whom the Hollanders rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth. *Orig. ed.*

§ Burning of the fleet in the Vly by Sir Robert Holmes. *Orig. ed.*

‖ Transitum to the fire of London. *Orig. ed.*

¶ *Or grief, sent post*, &c.] It is the same sentiment in Milton's Samson Agonistes, ver 1538:
'For evil news rides post, while good news bates.'
Milton's however is the closer imitation of Statius, as I have elswhere observed:
'Spargitur in turmas solito pernicior index
Cùm lugenda refert.' *T.*

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes our ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
By a high fate thou greatly didst expire:
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire!*

As when some dire usurper heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince surpris'd at first no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 't is known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's: and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

So scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtezans,† withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumbering king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose,
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
A humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain; for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:‡
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

* *Great as the world's, which, at the death of time Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire*]
'Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cœli, Ardeat,' &c. *Ovid. Orig. ed.*

† *Like crafty*, &c.] Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet. *Orig. ed.*

‡ *And lighten'd all the river with a blaze*]
'Sigæa igni freta lata relucent.' *Virg. Orig. ed.*

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross:
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take; [feed:
Now with long necks from side to side they
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire for- [sake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And slowly eats his way against the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known, [shower:
And pious tears, which down his cheeks did
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Our royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold: [dress;
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must re-
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain:
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
But straight like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those, who live by shores,* with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,
And seek the tempest which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade,
E'en from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

* *As those, who live by shores, &c.*] The gallant Sir Cloudesly Shovel was barbarously murdered on the coast of Cornwall, as he swam on shore, by a woman, who was incited to the barbarous act by the sight of a ring, which he wore on his finger. This is related on the authority of the late Lord Peterborough, who told it to Sir John Mordaunt, who related it to the late Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph. *J. W.*

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready, with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,
Whose praise the afflicted as their comfort sing:
E'en those, whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Out-weeps a hermit, and out-prays a saint:
All the night long he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied, and he may want.

O God, said he, thou Patron of my days,*
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care,
I since have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruises of a civil war,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompense, as friends, the good misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

Or if my heedless youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at first we came;
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every street,
With poison'd darts which not the good could shun,
The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:
And now those few, who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recall.

Thy threat'nings, Lord, as thine, thou mayst revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw with wat'ry eyes
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

* King's prayer. *Orig. ed.*

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bless'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And a hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense;
That if their ruins sadly they regard, [thence.
'T is but with fear the sight might drive him

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove, from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and ow,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
The east with incense, and the west with gold,
Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast;

And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far
And touches on our hospitable shore, [star,
Charm'd with the splendour of this northern
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And, while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE,*

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
While others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those, who censure all besides
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 't is the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides 't is labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'T is being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear:
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half-wits: that 's more against our rules:
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,†
Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;

* This piece was written in 1679, and handed about in manuscript some time before it made its appearance in print. It is supposed to have occasioned the beating Mr. Dryden received in Rose-street, Covent-garden, of which notice is taken in his life. The earl of Mulgrave's name has been always joined with Dryden's, as concerned in the composition; and that nobleman somewhere takes notice, that Dryden

Was prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes.

It is not improbable, that Rochester's character was drawn by his lordship, who held him in high contempt, after his behaving in a very dastardly manner when he challenged him. How, indeed, Lord Mulgrave came to subscribe to so disagreeable a picture of himself, is hard to divine. *D.*

† *Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd*] About the time of the writing this poem, the king, if we may rely upon Bishop Burnet's authority, divided all his spare time between the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwin. *D.*

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Yet sauntering Charles between his beastly brace
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on Danby's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there 's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tired my lazy pen:
'T is time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.
First, let 's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.*
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure:
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.
'T were crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring to those few that know,
Is but a busy grovelling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I 'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?

* * * * *

* * * * * *

Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ with humour stings
But those who merit praise in other things;
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for silly Tropos' sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
As boys on holydays let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 't is prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense:
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fob at council table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone,

* *As Nokes and Lee*] These were two celebrated comedians in Charles the Second's reign. *D.*

Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, headaches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,*
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time:
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load:
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.†
Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the
For after all his vulgar marriage mocks, [fair:
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'T is not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.
And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:‡
Though all his thoughts on wine and women
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. [fall,

* *Thus Dorset, purring like, &c.*] Charles, Earl of Dorset, about this time forty years of age, was one of the best-bred men of his time. He was a lord of the bed-chamber, and sent several times with compliments, or on short embassies, to France, for the king could not bear to be long without him: he was a most munificent patron; learning and genius were sure of his protection: and when our author was deprived of the bays, he allowed him the laureat's annual stipend out of his own private purse. Arthur Manwaring, Mr. Prior, and many other men of abilities, owed to him their being advanced and provided for. Nor was he less brave than polite and learned; for he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the first Dutch war, and by his coolness, courage, and conduct, showed himself a worthy representative of his many illustrious ancestors. The night before the famous battle, in which the Dutch Admiral Opdam was blown up, he made a celebrated song, with the greatest composure, beginning,

To you fair ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite, &c.

No man had more ease or good humour; his conversation was refined and sprightly: he had studied books and men deeply, and to good purpose; he was an excellent critic, and good poet, with a strong turn to satire, for which he is thus highly complimented in the State Poems, vol. i. p. 200.

'Dorset writes satire too, and writes so well,
O great Apollo! let him still rebel.
Pardon a muse which does, like his, excel,
Pardon a muse which does, with art, support
Some drowsy wit in our unthinking court.'

He wrote with severity, but that severity was always justly pointed, and Lord Rochester calls him

'The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse.'

His first wife, the Countess Dowager of Falmouth, had proved a barren wife. Of her having been a teeming widow I am ignorant. His second wife, whom he married in 1685, was daughter to the Earl of Northampton, and mother to the present Duke of Dorset. He was principally concerned in bringing about the revolution; was lord-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary; chosen a knight of the garter in 1691, and several times appointed one of the regents, when the affairs of Europe demanded the absence of the king. He died at Bath in 1706, aged 69, lamented by every class of people, and the most opposite parties. Mr. Pope gives him these lines:

'Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.' *D.*

† *Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes*] Edward Howard, Esq. a gentleman of the Berkshire family, consequently related to Sir Robert Howard. He wrote four plays, called, 1st. The Man of Newmarket, a comedy. 2d. Six Days' Adventure; or, The New Utopia, a comedy. 3d. The Usurper, a tragedy. 4th. Women's Conquest, a tragi-comedy; but none of them succeeded on the stage, nor procured him any reputation. He also published an epic poem, called the British Princes, for which he was severely ridiculed by all the wits of his age: Lord Rochester, Lord Dorset, Mr. Waller, the Duke of Buckingham, Dr. Spratt, Lord Vaughan, published lampoons upon it, most of them printed in the six volumes of Miscellanies published by Dryden. *D.*

‡ *And little Sid, for simile renown'd, Pleasure has always sought, but never found*] This Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, was rather a man of pleasure than of business; his talents were great, but his indolence was greater; his appearance was graceful: he was a favourite with the ladies, had a turn for intrigue, and was of a disposition exactly fitted to Charles's court, easy, affable, and insinuating; free from any guile, and a friend to mankind. In 1679 he went envoy to the Hague, where he contracted an intimacy with the Prince of Orange, whose friends he heartily assisted in raising him to the throne, being himself a messenger from England to Holland upon that very business in 1688. He was raised to the dignity of Lord Sidney, and Earl of Rumney, in 1689; declared secretary of state, master of the ordnance, and lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1689; and was removed from the latter post in 1693, it being thought that he held the reins of power with too slack a hand. *D.*

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But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 't is a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;

* * * * *

Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.*
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit:
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature
A very Killigrew without good nature. †
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,‡
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there 's the folly that 's still mix'd with fear,
Onwards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures [say,
But 't is a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'T is under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinder woman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone
For a whole page of dulness must atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise?
E'en he, who would himself the most despise?
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see,
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint themselves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
E'en with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward!
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'T is just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

* *Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits*] Sir George Hewit, a man of quality, famous for gallantry, and often named in the State Poems. Sir George Etheredge intended for him the celebrated character of Sir Fopling Flutter.

'Scarce will there greater grief pierce every heart,
Should Sir George Hewit, or Sir Carr, depart.
Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To stay and tie the cravat string at home;
To strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear,
With Hewit, Dammee, there 's no action there.'
State Poems, vol. i. p. 155.

The above lines are addressed by Rochester to Lord Mulgrave, when bound for Tangier.

Jack Hall, a courtier, whom I take to be the same with Uzza in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel, is thus mentioned in the State Poems, vol. ii. p. 135:

Jack Hall ———— left town,
But first writ something he dare own,
Of prologue lawfully begotten,
And full nine months maturely thought on:
Born with hard labour, and much pain,
Ousely was Dr. Chamberlain.
At length from stuff and rubbish pick'd,
As bears' cubs into shape are lick'd,
When Wharton, Etherege, and Soame,
To give it their last strokes were come,
Those critics differ'd in their doom.
Yet Swan says, he admir'd it 'scap'd,
Since 't was Jack Hall's, without being clapp'd.'

Swan was a notorious punster. *D.*

† *A very Killigrew without good nature*] Thomas Killigrew, of whom we hear daily so many pleasant stories related, had good natural parts, but no regular education. He was brother to Sir William Killigrew, vice-chamberlain to King Charles the Second's queen; had been some time page of honour to King Charles I. and was, after the restoration, many years master of the revels, and groom of the chamber to King Charles II., in whose exile he shared, being his resident at Venice in 1651. During his travels abroad he wrote several plays, none of which are much talked of. His itch of writing, and his character as a wit and companion, occasioned this distich from Sir John Denham,

'Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combin'd in one they 'd made a matchless wit.

The same knight wrote a ballad on him.

Killigrew was a most facetious companion; his wit was lively and spirited; and he had a manner of saying the bitterest things, without provoking resentment; he tickled you while he made you smart, and you overlooked the pain, charmed by the pleasure. He died at Whitehall in March 1682, aged seventy-one, bewailed by his friends, and truly wept for by the poor. *D.*

‡ *For what a Bessus has he always liv'd*] Bessus is a remarkable cowardly character in Beaumont and Fletcher.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART I.

——Si propius stes
Te capiet magis——

A POEM, PUBLISHED 1681.

THE OCCASION OF IT EXPLAINED.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury seemed bent upon the ruin of the Duke of York. It was mostly through his influence in both houses, that those infamous witnesses, Oates, Tongue, Bedloe, &c., were so strenuously encouraged, and the Popish plot, if not schemed by him, was at least by him cherished and supported. He had been heard to say with some exultation, *I want pretend to pronounce who started the game, but I am sure I have had the full hunting*. At this day that plot appears, to impartial and discerning eyes, to have been a forgery contrived to inflame the minds of the people against popery, a religion now professed by the duke, that the bill for excluding him from the throne might meet with more countenance and greater certainty of success; and it went very near having the desired effect.

The indiscreet zeal and imprudent conduct of the Roman Catholics, for some time past, had given too much room for suspicion; they having often openly, and in defiance of the established laws of the kingdom, shown a thorough contempt for the established religion of their country, propagated as much as possible their own tenets, loudly triumphed in their progress, and daily acquisition of proselytes among all ranks of people, without the least secrecy or caution. Hence was the nation ripe for alarm: when given, it spread like wildfire; and the Duke of York, as head of the party at which it was aimed, was obliged to withdraw to Brussels to avoid the impending storm.

The king being some time after taken ill, produced his highness's sudden return, before his enemies, and those in the opposition to the court measures, could provide for his reception; so that their schemes were thus for a while disconcerted. Lest his presence might revive commotion, he returned again to Brussels, and was then permitted (previously) to retire to Scotland, having received the strongest assurances of his brother's affection and resolution to secure him and his heirs the succession. He had before this the satisfaction of seeing the turbulent Earl of Shaftesbury removed from his seat and precedence in the privy-council, as well as all share in the ministry; and now prevailed to have the Duke of Monmouth dismissed from all his posts, and sent into Holland.

Shaftesbury's views were to lift Monmouth to the throne, whose weaknesses he knew he could so effectually manage, as to have the reins of government in that case in his own hands. Monmouth was the eldest of the king's sons, by whom he was tenderly beloved. His mother was one Mrs. Lucy Walters, otherwise Barlow, a Pembrokeshire woman, who bore him at Rotterdam in 1649, and between whom and his majesty it was artfully reported there had passed a contract of marriage. This report was narrowly examined into, and proved false, to the full satisfaction of the privy-council, and of the people in general, though Shaftesbury did all in his power to support and establish a belief of its reality. The youth was educated at Paris under the queen-mother, and brought over to England in 1662: soon after which time he was created Duke of Orkney in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, or rather Wales: chosen a knight of the garter; appointed master of horse to his majesty, general of the land forces, colonel of the life-guard of horse, lord-lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire, governour of Kingston-upon-Hull, chief justice in eyre on the south of the river Trent, lord-chamberlain of Scotland, and Duke of Buccleugh, in right of his wife, who was daughter and heiress to a noble and wealthy earl, bearing that name; but he lost all those places of honour and fortune, together with his royal father's favour, by the insinuation and art of Shaftesbury, who poisoned him with illegal and ambitious notions, that ended in his destruction.

The partizans of this earl, and other malecontents, had long pointed out his Grace as a proper successor to the crown, instead of the Duke of York, in case of the king's demise; and he began to believe that he had a real right to be so. At the instigation of his old friend Shaftesbury, he returned to England without his father's consent, who would not see him; and, instead of obeying the royal mandate to retire again, he and Shaftesbury jointly made a pompous parade through several counties in the west and north of England, scattering the seeds of discord and disaffection; so that their designs seemed to be levelled against the government, and a tempest was gathering at a distance, not unlike that which swept the royal martyr from his throne and life. Many people who would not otherwise have taken part with the court, shuddering when they looked back upon the scenes of anarchy and confusion, that

had followed that melancholy catastrophe, in order to prevent the return of a similar storm, attached themselves to the king and the Duke of York; and the latter returned to court, where he kept his ground.

The kingdom was now in a high fermentation: the murmurs of each party broke out into altercation, and declamatory abuse. Every day produced new libels and disloyal pamphlets. To answer and expose them, their partizans and abetters, several authors were retained by authority, but none came up to the purpose so well as Sir Roger l'Estrange, in the Observator; and the poet lauret, in the poem under inspection, the elegance and severity of which raised his character prodigiously, and showed the proceedings of Shaftesbury and his followers in a most severe light. These writings, according to Echard, in a great measure stemmed the tide of a popular current, that might have otherwise immersed the nation in ruin. His Grace the Duke of Monmouth afterwards engaged in the Rychouse Plot, and a reward was offered for the taking him, both by his father and Lewis XIV. whether in England or France. He obtained his pardon both of the king and duke, by two very submissive, nay abject, letters; and being admitted to the royal presence, seemed extremely sorry for his past offences, confessed his having engaged in a design for seizing the king's guards, and changing the government, but denied having any knowledge of a scheme for assassinating either his father or uncle, which it seems was set on foot by the inferiour ministers of this conspiracy.

Presuming, however, upon the king's paternal affection, he soon recanted his confession, and consorted with his old followers; so that the king forbade him the court, and he retired to Holland, from whence he returned in 1685, raised a rebellion against his uncle, then on the throne, caused himself to be proclaimed king, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was beheaded on Tower-hill, in his thirty-sixth year. *D.*

TO THE READER.

'T is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of whig and tory;* and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popish; and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts, and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing (though 't is hard for an author to judge against himself;) but, more probably, 't is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endea-

* It was now that the party distinctions of whig and tory were first adopted; the courtiers were deridingly compared to the Irish banditti, who were called tories; and they likened their opponents to wisigs, a denomination of reproach, formerly given the Scotch covenanters, who were supposed to live on a poor kind of buttermilk so called. These names still distinguish contending parties in England, though strangely varied from their original application. *D.*

voured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; 't is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist, and if the draught be so far true, 't is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natur'd error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Ense recidendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.*

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined;
When nature prompted, and no law denied,
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.†
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest;
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;

* Among the many answers to, and remarks on, this poem, the following are curious:—'Towser the Second, a Bulldog; or, a short Reply to Absalon and Achitophel,' folio, half-sheet, London, 1681. 'Absalon's, IX. Worthies,' a Poem, folio, half-sheet, no date. 'Poetical Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel,' folio, s. d. 'Absalom Senior,' a Poem, folio, 1682. *T.*

† *And paradise was open'd in his face*] Pope's Eloisa, in her compliment to Abelard on his founding the Paraclete, is certainly indebted to this personal description; and the ingenuity of the poet, in the local adaptation, is truly admirable:

'You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desart smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.' *T.*

(Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:)
These Adam-wits,* too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor interest, made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars
They curst the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness managed it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause revived a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right ———
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood,
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 't was their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As served at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts even the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

* *These Adam-wits*, &c.] Persons discontented in happy circumstances are not unluckily called *Adam wits*, from a remembrance of Adam's weakness in Paradise, who, aiming at being happier than the happiest, by persuasion of Eve, eat of the forbidden fruit, and thereby forfeited the divine favour, and was excluded the garden of Eden. *D.*

Of these the false Achitophel was first;*
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity; [high
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;

* *Of these the false*, &c.] This is the introduction of the chief hero of this piece, the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, under the name of Achitophel. A man, insinuating, imposing in private, eloquent, daring in public, full of resources in both; who had been bred up in the schools of civil commotion, in the long parliament, in Cromwell's revolutions, and in those which followed Cromwell's death; and who, from that education, knew well the power of popular rumours, at times when popular passions are in ferment; framed the fiction of the popish plot in the year 1678, in order to bury the Duke, and perhaps the King, under the weight of the national fear and hatred of popery. Shaftesbury was stimulated too by offences both given and received; for the King having said to him, 'Shaftesbury, thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom,' he answered, bowing, 'Of a subject, sir, I believe I am.' And the Duke rated him in passionate terms for one of his speeches in parliament. 'I am glad,' said he, 'your Royal Highness has not called me papist and coward.' The account of this plot, in which was involved the assassination of Charles and his brother, an invasion, the conflagration of the city, and a massacre of the protestants, was calculated, in its great lines, to gain the attention of the higher ranks of the nation, and, by the familiarity and detail of its circumstances, to catch the credulity of the meanest of the populace. By making the Duke one of the objects of the pretended assassination, it prevented the suspicion of its being directed against him; and by accusing the Queen, whom the King did not love, it gave a chance for separating the interests of the brothers. The information, as soon as given, flew instantly abroad. Even the marvellousness of the story gave credit to what it was almost impossible to believe human fiction could have invented. Accident after accident, arising in a manner unparalleled in history, concurred to maintain the delusion. Coleman's letters were seized, which discovered that the Duke had been carrying on a correspondence with France, against the religion of his country, and its interests. Danby's correspondence with France for money to the King was betrayed, which made Charles a sharer in his brother's disgrace; but above all, the murder of Godfrey, who, in his office of a magistrate had made public the plot, caused almost every protestant to imagine he felt the dagger in his breast. Shaftesbury knew too well the nature of the human mind, not to improve upon this last accident. He suggested to his faction to bring the eye in aid of the imagination, in order to complete the terror of the people. The dead body, ghastly, and with the sword fixed in it, and lying on a bier, was exposed during two days in the public street. It was carried in procession through the city of London to the grave, as the remains of a martyr to the protestant religion; seventy-two clergymen walking before, near a thousand persons of condition behind, innumerable crowds in a long silent order, an expression of passion more dangerous than that of clamour and confusion, bringing up the rear.

Such is the character given by my amiable and ingenious friend, Sir John Dalrymple, of this celebrated politician; which character having been censured as unjust and severe, the author, with that candour and liberality that endears him to his acquaintance, made the following apology in his second volume of Memoirs, p. 325: 'It has been a misfortune to Lord Shaftesbury's memory, that every thing has been written against him, and nothing for him; upon which account, I am happy to hear, that his family have thoughts of endeavouring to vindicate his memory in public. Far from the intention to injure it, I flatter myself that the papers published in this Appendix will set his character, in several respects, in a new light in the world. They will show that he had no hand in the Duchess of Orleans's treaty made at Dover for the interests of popery; that Charles first broke the ties of honour with him, by deceiving and betraying him into the second treaty with France, in the year 1671, while he concealed from him the first, which had been made in the year 1670; and that Shaftesbury took no money from France, at a time when most of his friends of the popular party were doing it.'

It is painful and difficult to bring one's mind to conceive, that a man, totally profligate and unprincipled, could have been so much respected and beloved, as he was, by such a man as Mr. Locke, and could have been one of the most upright, able, irreproachable, popular lord chancellors, that ever adorned that high station, to which Dryden himself bears testimony in the strongest manner, in six fine lines, "Yet fame deserv'd," &c. p. 40. It is to be lamented that Locke never finished the Memoirs he began of Lord Shaftesbury's Life. A very curious and long extract is given from Locke's papers, by Le Clerc, in the seventh volume of the Bibliotheque Choisie, from page 147 to page 169, well worthy the attentive perusal of the impartial reader. Locke dwells much on the acuteness of his wit, and his deep and close penetration into the human heart; of which, among others, he gives a remarkable instance. Having dined at Lord Clarendon's with Lord Southampton, he said, on their return, to the latter 'Miss Anne Hyde, whom we have just left, is certainly married to one of the royal brothers. A certain secret respect, a studied and suppressed attention and complaisance, paid to her by the mother, in her voice, looks, and gestures, and even in the manner in which she offered her every thing at the table, renders this suspicion of mine indisputable.' Lord Southampton laughed at the time at the improbability of this conjecture, but was soon afterwards convinced of its truth. In these Memoirs is preserved a spirited letter to the Duke of York from Shaftesbury, when he was confined in the tower, in the year 1676. A saying of this sharp-sighted nobleman deserves to be remembered: "That wisdom lay in the heart, not in the head; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men's actions with folly and their lives with disorder' *Dr. J. W.*

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;*
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.†
‡So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance§ with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land:
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign!
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;

* *The triple bond he broke*] In the year 1667, a triple alliance was entered into between England, Sweden, and Holland, which was dissolved by the second Dutch war, to which, and a closer connexion with France, Lord Shaftesbury contributed his advice, and thereby

Fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.

The remaining lines allude to his having changed his opinion, when he found it unpopular, as we have observed above, down to

Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge. *D.*

† *Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name*] The first edition reads: *Assum'd a patron's all-atoning name.* This last variation, evidently a typographical error, seems to have been discovered and corrected while the poem was going through the press. There is, in the library of Sion college, a copy of the first edition, which reads, *Assum'd* a *patriot's* all-atoning name.

‡ These twelve lines, beginning "So easy," &c. were added in the second edition.

§ *He stood at bold defiance*] The particular circumstance that drove Shaftesbury into a sudden opposition to the court was, that the king, alarmed at the strong remonstrances of the commons against popery and a dispensing power, and breaking with his own hands the seal affixed to the declaration of indulgence, and granting all the commons desired, was guilty himself of a breach of promise to his new ministers, and exposed them to the vengeance of the people. To escape which vengeance, the *Cabal* made the same sudden turn with their master; so that on this occasion, Shaftesbury said, 'The prince who forsook himself deserved to be forsaken.'

Dr. J. W.

Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:
(Our only blessing since his curst return:)
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 't is their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 't is glory; and when men aspire,
'T is but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied. And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood,
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dogstar heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But there he paus'd; then sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en the offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.

Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not to all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.
Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown
Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'T is true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps, than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel, which he can receive,
Shalt cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'T is nature's trick to propagate her kind
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by the effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It surely show'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land:
Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts,
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes:
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.

He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said, and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd for life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puft with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'T is juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malecontents of all the Israelites:
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings a useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all the haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword;
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy:
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace!
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And by the same blind benefit of fate
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:*
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men, were the best:
Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.

* * * * *

* *Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon*] Scænobates, augur, medicus, magus, omnia novit. *J. W.*

† *Child Caleb*] Lord Grey, who was childless. MS note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.*
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw†
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;‡
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath but for gain:
Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.§
His hand a vare of justice‖ did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 't is sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was, by writing to persuade¶
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board**
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 't was necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue,†† as by prince's son.
This arch-attestor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.

* *And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,*
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb] Nadab is Lord Howard of Escrick, who took the sacrament in lamb's wool. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, was strongly attached to the Duke of Monmouth, a zealous promoter of Lord Shaftesbury's measures, and a constant opponent of the court. He was a smooth talker, possessed of a large estate, both which accomplishments gave him influence among the people. Being concerned in the Ryehouse plot, he was arrested, and examined before the privy-council, who ordered him to the Tower; but when the messenger, who had the care of him, brought him thither, the gates were shut, it being late, and they could not get in; so that they spent the whole night together, and drank pretty freely. In the morning they came to the Tower again very early, the doors not being as yet opened; and his keeper, who was very drunk, falling asleep, he turned down towards the wharf, and taking oars, got off to Holland. Here he joined his old friend Monmouth, whom he contributed to spirit up to the rebellion in the ensuing reign, that brought that unhappy nobleman to the block.

† *Jonas who could statutes draw*] Sir William Jones. He drew the Habeas Corpus act. MS. Luttrell. *M.*

‡ *Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring*
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king]
Shimei, Slingsby Bethel, Esq. by poll chosen one of the sheriffs for the city of London, on Midsummer day, 1680, was a zealous fanatic, and had been formerly one of the committee of safety; however, to render himself fit for his office, he received the sacrament, and renounced the covenant, but not his factious principles. Burnet calls him a man of knowledge, and says he wrote a learned book about the interest of princes; but that his miserable way of living, and miserly disposition, was very prejudicial to his party, and rendered him disagreeable to every body.

§ *Against his master, chose him magistrate*] Sheriff. MS. Luttrell. *M.*

‖ *A vare of justice*] Thus the first edition. Derrick reads *vase*; but see Howel's Letters, p. 161, ed. 1728. 'Vara' is Spanish for a wand.

¶ *His business was, by writing to persuade, &c.*] See his 'Interest of the several Protestant Powers.' MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

** *Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board, &c.*] He kept a very poor and scandalous shrievaltry. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

†† *By weaver's issue, &c.*] Titus Oates was the son of a weaver. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermillion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where·
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.*
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince de-
And load his person with indignities. [spise,
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,†
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For witness is a common name to all.

* *Unknown to foreign university*] He pretended to have taken a degree at Salamanca. MS. note by Mr. Luttrell. *M.*

† *And Corah might for Agag's murder call*] Agag. 'Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was a man of a very good character, of a reserved melancholy turn of mind, an enemy to all persecution, and rather a protector than prosecutor of nonconformists. He had, with reluctance, received Oates's information. As to the report that prevailed of his having been murdered by the papists, because their violent enemy, it was without any manner of foundation, for he was upon good terms with the party in general. It has been affirmed, that he hanged himself in his own house, and that his two brothers, who were his next heirs, had the body conveyed abroad, and the sword run through it, that so it might be thought he was assassinated, and the crown thereby prevented from seizing on his effects.' *Burnet, Echard, Smollet.* *D.*

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.‡
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low;
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!

‡ *The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,*
And on his goodly person feed their eyes]

Here the poet describes the tour taken by the Duke of Monmouth after his return from Holland, without the king's leave, and with the advice of Shaftesbury, to whose counsels he had fatally resigned himself. This progress, he justly observes, though couched under the notion of its being made for hunting, and the diversions of the country, was, in reality, to try how the people stood affected; whether the suspicions against the queen and the Duke of York were sufficiently inculcated, to give Monmouth an opportunity of mounting the throne, in case of the king's death; and his ambition he disguised under the specious pretences of his being the king's lawful son, whose right was suppressed to make way for an uncle's usurpation; of his being the avowed champion of the Protestant religion, and the only one of the royal family who had the courage openly to declare himself an enemy to popery and slavery.

With regard to the make and outward graces of Monmouth's person, (says Grammont,) nature never formed a man more complete. Every feature of his face had a peculiar delicacy, and altogether exhibited a countenance, beautiful without effeminacy, manly, yet not robust. His body was finely formed; he was extremely agile, fenced admirably, and was one of the best horsemen of his time, but he had a soul very unequal to such a tenement. He had no sentiments of his own; his voice was pleasing; his manner of expressing himself captivating; but these accomplishments were used only to deliver the thoughts and words of other people. He was rash in his undertakings; irresolute and uncertain in the execution; abject and cowering in distress; he begged his life of James II. with tears in his eyes. That monarch treated his sorrow slightly; the queen insulted it. When he found he had no hopes of life, he assumed an air of philosophic calmness, and met death with indifference. He was brave in the field, felt for the distresses of humanity, was kind to his inferiors, and naturally very generous. With these virtues he might have proved a friend to his country, and a pillar of the throne, had fortune thrown him into the hands of honest men; for his ruin was owing to his connections, not to himself. *D.*

Yet oh that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'T is all the aid my present power supplies;
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 't is my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.*
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes; [blows.
And try their strength, before they came to
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.

* *Wealthy western friend*] Issachar was Thomas Thynne, Esq. ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, one of the most opulent commoners in the kingdom, and therefore usually called Tom of Ten Thousand. He had once been a favourite of the Duke of York, but he afterwards magnificently entertained the Duke of Monmouth and all his attendants, when he made a progress into the west, at his noble house at Longleat. *Dr. J. W.*

Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
O foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away
Both for themselves and sons their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.

If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 't is duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 't is to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file* Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:†
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffered, and with him return'd.
The court he practised, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half the father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,‡
By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
By unequal fates, and providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
O narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.§
O ancient honour! O unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.‖
It looks as heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?¶
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest,** whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.

* *In this short file*] For honour, integrity, consistency, greatness of mind, benevolence, and justice, the Duke of Ormond, Barzillai, seems to be the very first and most eminent character that ever adorned the English nobility. *Dr. J. W.*

† ——*the rising rebels he withstood*
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood]
The Duke of Ormond adhered zealously to the interest of his sovereign Charles I. in Ireland, where, being chief of a noble, ancient, and wealthy family, his power and influence were, as long as possible, exerted against the arms of Cromwell. But being at length obliged to yield to the necessity of the times, he quitted that kingdom, and accompanied King Charles II. in his exile. After the Restoration, he was at one and the same time lord lieutenant of Ireland, steward of the household, groom of the stole, and privy counsellor for the three kingdoms. Perhaps no man was ever better beloved, and no man deserved it better: he was liberal, brave, loyal, and sincere; a friend to the constitution, and a protector of the Protestants. On this account he was no favourite in the succeeding reign, and died in retirement, without post or employment, July 1688, aged seventy-nine. *D.*

‡ *His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd*] Thomas Earl of Ossory, Baron Butler of More-park by writ, eldest son of the aforesaid duke, and one of the most gallant noblemen of his time. He behaved with great bravery in the first Dutch war, under Sir Edward Spragg; and in the second was rear-admiral of the blue. He was a courageous warrior, a prudent counsellor, a dutiful son, a kind friend, a liberal patron, and a generous man. He died universally lamented in 1680. *D.*

§ *Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd:*
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd]
Lord Ossory having married a Dutch lady, lived some time in Holland, and was of signal service in preventing the progress of the French arms, by his knowledge and advice. *D.*

‖ *But Israel was unworthy of* his name;
Short is the date of all immoderate fame]
In the first edition we find
But Israel was unworthy of *thy birth*,
Short is the date of all immoderate *worth*. **

¶ ——— *and left this verse*
To hang on her departed patron's hearse]
This alludes to the custom of affixing poems to the pall or hearse. See Milton's Lat. Eleg. ii. 22. And his epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, ver. 58, &c. *T.*

** *The priest*] Sancroft (Zadoc) was advanced from the deanery of St. Paul's to the see of Canterbury. He had considerable learning, but was a man of solemn and sullen gravity and deportment. He seldom mixed in company, but led a strict and ascetic life. He lived unmarried, and rather encouraged celibacy in his clergy. He was so cold, reserved, and peevish, that few loved him. He died in a state of separation from the church, but had not the courage to own it. His death, says Burnet, ought to have put an end to the schism that some were endeavouring to raise, on the pretence that a

With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,*
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western† dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel,‡ the muses' friend.
Himself a muse: in sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state:
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit,§ and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;‖
In public storms, of manly steadfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,¶
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'T is easy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise** refuse?

parliamentary deprivation was never to be allowed, and therefore they looked on Sancroft as the archbishop still, and reckoned Tillotson a usurper.
Dr. J. W.

* *The Sagan of Jerusalem*] This was Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton. Having carried arms for some years, he was past thirty when he took orders. He applied himself more to his function than bishops, says Burnet, had commonly done. His preaching was without much life or learning. He was a great patron of the converts from popery, and of those protestants, whom the bad usage they were beginning to meet with in France, drove over to us. The Duke of York hated him. This was the bishop that carried the princess Anne to Nottingham, in order to join the party of the Prince of Orange. *Dr. J. W.*

† *Him of the western*] This was Dolben, who was bishop of Rochester, and succeeded Sterne in the archbishopric of York; a man, says Burnet, of more spirit than discretion, an excellent preacher, but of a free conversation, which laid him open to much censure in a vicious court. During the rebellion he bore arms, and was made a major by Charles I. *Dr. J. W.*

‡ *Sharp-judging Adriel*] Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Adriel, was a man of a fine person, elegant manners, and insinuating address. When they were both young, he paid his address to Queen Anne, and to prevent a connexion Charles II. is said to have contrived a cruel and unjustifiable scheme of sending him to Tangiers in a ship so crazy as to have drowned him. He was always firm in his attachment to James II., for which, with great liberality, King William once commended him, and after some years took him into favour, and gave him a pension of £3000 a year. He was a man of wit and parts, not a genius. His poems are feeble and flimsy, notwithstanding Dryden has so profusely praised his Essay on Poetry. But the prose is terse, perspicuous, and elegant, and his memoirs so curious, that we must regret they were left unfinished. He imitated the Cæsars of the Emperor Julian, a capital piece of satire, equal to any part of Lucian, in a piece called the Assembly of the Gods, where many contemporary princes are introduced. I cannot forbear mentioning a sly sarcasm on King William, to whom Jupiter himself is said to have shown great esteem; but was suspected a little of some partiality, on account of his own proceeding with old father Saturn. *Dr. J. W.*

§ *Of piercing wit*] The marquis of Halifax, Jotham, was in Hume's opinion, the man who possessed the finest genius and most extensive capacity of all employed in public affairs, by Charles II. Hume is of opinion, that the many variations he was guilty of in his political conduct, for he voted first for the exclusion bill, then for limitations, then for expedients, and was then on good terms with the duke, might be the effects of his integrity, rather than of his ambition. Lord Orford, in his Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 56, is of a very different opinion. He wrote many pamphlets on topics then agitated, now forgotten. His Advice to a Daughter is still read. Notwithstanding the great change of manners, it would be amusing to compare it with Mrs. Hannah More's Strictures. His moral, political, and miscellaneous thoughts are full of penetration and a deep knowledge of men and manners. *Dr. J. W.*

‖ *Hushai, the friend of David in distress*] Laurence Hyde, second son to Edward the great Earl of Clarendon, was advanced to the earldom of Rochester, and made treasurer in 1682, but removed from the treasury in 1684, to the office of president of the council, a post of more rank but less advantage, which gave the lively Marquis of Halifax occasion to say, that 'he had heard of many people being kicked down stairs, but the Earl of Rochester was the first he had ever known kicked up.' He was incorrupt, sincere, warm, and violent: writ well, but not a graceful speaker, though smooth and plausible. He defended his father in the house of commons with strength of argument, and power of elocution, that showed him master of great abilities; and yet with so much decency and discretion, as not to embroil himself with his opponents. Through the whole of King Charles's reign, he deported himself with so much real fidelity to his master, and such prudence, that he was not particularly pointed at, or ridiculed by any party. *D.*

¶ *By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth*] In 1676 he went on an embassy to Poland, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Nimeguen, and afterwards ambassador in Holland, where he acquitted himself with honour. He was strongly against the bill of exclusion. *D.*

** *Who can Amiel's praise*] Sir Edward Seymour, Amiel, was a man of high birth, being the elder branch of that family, of great boldness, vivacity of parts, and a graceful manner, though of insufferable pride. Burnet says, he was the first speaker of the house of commons that was not bred to the law. He knew the house and every man in it so well, that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. Charles II. loved him personally, though he frequently voted against his measures. But once having voted for the court, the king said to him, 'You were not against me to day.' He immediately answered—'No, sir, I was against my conscience to-day.' *Dr. J. W.*

Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dexterous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way:
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils. [band
These were the chief, a small but faithful
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt the united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines
To batter down the lawful government. [bent,
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive the offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
The offenders question my forgiving right:
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 't is to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear:
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'T is time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 't is for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructer, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought indued with so much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne!
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government;
And mine as requisite as their consent;
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose
True, they petition me to approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners!
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty!
The law shall still direct* my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.

* *The law shall still direct*] We cannot read these words put into the mouth of Charles II. without a degree of just indignation, when we reflect on some striking transactions of his reign, particularly the appointment of that ministry called the Cabal.

All power in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was committed to six men. Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, and Roberts, the three last of whom had drawn their swords against the king's father. Clifford had raised himself by his great influence in the house of commons; Ashley Cooper had still greater in the house of lords; Arlington, notwithstanding his secret inclinations to popery, had maintained connexions with the dissenters. Buckingham, favouring all sects, because he was of no religion himself, was a favourite of the dissenters; Lauderdale had great interest with the presbyterians of Scotland; and Shaftesbury and Buckingham were supported by the people, because

No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confined!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind!
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
O curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terrors of her front and die.
By their own arts 't is righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,*
Till viper-like their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back at length it stands the ground.

He said: The Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

they pretended a reverence for their rights. This ministry was the most extraordinary that ever was composed: for the king had an unconquerable distrust of Shaftesbury; though diverted with the humours of Buckingham, he was shocked with an advice which that duke had given him to procure a parliamentary divorce from the queen, and had once committed him to the Tower, for personal offences against himself Arlington and Buckingham were mortal foes; and Buckingham, Shaftesbury, and Lauderdale, were averse from the influence of the Duke of York with his brother, because they thought it interfered with their own; or, at least, the Duke believed that they were so: but at the interview at Dover, the Duchess of Orleans reconciled Arlington and Buckingham, and the king to Buckingham, and knit the famous Cabal firmly together in the interests of the new alliance. See Echard and Dalrymple.

The melancholy fate of the Duchess of Orleans, after her return from Dover, supposed to have been by poison, ordered to be given her by her husband, who was jealous of her intimacy with her own brother, Charles II. is too well known, but we hope too atrocious to obtain credit. *Dr. J. W.*

* *Against themselves their witnesses will swear*] Alluding to the inconsistencies and contradictions of Dr. Oates, Captain Bedloe, and other witnesses, made use of to support the credit of the popish plot. *D.*

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

——Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget——

TO THE READER.

In the year 1680, Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

'Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,'

and ending with

'To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee,'

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compositions, besides some touches in other places. *Derrick.*

Since men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There heaven itself and godlike kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem,
His rights to invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this license fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;

While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious [thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they 'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launch'd into the unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
The best of queens and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'T is scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below.
Where, cherish'd by her bounties' plenteous [spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain [reign!
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror these our state o'erran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Even vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
But for his honesty had seiz'd our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first?
To have told his knowledge of the intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had the experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
And therefore like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limboes large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'T was worse than plotting to suspect his plot.*
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for interest's sake believe and swear:
Even to that height with some the phrensy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
But for the good old cause, that did excite
The original rebels' wiles, revenge, and spite.
These raise the plot, to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursu'd,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.

* *'T was worse than plotting to suspect his plot.* The tide of prejudice ran so strongly in favour of Oates and the other witnesses, after the death of Sir Godfrey that to speak slightingly of them, or their deposition, was as much as a man's life was worth; and even the king himself, who saw the trick from the beginning, did not dare to speak his sentiments freely. He did his utmost to keep as private as possible such discoveries of the supposed plot, as were communicated to him, the intention of which his perspicuity soon canvassed; and he was very angry when Lord Danby, without his leave, laid them before the parliament: 'Now,' said he, 'you have laid the foundation of your own ruin, and of much perplexity for me.' The sequel proved his majesty a prophet. *D.*

And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts exprest.
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal power how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent?
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if the imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we 'd rule we first must overthrow;
And, when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise,
My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend?
Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 't is for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is the effect of stinted power,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger 's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire?
Against his orders your return from Tyre?
Nor only so, but, with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill,
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 't is because you leave it unpursu'd.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train?
With fame before you like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar? [view,
Oh, from the heights you 've reach'd but take a
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you?
And must I hear my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single interest with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid?
Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd
To land your hopes, as my removal prov'd.
I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private interest never yet pursu'd,
But still pretended 't was for others' good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What form or sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,*
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Even property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;†

* *Who at your instance quash'd each penal law*] Suspending the penal laws, and granting liberty of conscience, was owing to the advice of our Achitophel; and was an affair of dangerous tendency, as being one great step towards enslaving the state. *D.*

† *Shut the royal store*] Or the exchequer, in the beginning of 1672, he being in great want of money; a transaction that occasioned much confusion, for there being thereby a stagnation of all public payments, the banks also stopped; but the king having assured the bankers and merchants, that the present deficiencies should be soon made good, matters flowed again in their proper channel though it was a stretch of power not easily forgotten or digested. *D.*

Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke:
Nor here your counsels fatal progress stay'd,
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.
E'en yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme.
For power unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which, on your fall from office, grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.
To this Hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let interest be the star by which I steer.
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies,
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail;
On ours the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence.
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to naught they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince to oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence:
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'T is a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.
He said, and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends,
Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.†
Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold, [shame
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal, he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles‡ and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.
Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.

† ——— *extorting Ishban first appears,*
Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs] Sir Robert Clayton, an alderman of the city, and one of its members, who remarkably opposed the court. Though he was very avaricious, he had offered a large sum to be made a peer: and those who consider the king's wants will believe with me, he was sorry the alderman's money was not tangible. *D.*

‡ *Conventicles*] He accents the word again on the third syllable in the Medal, p. 68. Thus, in a collection of Loyal Songs, written between 1639 and 1661, vol. II. p. 16.

'But all the parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an Independent quean,
And lov'st a *conventicle*.' T.

Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,*
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;†
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures!
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer, even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property;
An emblem of that buzzing insect, just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust

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A waiting man to trav'ling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinado'd back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay, let Hell produce a man
So made for mischief‡ as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree;
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master:
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose the apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation:
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And show 'em factious from their first beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock:
A strong authority which must convince,
That saints owe no allegiance to their prince.
As 't is a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks the apostate was the better man
And thy hot father, waiving my respect,
Not of a mother church, but of a sect.
And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below e'en David's psalms translated.

* *Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse*] Robert Ferguson a Scotch Independent preacher, subtle, plausible, bold, and daring, had for many years preached and writ against the government with great animosity; had weight among the whigs in the city, and was a very proper instrument to stir up sedition. Shaftesbury knew his excellencies, made use of them by confiding in him, and he contributed much to the success of his designs.

Robert Ferguson, here meant, says Mr. Granger, was a great dealer in plots, and a prostitute political writer for different parties, and particularly for the Earl of Shaftesbury. He approached nearer to a parallel character with Oates than any of his contemporaries; and was rewarded with a place in the reign of William, though it was well known he merited a halter. *Dr. J. W.*

† *Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects*
His college for a nursery of sects]
Ferguson had a chapel near Moorfields. *D.*

‡ *So made for mischief*] *Ben-Jochanan* was Samuel Johnson, author of the famous pamphlet entitled *Julian*, in which he drew a parallel between that apostate and James II. And also of another still more offensive, called *An Address to the English Protestants in King James's army.* For which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory three several times, at Westminster, Charing Cross, and the Royal Exchange, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. The last part of the punishment was mildly executed, and he was degraded from his ecclesiastical functions before it was inflicted. Of all the seditious writers here proscribed by Dryden, he was a man of the greatest learning and best morals. *Dr. J. W.*

Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza, as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who, by my muse, to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggerel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing* how or why,
Made still a blund'ring kind of melody; [thin,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and
*Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
*And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
*For still their goes some thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
*The words for friend and foe alike were made,
*To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.

* * * * * *

Let him be gallows free by my consent,
And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal 's below committing treason;
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggary,
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
But 't was hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
For to write verse with him is to transpose.

* *Doeg, though without knowing*] This character of Elkanah Settle, which is exquisitely satirical, particularly in those lines marked with an asterisk, was certainly inserted by Dryden, whom he had offended by writing pamphlets for the whigs, though he afterwards suddenly changed sides, and was as violent a defender of tory principles, and wrote a poem of high panegyric on the coronation of James II. in 1685. He was the author of seventeen plays, now totally forgotten. He had a pension from the city for writing an annual panegyric on the lord mayor. Towards the end of his life he was reduced to great poverty, and wrote low drolls for Bartholomew fair, and was reduced in his old age to act in farce a dragon, enclosed in a green leather of his own invention. To which our witty satirist, Dr. Young, alludes in his epistle to Pope, on the authors of the age:

Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last:
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape. *J. W.*

'T were pity treason at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective muse
Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show,
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here 's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has giv'n him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curst him;
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven
What t' was of old to pamper up a Jew; [knew
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor, (with reverence speaking,)
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity-- but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 't is counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane,
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'T is fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;

But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unappointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes, be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars, for their number sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For even in court the faction has its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose names the muse disdaining, holds i' th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
The appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing to employ the glass;
And who believe, in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.
But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:*
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful dangerous weapon,
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'T is Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd.
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to inquire,
What 't was he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
E'en for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.†
Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high,‡ his legions threat'ning far and wide;
As when a battering storm, engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, these
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-lab'ring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
E'en so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction press'd,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus press'd,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
Who knows not how to oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!

* *But in the sacred annals of our plot,*
Industrious Arod never be forgot]
Arod, Sir William Waller, son to him who had done so much service to the long parliament. He upheld the exclusion bill with all his might, and took every opportunity of showing his hatred to popery, by seeking out and dispersing the papists, when assembled to celebrate divine service in their way. To which, if he was not much misrepresented, he was stimulated rather in hopes of spoil, their altars being generally rich, than out of respect to his country, or love for religion. *D.*

† *All to be no Zaken at the last*] At the choosing a new parliament in the beginning of the year 1679, Sir William had, to no purpose, endeavoured to get himself chosen into the house; and the publicans, who trusted him at this time, in such entertainments as he ordered, found it difficult to get their money from him. *D.*

‡ *Now rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride*
Soar'd high]
The success of Lewis the XVIth's arms, particularly in Holland, rendered him formidable all over Europe; while England, who has it so much in her power to command respect, was scarcely regarded. Weakened by domestic disputes, her king always wanting money, and opposed and kept bare by her parliament, her mediation was of no consequence, and she had little or no influence abroad. *D.*

How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the extremest virtue did require,
E'en of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise*
To appease their rage. Undaunted he complies.
Thus he, who prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now embracing on the extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and, more amaz'd,
The twin stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear———
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for the other's danger griev'd,
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
E'en in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's interest and the state,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands:
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw;
At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own:
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
That e'en an host his pensioners would make:
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,

* *His absence David does with tears advise*] This alludes to the Duke of York's quitting the court, and retiring to Brussels, and afterwards to Scotland. *D.*

Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious
To guard their sacred rites and property. [cry,
To ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach, [scars,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field; [stain,
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When, thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, even those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their phrensy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers waive for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all the indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:
Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support e'en subjects' interest calls,
Wo to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which heaven itself in vain has tried with grace! [close,
When will our reason's long charm'd eyes un-
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say.
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold
Even sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
To avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
To impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate; [prest,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
Oh, whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for the oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin,
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'T is time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will
The same rough means that swage the crowd, appease
Our senate's raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.
He said, the attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode.

The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,*
How fit to inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival 's spread,
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress'd,
A virtue proper to the brave and best; [bent
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,†
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the muses, and the muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,‡
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still the officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,

* *Nobly has his sway in Hebron shown*] When the Duke of York returned from Scotland, in the beginning of 1682, the murmurs against him seemed to have, in a good measure subsided. He had shown himself so well inclined to support the reformed religion in that kingdom, that he was thanked for it by seven bishops, in an address which was published, to the satisfaction of all ranks of people; and the citizens of London, particularly, treated him on that account with vast respect. *D.*

† ——— *Jothran always bent*
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent]
Jothran, the Lord Dartmouth, a nobleman of great honesty, who, though inviolably attached to the Duke of York, had always the courage to tell him freely when he disliked any of his proceedings; and his highness was discreet enough to take his representations as they were meant. *D.*

‡ *Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie*] Benaiah, Colonel, afterwards General Sackville, a gentleman of tried courage, and known good sense; he was of the Dorset family; had served at Tangier with reputation, and on account of his having expressed a disbelief of the popish plot, was expelled the house of commons, and committed to the tower. He obtained his liberty, rank, and command, in a very short time, but not his seat in the house. *D.*

His triumphs so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters' clam'rous train
Some slumb'ring lion wakes in Moab's plain.
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest.
Where now was the instructer of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd.
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To balk his charge, and for himself to shift.
In which his dexterous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore ere his fortune slip his time,
The statesman plots to engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus to insnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldest thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.

O should our crimes again that curse draw down
And rebel arms once more attempt the crown
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalon,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince so form'd, with earth's and heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
The faction, whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Among themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with sceptres in his sight,
(So have their cruel politics decreed,)
Must by that crew, that made him guilty, bleed!
For, could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose to obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformation spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,*
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build!
For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,†
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd
The commonwealth, broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
Even so our scatter'd guests confusedly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel, without treat or treason, paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate:
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurell'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel,‡ whose illustrious name
Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just.
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copied in his son,§
Whose forward fame should every muse engage:
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

* ——— *Achitophel.*
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls] The Duke of York being invited to dine at Merchant Taylor's Hall with the company of artillery, of which he was captain-general, on the 21st of April, 1682, tickets were dispersed in opposition to, and contempt of, this meeting, inviting the nobility, gentry, and citizens, who wished well to the protestant religion, to convene the same day at St. Michael's church, Cornhill, and thence proceed to dine at Haberdashers' Hall; but this association was stopped by an order of council. *D.*

† *Lo! the royal mandate issues forth*] The substance of which was, that the power of appointing public days of fasts and thanksgivings being vested in the crown, a particular meeting, pretended to that end, and advertised to be held on the 21st of April, 1682, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, must be of a seditious tendency, as not having the royal sanction; and therefore the lord mayor and aldermen of London are, at their peril, ordered to hinder it, as an unlawful assembly. *D.*

‡ *First write Bezaliel*] Bezaliel, the Marquis of Worcester, created Duke of Beaufort in 1682, a nobleman of great worth and honour, who had always taken part with the king, and one of those, whom the Commons, in 1680, prayed his majesty to remove from about his person, as being a favourer of popery. *D.*

§ *Sees all his glories copied in his son*] Charles Somerset, Lord Herbert, of Ragland in Monmouthshire, who, according to Wood, was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree as a master of arts in 1681. *D.*

Brave Abdael o'er the prophets' school was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;*
A hero, who while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restored; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed illustrious, happy chief, proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While the inspired tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab† our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flower allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!‡
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! the illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue, guard thy worth
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast!
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,§
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all the allurements of his court defied.‖
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,¶
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all the endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence:
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none** more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,

* *Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd*] Abdael, the Duke of Albemarle, son to the brave General Monk, and president of Wales. He was liberal and loyal, and a leading man among the friends of the king and the duke, on which account he was severely stigmatized by the whig writers. In 1687 he was sent abroad as governor of Jamaica, where he died. *D.*

† *Eliab*] Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wrote a most severe satire on Lord Arlington, here introduced under the name of Eliab, called Advice to a Painter. This Henry Bennet was a younger son of a private gentleman, had followed the royal family into exile; at whose restoration he was made first privy-purse, then secretary of state, Earl of Arlington, knight of the garter, and at last lord-chamberlain to King Charles II., and to his brother King James II. afterwards. He was for some years a kind of favourite minister, I mean conversant in his master's pleasures, as well as intrusted with his business; notwithstanding the constant enmity both of the Duke of York and Chancellor Clarendon, whose superior power, especially in state affairs, was yet unable to shake King Charles's inclination to this gentleman, who therefore, at the other's banishment, remained, if not sole minister, at least the principal one for some time. *J. W.*

‡ *His age with only one mild heiress blest,*
——young Othniel's bride]
Othniel, Henry Duke of Grafton, one of the king's natural sons, begotten upon the body of the Duchess of Cleveland. She was averse to his marrying Lord Arlington's daughter, though a considerable heiress. I have seen a letter from her to lord-treasurer Danby, dated from Paris, (I think in 1675) thanking him for his care in endeavouring to prevent this match. It is in her own handwriting.

This Duke of Grafton soon joined the Prince of Orange at the revolution, and was killed at the siege of Cork, in the year 1690. He had great natural bravery, was very sincere, but rough as the sea, of which he was fond, and whereon, had he lived, he promised to make a gallant figure. *D.*

§ *Even envy must consent to Helon's worth*] Helon, the Earl of Feversham, a Frenchman by birth, and nephew to Mareschal Turenne: he was honest, brave, and good-natured, but precipitate and injudicious. *D.*

‖ *To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride*
He all the allurements of his court defied]
His lordship professed himself a Protestant, though Burnet says there was reason to suspect his sincerity. Affection for King Charles II. who really esteemed him, made him prefer England to his own country, where he had great interest, and might have expected to be nobly provided for. *D.*

¶ *Our list of nobles next let Amri grace*] Amri, Sir Heneage Finch, constituted lord keeper of the great seal, on Shaftesbury's dismission, and soon after advanced to a peerage and the chancellorship. He was a zealous Protestant, and yet conducted himself with such steadiness and integrity, as to give offence to no party; which was a little surprising, as he held this important station at a time when party feuds raged with unlicensed fury. His abilities were very great; he was judicious, eloquent, and industrious, an able lawyer, and a statesman, endued with strong veracity and inflexible integrity. *D.*

** *Than Sheva none*] Meaning Sir Roger L'Estrange, who of all venal and sordid scribblers

Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive [eye
To inflame the crowd; while he with watchful
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel: [dream,
Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets'
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
How fierce his satire loos'd; restrain'd, how tame;
How tender of the offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures
Just to his virtues, to his error mild. [styl'd;
No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last. [allow?
What praise for such rich strains shall we
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true; [fast,
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.

But ere such transport can our sense employ
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant died.
Give not insulting Askelon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our wo!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry!
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murm'ring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour, [vour;
And treacherous sands the princely bark de-
Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent powers vouchsafed to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud, [defraud;
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your sufferings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?
Thus some diviner muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms.
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst,
Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.

that ever defended any administration, in any country or time, seems to have gone the greatest length in striving to defend any grievance and injustice that a government can be guilty of. His style is the masterpiece of what may be called the *Pert-Dull*, and was vitiated by cant and affected vulgar phrases, and coffee-house expressions. In this sort of diction he translated, or rather travestied, the Offices of Tully, the Morals of Seneca, the Visions of Quevedo, and the History of Josephus; and gave a nauseous caricature of the simplicity of Æsop in his Fables. *Dr. J. W.*

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On the instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hybleean swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark, in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel* and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.
This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,†
And boldly all sedition's surges stem,
Howe'er encumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When e'en the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

* *Welcome to Israel*] The Duke of Buckingham gave this character of the two royal brothers—that Charles could see things if he would, and James would see things if he could. The conduct of James, and his behaviour in his visit to Oxford, is marvellously weak, preposterous, and absurd. It is recorded in Anthony Wood's life—Charles II. used to say with respect to the mistresses of his brother, which were plain and homely, that his confessor had imposed such mistresses upon him as Mrs. Williams, Lady Bellasyse, Mrs. Sedley, and Mrs. Churchill, by way of penance. Charles II.'s favourite mistress retained her beauty till near seventy years of age. Sir Peter Lely, in a high strain of flattery, drew her portrait, and that of her son the Duke of Richmond, as a Madonna and Child, for a convent in France. *Dr. J. W.*

† *This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem, &c.*] Sir John Moor, Lord Mayor of London in 1681, and one of the representatives of the city in parliament, was a most zealous and corrupt partisan of the court. He nominated two sheriffs whom he knew would be perfectly subservient to the ministry and the arbitrary measures of the king. *Dr. J. W.*

In a congratulatory poem, addressed to Sir William Pritchard (the successor of Sir John Moor,) published on a half sheet in 1692, the humble bard hurls his indignation, not without an allusion to Dryden's poem, against

* That long-ear'd rout, and their Achitophel,
That think it sin to live and not rebel;
Those pious elders, that Geneva rabble,
That hope, once more, to make old Paul's a stable,
T.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin	The Name given, in this Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Absalom	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
Amri	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
Annabel	Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod	Sir William Waller.
Asaph	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the Second Part of this Poem.
Balaam	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balak	Barnet.
Barzillai	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan	Rev. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb	Lord Grey.
Corah	Dr. Oates.
David	Charles II.
Doeg	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt	France.
Eliab	Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot	The Popish Plot.
Geth	The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided
Hebron	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests	The Church of England clergy.
Helon	Earl of Feversham.
Hushai	Hyde, Earl of Rochester
Jebusites	Papists.
Jerusalem	London.
Jews	English.
Jonas	Sir William Jones.
Jordan	Dover.
Jotham	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishboseth	Richard Cromwell.
Israel	England.
Issachar	Thomas Thynne, Esq
Judas	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
Ishban	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth	Pordage.
Michal	Queen Catherine.
Nadab	Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og	Shadwell.
Phaleg	Forbes.
Pharaoh	King of France.
Rabshekа	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem	Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.
Sanhedrim	Parliament.
Saul	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva	Sir Roger L'Estrange.
Solymean Rout	London Rebels.
Tyre	Holland.
Uzza	Jack Hall.
Zadoc	Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury
Zaken	A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? 'T is the representation of your own hero: 't is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero, or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot,* that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a duo veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal to the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition, or his practice, or even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when 't is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 't is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die, and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant plot† is much of it

* A folio pamphlet with this title, vindicating Lord Shaftesbury from being concerned in any plotting design against the king, was published in two parts, the first in 1681, the second in 1682. Wood says, that the general report was, that they were written by the earl himself, or that, at least, he found the materials; and his servant, who put it into the printer's hands, was committed to prison. *D.*

† The third part, printed in quarto, was supposed to be written by Ferguson, under my lord's eye. It reflects on the proceedings against him in the points of high treason, whereof he stood accused; and strives to depreciate the characters of the witnesses, by painting them in the most odious colours. The Growth of Popery was written by Mr. Marvel, who published it a little before his death, which happened in 1678. A second part of it was written by Mr. Ferguson above mentioned; for which, and other seditious practices, his body was demanded of the states of Holland, he being then at Brill, but refused; though Sir Thomas Armstrong had been

stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos; or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the house of commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former, and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the council of Trent; so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword; 't is the proper time to say any thing when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association,* and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion,† that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the some pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel; for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly: and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the nonconformist parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no further for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity;

given up by them a little before. This is the same man who was concerned in the Ryehouse Plot; and it is remarkable, that when the secretary of state was giving out orders for the seizing the rest of the conspirators, he privately bade the messenger to let Ferguson escape. *D.*

* When England, in the sixteenth century, was supposed in danger from the designs of Spain, the principal people, with the Queen at their head, entered into an association for the defence of their country, and of the Protestant religion, against popery, invasion, and innovation. *D.*

† The friends of the Earl of Shaftesbury insinuated every where, that the draught of that association, which was said to be found among his papers, was put there by the person who seized them, to advance the credit of the tories, and give greater weight to the court charge. *D.*

for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymer, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of profane and saucy Jack, and atheistical scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on 't is, 't is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Or all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A monster, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
Never did art so well with nature strive;
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:
So like the man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with title and with face;
And lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys;
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in Polish, is *rejoice*. [join'd;
The day, month, year, to the great act are
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the style that copied every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for a eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!);
A vermin wriggling in the Usurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 't is hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint: for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
The ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides their pace was formal, grave, and
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack. [slack;
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay; [way;
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price. [tence,
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pre-
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd;
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsel 's oft convenient, seldom just.
E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our wo!
Who helps a powerful friend, forearms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the
Seas follow but their nature to invade; [bar?
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confest;
And to be shorn lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way,
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;

Forsaken of that hope he shifts the sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason 's obvious, interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy pindaric way!
Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went:
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father and recall the son.
Some think the fools were most as times went then, [men.
But now the world 's o'erstock'd with prudent
The common cry is e'en religion's test,
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India; Popery at Rome:
And our own worship only true at home.
And true, but for the time 't is hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And, that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last
In equal balances were justly cast:
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;
Instructs the beast to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more:
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once; our rebel fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they sought
Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will.
That kings can do no wrong we must believe
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong not right are in their power!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense.
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles [pass,
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oath debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decried;
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
They rack e'en scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that 's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is constrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please.
'T was fram'd at first our oracle to inquire;
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.
London, thou great emporium of our isle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what 's a head with two such gouty hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave. [urge,
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In gospel phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 't is their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means their traitorous combination less,
Too plain to evade, too shameful to confess!
But treason is not own'd when 't is descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men, who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against their prince?
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun,
He should be forc'd to crown another son.
Thus when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 't is worse;
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force:
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'T is working in the immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then Cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring. [war;
From thence to assume the power of peace and
And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game. [drink,
For what can power give more than food and
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 't is loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villany maintain, [plain;
They steal not, but in squadrons scour the
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow:
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign;
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest: [winds,
And though the climate, vex'd with various
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.
But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the woes that must descend on
Religion thou hast none; thy Mercury [all.
Has pass'd thro' every sect, or theirs thro' thee.
But what thou givest, that venom still remains;
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues and swells the
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests, [breasts
That preach up thee for God; dispense thy laws;
And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause?
Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and sweat
To make the formidable cripple great. [power
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
That lets the world and human kind alone:
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints; [paints
A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad;
Foredoom'd for souls, with false religion mad.
Without a vision poets can foreshow
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepid age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.

The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war: [jar,
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
Their general either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age;
And our wild labours wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

———Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity, I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to skepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and among some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that, before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the

first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted: and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosopers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support, it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its own proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father: and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; one being a heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided; and therefore

the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and for my own part, the plain Apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens; because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the least dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wiredrawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them, are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, si vel paulum deflexerit, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, ex hominum Christianorum dominatu, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not de fide; and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorised. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, ratione directi Domini, and that he holds in villainage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the Church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it

is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to a heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, a heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easly be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king killing, a thesis of the Jesuits, among others, ex cathedra, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in a few years, let my Lord Herberts's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical; then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake among the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most saintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foulmouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been marks of orthodox belief, the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's

birth night, as that of their saint and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: 'There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence,' (meaning the presbyterian discipline,) 'should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy.'

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election: if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper: but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon: the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less; but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find*
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil:
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;*
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret 's found:
God is that spring of good: supreme and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest;
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state:
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar:†
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'T is revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.‡
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits, in happier ages born,
(When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,)
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote, and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way;
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
The offended suffering in the offender's name
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For granting we have sinn'd, and that the offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:

* System of Deism. Marginal note, *orig. ed.*
* Of revealed religion. Marginal Note, *orig. ed.*
: Socrates. Marginal Note, *orig. ed.*

What farther means can Reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
(Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,)
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here, for whether we com-
That impious, idle, superstitious ware [pare
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, (which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,)
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The world is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd
In several ages born, in several parts, [in arts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame. [same
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense, and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can Reason such effects assign,
Transcending nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.
But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'T is said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited, and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past, [brac'd,
The Scriptures there were known, and were em-
Till Sin spread once again the shades of night:
What 's that to these who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief*
To startle reason, stagger frail belief: [senso
We grant, 't is true, that Heaven from human
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find e'en for those bewilder'd souls a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim, [name.
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right,
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it balk my charity, to find
The Egyptian bishop of another mind
For, though his creed eternal truth contains,
'T is hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has tried;
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide;)

* Objection of the Deist. M. N. *Orig ed.*

† The objection answered. M. N. *Orig. ed.*

Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read:
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals, most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade:
How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning [guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's force;
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth:
If God's own people, who of God before [more,
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopp'd the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease;
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these,
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd;

And that some such have been, is prov'd too [plain;
If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain.

O but, says one, Tradition set aside,*
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since the original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in Church Tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
'T were worth both Testaments; and cast in the [Creed.
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well,
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do;
Unless like Esdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 't is, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'T is for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside?†
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
(For what one sect interprets, all sects may:)
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian [plain,
From the same Scripture urges he 's but man.
Now what appeal can end the important suit;
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute?
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still)
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
The unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page, and see
Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design:

* Of the infallibility of tradition in general. M. N. *Orig. ed.*

† Objection in behalf of tradition urged by Father Simon. M. N. *Orig. ed.*

Which exposition flows from genuine sense;
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When general, old, disinteress'd, and clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force, by biding every test;
For best authority's next rules are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd the waters flow.
Thus, first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the Universal Church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after, for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence*
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume, with wondrous art,†
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right to interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man design'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a god who could but read or spell:
Then mother church did mightily prevail:
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.

* The second objection. M. N. *Orig. ed.*
† Answer to the objection. M. N. *Orig. ed.*

Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last, a knowing age began to inquir
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the priest's was their estate;
Taught by the will produc'd, (the written word,)
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man, who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'T is true, my friend, (and far be flattery hence,)
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree;
And every member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found:
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm:
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger 's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains but, waiving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 't is the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 't is not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the Church before

Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will,)
'T is some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 't is more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM.

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief* has kept me dumb:
Sure there 's a lethargy in mighty wo,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room:
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a suden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene,
No threat'ning cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in nature's golden scene;
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.
The amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
'Our gracious prince was dead.'
No sickness known before, no slow disease
To soften grief by just degrees:
But like a hurricane on Indian seas
The tempest rose;
An unexpected burst of woes:
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
(As once it shall)
Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'erwhelm this nether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And, with a fervent flame,
His usual morning vows had just address'd
For his dear sovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,)
Who can describe the amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.
Amidst his sad attendants' groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious duke—Forbear, audacious muse,
No terms thy feeble art can use

* *Thus long my grief*] The following just, though severe sentence, has been passed on this Threnodia, by one who was always willing, if possible, to extenuate the blemishes of our poet. 'Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. He is, he says, petrified with grief, but the marble relents, and trickles in a joke. There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion, he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.' Dr. Johnson. *Dr. J. W.*

Are able to adorn so vast a wo :
The grief of all the rest like subject grief did show,
His like a sovereign did transcend ;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend

III.

O wond'rous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again :
And death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste,
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below ;
And mild forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd the etherial throne,
Such as his wond'rous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him the innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers [aloud ;
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd
The first well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life assail'd the throne, [their own.
All would have brib'd the skies by offering up
So great a throng not heaven itself could bar ;
'T was almost borne by force, as in the giants' war. [heard ;
The prayers, at least, for his reprieve were
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd :
Against the sun the shadow went ;
Five days, those five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare the event.
The second causes took the swift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part ;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art :
Once more the fleeting soul came back
To inspire the mortal frame ;
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound :
The drooping town in smiles again was dress'd,
Gladness in every face express'd,
Their eyes before their tongues confess d.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took, [haste ;
Friends to congratulate their friends made
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd :
Above the rest heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd :
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport could not hide
But like an eagre* rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore ;
The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins a while, and stay,
Then backward take their wond'ring way :
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely seen before, [their sway
And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
Came but a while on liking here :
Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life ;
An evening light
Soon shut in night ;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The sons of art all medicines tried,
And every noble remedy applied ;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd :
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was fate so near a foil :
But like a fortress on a rock, [did mock ;
The impregnable disease their vain attempts
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war ;
No gentle means could be essay'd,
'T was beyond parley when the siege was laid :

* An eagre is a tide swelling above another tide, which I myself observed on the river Trent. M. N. *Orig. ed.*

The extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurancers of life,
And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,
E'en short himself forsook the unequal strife.
Death and despair was in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to asist, but to deplore
The inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
Which e'en the best can hardly bear,
He took the summons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place;
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretell as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk nor stept aside for death;
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
O truly good, and truly great!
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set.
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven,
The right had given, [mand:
And his own love bequeath'd supreme com-
He took and press'd that ever loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well for so great a trust he chose
A prince who never disobey'd:
Not when the most severe commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To salve from cruelty:
Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,
He graciously forgot to name,
Thus far my muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brothers' tenderness:
Though that 's a term too mean and low;
The blest above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid, [spent,
Like painters, when their height'ning arts are
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That inexhausted spring
Of clemency and love;
Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For a hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment:
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh, how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief:
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was asham'd, to show
So weak, so womanish a wo,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously confess'd.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind: [sound,
Nor murmuring groan express'd nor labouring
Nor any least tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were,
In which the Almighty did appear;
By the still voice* the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line,
That peace, O happy shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it sound,
For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom, still maintain'd alive,
Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Without whose charms e'en peace would be
But a dull quiet slavery:
For these, and more, accept our pious praise;
'T is all the subsidy
The present age can raise,
The rest is charg'd on late posterity.
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store,
To them and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
Succession of a long descent,
Which chastely in the channels ran,
And from our demigods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fix'd the fairest gem that decks the imperial crown:
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates, insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,
Not foreign or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd sword, it bent at will;
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

* *By the still voice*] Alluding to 1 Kings xix. 12, 'And after the fire a *still* small *voice*.' See also the marginal reading of Job iv. 6, 'I heard a *still voice*, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?' T.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load 's too weighty: thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than the muse.
In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of those who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true:
That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again.
If science rais'd her head,
And soft humanity, that from rebellion fled:
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way,
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:
The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd and sow'd and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And blest the obedient field.
When straight a double harvest rose;
Such as the swarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line, [divine.
Or paradise manur'd, and dress'd by hands

XIII.

As when the new-born phenix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his wond'rous progress o'er the plain;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
The officious muses came along,
A gay harmonious quire, like angels ever young:
The muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung.
E'en they could thrive in this auspicious reign;
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before. [gain,
Though little was their hire, and light their

Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand they sung and flew
Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning
Oh, never let their lays his name forget! [dew.
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live, then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invok'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempest rose,
In death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou held'st the rudder with a steady hand,
Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
The bark that all our blessings brought,
Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

O frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below!
Now to our cost your emptiness we know,
For 't is a lesson dearly bought,
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best, and best belov'd of kings,
And best deserving to be so,
When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these
Through which we cannot see!
So saints, by supernatural power set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought,
'T was grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
That question'd thy supreme decree!
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne, [turn:
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest re-
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
E'en to the driblet of a day.
Yet still we murmur, and complain,
The quails and manna should no longer rain;
Those miracles 't was needless to renew; [view.
The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercis'd by fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late.
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
They and their poets are not form'd in haste;
Man was the first in God's design, and man was made the last.
False heroes, made by flattery so,
Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 't was tried and found a masterpiece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
E'en o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled first with fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd,
So early was the deity confess'd;
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried:
Betimes the furies did their snakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppose,
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppress'd the higher still he rose;
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of a many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field;
So James the drowsy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Restiff and slumbering on its arms:
'T is rous'd and with a new-strung nerve, the spear already shakes.
No neighing of the warrior steeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
To inspire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice his sole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread the impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe,
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering sword;

Peace is their only sure defence,
Their best security his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promise is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main:
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;
With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine [book;
And let his wond'ring senate see,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At least the second page of strong contingency;
Such as consists with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happiness may be:
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
Or, with malignant penury,
To starve the royal virtues of his mind.
Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test,
Oh, give them to believe, and they are surely blest.
They do; and with a distant view I see
The amended vows of English loyalty.
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold e'en the remoter shores,
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably roars,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
The asserted ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And, with a willing hand, restores
The fasces of the main.

VERSES TO J. NORTHLEIGH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. J. NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL, ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

So Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The boding dream, and did th' event foretell;
Judged by the past, and drew the parallel.
Thus early Solomon the truth explored,
The right awarded, and the babe restored.
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The perjured Presbyters did first subdue,
And freed Susanna from the canting crew.
Well may our monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land;
And, under covert of his sevenfold shield,
Thou send'st thy shafts to scour the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou studiest that, and that may study thee.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

—Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea. *Virg.*

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that, and though conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example: there are some of the church by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are imbodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observ-

ed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his majesty, have said, 'That he has restored God to his empire over conscience.' I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffered not before for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me, by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring, though with long interruptions of ill health and other hinderances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Duchess, (in which last I was concerned,) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of his pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and, at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other tongue:) for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principle debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the

matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main design: so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of Satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one Church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A MILK-WHITE hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,*
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.†
'T is true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an independent beast,‡
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate exprest.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.§
Next her the buffoon Ape,‖ as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose:
Still when the lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.

* *The Caledonian wood*] The ravages and disorders committed by the Scotch covenanters gave occasion to these lines. *D.*

† *Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye Gave gloomy signs*, &c.] Dryden here, I think, had Milton in his mind. See Par. Lost, x. 713.

——— or, with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him passing.——— *T.*

‡ *The bloody Bear, an independent beast*] The independents were a sect of Protestants, who held, that 'each church, within itself, had sufficient power to do every thing relative to church government.' They sprung up amidst the confusions of Charles the First's reign, about the year 1643. Walker calls them a composition of Jews, Christians, and Turks. See his History of Independency, p. 1, 27; for which he was committed by Cromwell to the Tower. See Echard's History of England, vol. ii. p. 435, for an account of their rise. Butler calls them

'The maggots of corrupted texts.'
Hud. p. 3, v. 10.

And our author, in his Religio Laici, says,

'The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.'

Because that, in order to infuse into people a notion that they had a right to choose their own pastors, they corrupted this text: *Wherefore, brethren, look you out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye* (instead of *we*) *may appoint over this business*, Acts, vi. 3. Field is said to have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1500*l.* Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in several of his editions of the Bible, particularly in his fine folio of 1659–60, and his octavo of 1661. *D.*

§ ——— *the quaking Hare Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear*] The Quakers: so called from certain tremblings and convulsions, with which they appear to be seized at their religious meetings. They decline all military employments; reject the use of arms, which they call profane and carnal weapons; and refuse the oaths. Their affirmation is now admitted, by Act of Parliament, in our justiciary courts, as of equal force to an oath taken by a person of any other persuasion upon the gospel. *D.*

‖ *Next her the buffoon Ape*] No particular sect is meant by the buffoon ape, but libertines and latitudinarians, persons ready to conform to any thing to serve their turn. *D.*

The bristled Baptist Boar,* impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,†
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast‡ by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice; then by Socinus nurs'd,
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!§
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguis'd in mortal mould and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,‖
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 't is plain,
One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'T is urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief, must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'T is light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel, which our Saviour bore,

* *The bristled Baptist Boar, &c.*] The Anabaptists, who reject infant baptism, and baptize only adults by immersion. *D.*

† *In German forests, had his guilt betray'd*] They succeeded to the rise of Lutheranism in Germany, about the year 1521, and committed innumerable acts of violence, particularly in Munster. *D.*

‡ *False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:*
The graceless beast, &c.]
This alludes to the persecution of the Arians, and the rise of the Socinians. *D.*

§ ——— *how well dost thou provide*
For erring judgments an unerring guide]
Here our author allows of the infallibility of the Pope, and the authority of the Church, contrary to his position in Religio Laici, p. 76.
'Such an omniscient Church we wish,' &c.
And then proceeds to thank God for his own conversion. *D.*

‖ *Can I my reason to my faith compel*] Dryden here advances the doctrine of transubstantiation, which he reconciles to the Divine Omnipotence, and entirely disclaims the use of reason in discussing it. *D.*

Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss; [miss.
The bank above must fail, before the venture
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from
Thou first apostate to divinity. [thee,
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe the insatiate Wolf remains.*
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.

* *The insatiate Wolf*, &c.] Butler, in the first canto of Hudibras, says, that the Presbyterians
'———prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.'
The general description given of them here is very severe: they hold the doctrine of predestination, or a decree of God from all eternity, to save a certain number of persons, from thence called the Elect.
'A sect (of whom Hudibras says a little lower) whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies.'
Such as reputing the eating of Christmas-pies and plum-porridge sinful; nay, they prohibited all sorts of merriment at that holy festival, and not only abolished it by order of council, dated Dec. 22, 1657, but changed it into a fast. They wore, during the confusions about Oliver's time, black caps, that left their ears bare, their hair being cropped round quite close; wherefore the *wolf*, the emblem of Presbytery, is here said to
'Prick up his predestinating ears.' *D.*

Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred,
And meager Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud sanhedrim† oppress'd the prince,
Or since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain.
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in Church and state have you redress'd,
With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green:
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.

† *When the proud sanhedrim*, &c.] On this line, in the original edition, the following marginal note occurs:—*Vide Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.*

So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;*
But ah! some pity o'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike;
'T is but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of heaven:
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mix'd with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet to o'ertake them in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
O happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance.
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work: nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 't is sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.

* [*From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew*] This passage alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, by which two millions of the Reformed Church were proscribed, and two hundred thousand drove into foreign countries: a proceeding that must throw an eternal blemish on the reign of Louis XIV. The remainder of this paragraph does great honour to Dryden, as it manifests, that whatever faults he had, a persecuting spirit was not one of them. *D.*

They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind:
Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half-way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion, old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws;
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to Church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratified;
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer
And matin bells, (a melancholy cry,) [supply,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace. [gate,
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes,
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To interpret Scriptures by his alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half-way gone;
For 't was uneasy travelling alone:
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
The ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and churches' head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,*
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 't is flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, the bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
But the inward grace, or the thing signified,
His blood and body, who to save us died;
The faithful this thing signified receive:
What is 't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.

* *One for substance, one for sign contends*] Luther asserted the real presence under the different substances of bread and of wine; but this only in the act of receiving the sacrament: whereas Zuinglius affirmed, that the bread and wine, or the elements, were only types, the figure and representation of the body and blood of Christ. *D.*

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense* never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd;†
But sure no Church can better morals boast:
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine.
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:‡
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd, into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's§ counsel, her new chosen mate;
Still she 's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent, but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, e'en that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find;
The word 's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture, which she once abus'd,
To reformation stands herself accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set the offender free,
It bars her claim to Church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits:
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'T is only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against the infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light,
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;

* *But nonsense*] The unparalleled absurdity and impiety of some questions proposed to be discussed in the schools, makes one shudder to read them, and improper to translate. They are to be found in the third volume of Henry Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, p. 127. Utrum Deus potuerit suppositare mulierem, vel Diabolum, vel asinum, vel silicem, vel cucurbitam: et si suppositassit cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, et quonam modo fuisset fixa cruci. *Dr. J. W.*

† *Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd*] St. Paul, Eph. iv. 14. St. James, i. 6. 'He that wavereth is like a *wave* of the sea driven with the wind and *toss'd*. *J. W.*

‡ *An Indian wife*] Whose constancy is become a proverb since when their deceased husbands are either to be buried or burned, to manifest their affection, they throw themselves either into the same grave, or on the funeral pile. *D.*

§ The wolf. *Orig. ed.*

Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 't was offence
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrain'd,
Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first;
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures past:
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.*
Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour the occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

* *Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot*
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot]

The Popish plot: the contrivers of which were Presbyterians, Latitudinarians, and Republicans, who had before shown themselves enemies to the Protestant, as well as the Popish Church. *D.*

THE SECOND PART.

Dame, said the Panther, times are mended well
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
The enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'T is true, the younger lion 'scap'd the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there;
As sacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wisely fled,
Not trusting destiny to save your head.
For, whate'er promises you have applied
To your unfailing Church, the surer side
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.
As I remember, said the sober Hind,
These toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the selfsame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too.
(Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
Because some forms, and ceremonies some
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue†
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he 's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?
Torturers may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Replied the Panther: grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe.
Then, said the Hind, as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat:
Your Church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.

† *The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue*]
The Test Act passed in 1672-3, enjoined the abjuration of the real presence in the sacrament. *D.*

I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm,
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus replied:
That men may err was never yet denied.
But, if that common principle be true,
That canon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wond'rous wight Infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come?
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppose (though I disown it) said the Hind,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd;
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight by emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and General Councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted sense the church relies.
'T is true, some doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The Church's after-acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide;
The Church diffus'd is by the Council tied;
As members by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which Prince and Senate gives.
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
In Pope and Council, who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Those canons all the needful points contain;
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any should in aftertimes appear,
New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Because in them the power supreme resides;
And all the promises are to the guides. [fence:
This may be taught with sound and safe de-
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All, who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake:
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle, slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wond'rous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots contemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loophole for a friend,
(Rejoin'd the matron;) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene Council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture tried?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;*
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field;

* *To that the rebel*, &c.] To those the rebel, &c. *Orig. ed.* T.

That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With text point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth. [she,
The Panther smil'd at this; And when, said
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic? [ground,
Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found;
Now 't is tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the Panther, for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 't is true.
I set them by the rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
HIND. The Council steer'd, it seems, a different course;
They tried the Scripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the dame, and smiling thus pursued:
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unless you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and time's expense,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end,
Thus, when you said, Tradition must be tried
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide,
You said no more, but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our church tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
At least 't is prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.
If not by scriptures, how can we be sure,
Replied the Panther, what tradition 's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters, is not gold.

How, but by following her, replied the dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;
Where every age does on another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glittering in the dark,
And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
'T is dangerous climbing: To your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
HIND. The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for sweet;
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the Blatant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 't is but barely urg'd:
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs: unblemish'd authors use,
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when, 't is not sufficient to defame: [claim.
An old possession stands, till elder quits the
Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So, when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apostles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To set those toys, traditions, quite aside:
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites them but sometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd; [proud.
The way to please them was to make them
Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?
On his own reason safer 't is to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.
But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
Pretending Church authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are, like a mule, made up of differing seed,
And that 's the reason why you never breed;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.*

* *Home dissenters are by statutes aw'd*] When Dryden wrote this, the penal statutes against dissenters were not repealed. *D.*

And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny,)
If we must fix on Church authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still, if this be good.
Shall she command, who has herself rebell'd?
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?
Why all these wars to win the book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight;
But they must prove episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of hierarchy,
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against them under Church command,
Straight they forsake their colours, and disband.
Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge;
But said: For what did Christ his word provide,
If still his Church must want a living guide?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
From afterages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain.
Before the word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal Truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
The event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command, [hand.
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But since the apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
And, as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supplied:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended, but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
He darkly writ, is true applied to all.
For this obscurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths their sacred works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain,
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the Church interpreter.
Because, as I have urg'd before, 't is mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what the apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
The undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.
From hence the Church is arm'd when errors rise
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe intrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By these all festering sores her Councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a Council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:
(I wish the cause were on that issue tried.)
Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament:)

The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
Shall then the Testament award the right?
No, that 's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 't is only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there.
Therefore 't is plain, its meaning must be tried
Before some judge appointed to decide.
Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chase pursue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity, [am I."
Pronounc'd his words—" She whom ye seek
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit
The conduct of your conscience to submit:
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land:
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
In your establish'd laws of sovereignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
To Church decrees your articles require
Submission modified, if not entire.
Homage denied, to censures you proceed:
But when Curtana* will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Those able heads expound a wiser way, [obey.
That their own sheep their shepherd should
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forc'd submission they protest:
While sound and sound a different sense explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any sect beside,
For this high office can be qualified,
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
For that, which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your several Churches disagree.
The consubstantiating Church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist: [strain,
The French reform'd from preaching you re-
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours, but donors must
In short, in doctrine, or in discipline, [ordain.
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Could any Church presume to mount the seat
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide
And face to face dissensions would increase,
For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns accusers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half so much confus'd:
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well,
For among equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then, granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains, that Church can only be
The guide which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your
Relapsing from a necessary guide. [side,

* *Curtana*] The name of king Edward the Confessor's sword without a point, an emblem of mercy which is carried before our king and queen at their coronation. *D.*

But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown;
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretences down.
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state [weight;
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious
And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his Church invest;
But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother Church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.
So when of old the Almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could propound:
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity:
Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-eyed sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding day of his unspotted spouse.
Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to assert spiritual royalty.
One in herself,* not rent by schism, but
Entire, one solid shining diamond; [sound,
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true:
One central principle of unity.
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven, and meets them half-way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.

* Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed. *Orig. ed.*

But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand, [land:
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal, sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The gospel's sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The selfsame doctrine of the sacred page [roll,
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.
Whom, when their homebred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, panders, palliards, sins of every sort;
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.
Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely;
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we
Not one of all can be applied to you: [view,
Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
The ambitious title of Apostolic:
Godlike descent! 't is well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
'T is said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Show, when and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there 's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'T was not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliah's sword.
Thus, what you call corruptions are, in truth,
The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith; but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.
If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.
But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the abyss of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his Church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace.
Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the Church behold,*
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold.
Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies a cheerful azure light:
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty spright.
Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light†
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night:
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News, which three labouring nations did restore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'T is true, coarse diet, and a short repast
(She said) were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dewdrops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, thought she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shed

* The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey Lands. *Orig. ed.*
† Poëta loquitur. *Orig. ed.*

With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide a humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
So might those walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick-revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;
A God, victorious of the Stygian race, [place.
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.*
The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did first her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

THE THIRD PART.

Much malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ:
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dress
Has sharply blam'd a British Lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 't is equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met;
Meanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten salad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, thought but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;
Rememb'ring every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropp'd a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd;
For friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity. [say,
Now should they part, malicious tongues would
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But that once o'er the short-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her speech was done
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone: [done
But said her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day.
This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell Despight,
And canker'd malice, stood in open sight;
Ambition, interest, pride without control,
And jealousy the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will

* *And dare not to debase your soul to gain.*] 'Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum Finge deo ———.'
In the whole passage he has an eye to the reception of Æneas by Evander. *J. W.*

'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an alter'd face:*
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound:
But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.
Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain:
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
A friendship loath to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your jealousy would show,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'T is just you reap the product of the field;
Yours be the harvest, 't is the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity, for alms, may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard,
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 't is an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink.
This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.
Yet seem'd she not to wince, though shrewdly pain'd:
But thus her passive character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much belied,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line:
They ask your blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.
Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race.
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in some popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;
For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
Think you your new French proselytes† are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 't is the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.

* *Affected kindness with an alter'd face.*] 'And harsh unkindness' alter'd eye.' Gray. *J. W.*

† *Your new French proselytes, &c.*] The refugees that came over to England after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. *D.*

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain. [these;
Your sons of breadth at home are much like
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preserve it best in gold.
Your Delphic sword, the panther then replied,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'T is easier far to flourish than to fight. [fame;
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they de-
They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest;
I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old uncharming Catherine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain.
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the reformation round,
No Treatise of Humility is found.
But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon on the Mount was Protestant.
No doubt, replied the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd,
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three steeples higher, would change their note,
And quit the cassock for the canting coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
Meantime my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the lion's court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
(For silently they beg, who daily wait.)
Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 't is bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried
For not to ask is not to be denied. [bless,
For what they have, their God and King they
And hope they should not murmur, had they
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore, [less.
In common prudence they would pass your door.
Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'
With odious atheist names you load your
Your liberal clergy why did I expose? [foes;
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient license to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.
This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over and disdains the inglorious prey.
So James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air; [space,
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd
To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.
This breathing time the matron took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:
If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'T is said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice,
'T is nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:

'T is nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.
Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears' and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights descend.
So to permitted ills the demon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges every tire around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.
Now last your sons a double pæan sound,
A treatise of Humility is found.
'T is found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore, or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'T is all the restitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was closed,
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less:
But let the abetters of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 't is no common sight,
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The savage, though she saw her plea controll'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold;
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
'T is true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
So few should follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'T was well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be strong (the Hind replied,)
If yours were in effect the suffering side:
Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow increase.
By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I named before, nor need repeat:
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth.
When interest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;
For souls, already warp'd receive an easy bent.

Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief, among the still mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of Fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray heaven you did not prophesy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.
For charity, replied the matron, tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds befell.
Nay no mischance, the savage dame replied,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun, in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endu'd with particles of souls divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings and trust themselves in air,
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southward, you may be sure, they bent their flight.
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackerel gale:
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.
With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-bellied, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.)
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.
'T is true, some sages of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 't is true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'T was only water thrown on sails too dry.
But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,
Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear;
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease:
Not naming persons, and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.

The advice was true; but fear had seiz'd the [most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put to shun delay,
'T was carried by the major part to stay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go;
Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask; [task.
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts*, the giants of the swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted,† but of stupid mind,
(For Swisses, or for Gibeonites design'd,)
These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;
And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year;
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below [to flow.
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold
At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holyday of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The priest before them did his wings display;
And that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 't was St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair provision made,
That every son can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be supplied;
But first the lover is by lawyers tied
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That Martin's marriage offerings rise apace.
Their ancient houses running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; stores of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid. [pear
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls ap-
In flocks to greet the new-returning year,
To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 't was time (so fast their numbers [rise)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd,)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day; [way,
The rest would needs conduct them on their
And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad astronomer's account,
That week the Virgin balance should remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and justled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repose;
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

* Otherwise called *Martlets*. *Orig. ed.*

† *Large-limb'd, stout-hearted*, &c.] *Large limb'd*, though not a word of the most poetical sound, appears to have been introduced into our poetry by Drayton, who in his *Owle*, published in 1604, has the '*large-lymb'd oak*.' Milton applies this compound to Og, Psalm cxxxvi. ver. 69. Marston had before called Alcides *big-limm'd*, Scourge of Villanie, 1598, B. iii. Sat. viii.

Big-limm'd Alcides, doff thy honor's crowne. T.

What should they do, beset with dangers around,
No neigbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground.
The latter brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless mother call;
She spread her wings; some few beneath them crawl; [all.
She spread them wider yet, but could not cover
To augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.
The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around, [ground.
Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:
But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town, [down.
And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them
Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
No Martin there in winter shall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpse, unbless'd, is hanging still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows; [rose.
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest
But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state:
Then said, I take the advice in friendly part;
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest;
No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight;
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night;
Mistake me not: the charge concerns not you:
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.
Rest well-assur'd, the Pardelis replied,
My sons would all support the regal side,
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be tried.
The matron answer'd with a loud amen,
And thus pursu'd her argument again:
If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyrrany,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first Reformer's coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'T was theirs indeed to make, 't is yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'T is plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign Lord;
Design'd to hew the imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and disheir the crown.
To abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppose some great oppressor had by sight
Of law disseiz'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendering in a fright;

Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace before he render'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you [do,
Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were [found;
The dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
But now, when Time has made the imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping [held her train,)
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?
The first Reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate;
But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd;
They need but rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 't were well if gold alone
Were touch'd and tried on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brass:
As if the experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the Church or State from these;
The Papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.
Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toss your censing Test, and fume the room;
As if 't were Toby's rival to expel, [smell.
And fright the fiend who could not bear the
To this the Panther sharply had replied;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued in formâ pauperis;
Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride
Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to the Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil the intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious Sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.
Conscience is then your plea, replied the dame,
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the chameleon hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther tried,
But on that broken reed, your Church, relied.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when, by long experience, you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace,
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence our Egypt was supplied,
You thought your Sovereign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And made a wise alliance with her foes.

* *The Papist only has his writ of ease*] By the test act transubstantiation is to be adjured, a principal tenet of the Papists. *D.*

Can Conscience own the associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be tried,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus conscience, never to be tied!
What Phœbus from the Tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or Interest be 't, or both in one,
(The panther answer'd in a surly tone,)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the Hind, 't is needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust:
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.

Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame let Conscience be your plea no more;
To will hereafter, proves she might before;
But she 's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threat'ning floods and inundations near:
If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground is, like your neighbour nation, low.
To intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear,
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain; [reign.
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in daylight, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet———
And yet, 't is but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to enlarge
On power of Kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice:
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.

The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally: [prove
Which well she hop'd would more successful
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The dame replied: 'T is sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 't is worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the right. [late,)

As fortune would, (his fortune came, though
He took possession of his just estate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.

For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards' arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.
False friends (his deadliest foes) could find no way,
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win,
It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
To show plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her commission to befriend.
This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd his store,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd;
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 't is true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies, they could scent a plenteous board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd they never quit their claim;
For then 't is sanctified to Heaven's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be profan'd by worldly management.
Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Though 't is not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute;
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading, in their bills they brought:
But left his hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
Repaid their commons with their salt manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruse of water and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex the ethereal powers
With midnight matins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray abed.

The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'T is prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught:
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
(For vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace;)
A hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true; [view.
And this grotesque design expos'd to public
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike.
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a misshapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on every face.
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow;
With groundless fears and jealousies possess'd,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But interest will not trust, though God should plight his word.
A law the source * of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms:
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after malice did not long forget,
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise;
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked weed:
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.
The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd.
By which the Soveriegn was of subjects' use de-
All gentle means he tried which might withdraw
The effects of so unnatural a law:
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worse, (if any worse could be,)
Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champion of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause:
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays:
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smil'd to see them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies; [wise.
For fools, are doubly fools, endeav'ring to be
After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
That desperate cures must be to desperate ills applied:
And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from the increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak;
The Musket, and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best;
Of small renown 't is true; for, not to lie,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care;
Cramm'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway:

* *A law, the source, &c.*] Penal laws against Popish recusants. *D.*

Petition him to accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.
This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast appointed for his guard.
He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save king Buzzard was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd;
Or forc'd by fear, or by his prophet led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursued his compliment;
But by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author stay:
He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
For in his rage he spares no Sovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns is to expose:
For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praise of foes is venomously nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
Because he knows Confession stands for one;
Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Test,
Thought half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A king, whom in his wrath the Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-subjects to enthrall,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor goggling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had lear'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the press:
For birds of every feather fill the abode;
E'en Atheists out of envy own a God:
And, reeking from the stews, adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute:
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd, [request:
And much the less, because it was their Lord's
They thought it great their Sovereign to con-
And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul. [trol,
'T is true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were short of power their purpose to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron,* to infer,
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.
But when the imperial owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,

* *And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,*
Though naming not the patron, &c.]

On the fifth of November, 1684, Burnet preached a sermon in the Rolls chapel against popery, in which he dropped some oblique reflections on the king. On this account it was ordered he should preach in that place no more, and he soon after found it necessary to withdraw to Holland. The king demanded him of the states as a traitor, but they refused to acquiesce. It is said 3000*l.* was ordered to be paid by the treasury to any person that could contrive to deliver him into the king's hands. *D.*

Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for the extremes to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but license to oppress:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
But since his own domestic birds have tried
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of nature too unjustly were opprest.
He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common interest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove;
All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,
The Passive Church, that with pretended grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, (the secret spoils of peace.)
'T is said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.
The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
But each have separate interests of their own:
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can the usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves opprest;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA;

A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

Dii Patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso Puerum succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibite satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontææ luimus Perjuria Trojæ.
Virg. Georg. i.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels meet it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in his northern progress run,
He bended forward, and e'en stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 't was time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn sabbath* saw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,†
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.

* Whitsunday. *Orig. ed.*
† Trinity Sunday. *Orig. ed.*

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The Mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new.
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon* winged on his way,
To watch the travail,† and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild:
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with a usual eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie, [cry.
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar
Already has he lifted high the sign,‡
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon§ grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester,‖ to bless¶
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine;**
(The former too was of the British line)††
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
Or, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,‡‡
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 't is paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful
May find no room for a remaining doubt; [rout

* Alluding only to the Commonwealth party, here and in other places of the poem. *Orig. ed.*

† Rev. xii. 4. *Orig. ed.*

‡ The cross. *Orig. ed.*

§ The crescent which the Turks bear for their arms. *Orig. ed.*

‖ The pope in the time of Constantine the great, alluding to the present pope. *Orig. ed.*

¶ *Behold another Sylvester, &c.*] The pope, in James the Second's time, is here compared to him who governed the Romish Church in the time of Constantine, to whom the king is likened a little lower down. *D.*

** King James the Second. *Orig. ed.*

†† *The former too was of the British line*]St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, was an English-woman; and Archbishop Usher affirms, that the emperor himself was born in this kingdom. *D.*

‡‡ *That one shipwreck on the fatal ore*] The sand-bank, on which the Duke of York had like to have been lost in 1682, on his voyage to Scotland, is known by the name of Lemman ore. *D.*

Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,*
Loath to confess the godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent of the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright, [light.
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple
If our victorious Edward,† as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birthday for some future prince.
Great Michael,‡ prince of all the ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou,§ the adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love. [above,
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did the avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the still impending Test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has given!
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his and our atonement go;
And reigning bless'd above, leave him to rule below.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness. *Orig. ed.*

† Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday. *Orig. ed.*

‡ The motto of the poem explained. *Orig. ed.*

§ St. George. *Orig. ed.*

Enough already has the year foreslow'd
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him, at Araunah's threshing-floor:‖
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's [hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys
No future ills nor accidents appear, [sincere;
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bless'd,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!
Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences¶ not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptis'd. [fame:
Unnam'd as yet,** at least unknown to
Is there a strife in heaven about his name?
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.††
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,‡‡
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's
Shall be too narrow to contain his name: [fame,
The artillery of heaven shall make him known;
Crete§§ could not hold the god, when Jove was grown. [born,
As Jove's increase,¶¶ who from his brain was
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,

‖ Alluding to the passage in 1 Kings xxiv. 20. *Orig. ed.*

¶ Original sin. *Orig. ed.*

** The prince christened, but not named. *Orig. ed.*

†† *The sacred Tetragrammaton*] Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews. *Orig. ed.*

‡‡ *Thus the true name of Rome was kept concealed*] Some authors say, that the true name of Rome was kept a secret: Ne hostes incantamentis deos elicerent. *Orig. ed.*

§§ Candia, where Jupiter was born and bred secretly. *Orig. ed.*

¶¶ Pallas, or Minerva, said by the poets to have been bred up by hand. *Orig. ed.*

Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretell whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd, when the sudden blast,*
The face of heaven, and our young sun o'er-cast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood† by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with wo;
An apoplex of grief: so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement [brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.

So ere the Shunammite a son conceiv'd,‡
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul [return'd.

Thus mercy stretches out her hand and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast,
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark§ their [guard
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James and Mary, and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,¶
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'T is godlike God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;

* The sudden false report of the prince's death. *Orig. ed.*

† Those giants are feigned to have grown fifteen ells every day. *Orig. ed.*

‡ In 2 Kings, iv. *Orig. ed.*

§ 1 Sam. iv. 10. *Orig. ed.*

¶ Exod. xvii. 8. *Orig. ed.*

Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost, as starlight is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep the auspicious infant from the quire;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.
Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store
And when the exausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.
The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 't was but one hero's due,*
And, in him, Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect deity;
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurs'd:
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
Yourself our balance hold, the world's, our isle.

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch. *Orig. ed.*

MAC FLECKNOE.†

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute,
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate;
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, 'T is resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;

† This is one of the best, as well as severest, satires ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dulness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureate, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Flecknoe, Esq., from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," says Langbaine, "published sundry works, as he styles them, to continue his name to posterity, though possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own endeavours could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad. *D.* There is a copy of this satire in manuscript, among the manuscripts in the archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace, which presents some readings, different from the printed copies, that may probably amuse the reader, and perhaps in two or three instances induce him to prefer the *written text.* The MS. is numbered 711. 6. T.

And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came*
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:

* * * * *

About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time†
Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme;
Though they in number as in sense excel:
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd,)
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head, [bred;
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy,
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds;
Pure clinches the suburbian muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe.
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way,
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vows be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.

* *And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came*] And coarsly cloth'd in rusty drugget came. MS. *T.*

† *St Andre's feet ne'er kept*, &c.] A French dancing master, at this time greatly admired. *D.*

‡ *Simkin just reception finds*] Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster. *D.*

The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness : long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god ;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main ;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne ;
Beyond Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen !
He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he : My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ ;†
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.‡
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;
But write thy best, and top ; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine :
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :
What share have we in nature, or in art ?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand ?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,§
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain ?
Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arse,'
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce ?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etheridge dost transfuse to thine ?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play :
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 't is inclin'd
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly ‖ make pretence
Of likeness ; thine 's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious art though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st Wings display and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said ; but his last words were scarcely heard :
For Bruce and Longvil¶ had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

* *Beyond Love's Kingdom*, &c.] This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's which was acted, but miscarried in the representation. *D.*

† *Let Virtuosos in five years be writ*] Shadwell's play of the Virtuoso, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676 ; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, 'that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and satire.' *D.*

‡ *To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose*] Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called Epsom Wells. *D.*

§ *Prince Nicander's vein*] A character of a lover in the opera of Psyche. *D.*

‖ *Nor let thy mountain-belly*, &c.] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty lusty. *D.*

¶ *For Bruce and Longvil*, &c.] Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's Virtuoso, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good sense. *D*

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND *SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your muse: no metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.

* Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Mr. Dryden's lady, studied for some time in Magdalen College. He suffered many oppressions on account of his loyalty, and was one of the few of King Charles the Second's friends, whom that monarch did not forget. Perhaps he had his present ends in it; for Sir Robert, who was a man of parts, helped him to obtain money in parliament, wherein he sate as burgess, first for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle Rising in Norfolk. He was, soon after the Restoration, made a knight of the bath, and one of the auditors of the exchequer, valued at £3000 per annum. Notwithstanding that he was supposed to be a great favourer of the Catholics, he soon took the oaths to King William, by whom he was made a privy-counsellor in the beginning of the year 1689; and no man was a more open or inveterate enemy to the Nonjurors.

Several of his pieces, both in prose and verse, were published at different times; among which are, the Duel of the Stags, a celebrated poem; the comedy of the Blind Lady; the Committee, or the Faithful Irishman; the Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma: the Indian Queen, a tragedy, written in conjunction with our author; the Surprizal, a tragi-comedy; and the Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies, a tragedy; the last has two different conclusions, one tragical and the other, to use the author's own words, comical. The last five plays were collected together, and published by Tonson, in a small 12mo volume, in 1722. The Blind Lady was printed with some of his poems.

Langbaine speaks in very high terms of Sir Robert's merit, in which he is copied by Giles Jacob. See their Lives of the Poets.

This gentleman was, however, extremely positive, remarkably overbearing, and pretending to universal knowledge; which failings, joined to his having then been of an opposite party, drew upon him the censure of Shadwell, who has satirized him very severely in a play, called The Sullen Lovers, under the name of Sir Positive At-all, and his lady, whom he first kept, and afterwards married, under that of Lady Vain. *D.*

So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'T is strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be;
Or 't is some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head,
The curious net† that is for fancies spread
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all: this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'T is your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end:
We 're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like illguardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
A sober prince's government is best.
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make the improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Elisa's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wand'ring cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;

† *The curious net*, &c.] A compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled Rete Mirabile. *D.*

Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only show'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page, [stray,
That since in that dark night we needs must
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd [shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture: [throne,
For, since 't is born when Charles ascends the
It shares at once his fortune and its own.

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,* ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supplied the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like empiric wares or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a temperate in a torrid zone:
The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim;
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd:
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.
Among the asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation 's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food,)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd;
Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journeys of the light;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.

* The book that occasioned this epistle made its appearance in quarto in 1663. It is dedicated to King Charles II. and entitled, 'Chorea Gigantum; or, The most famous Antiquity of Great Britain Stone-Henge, standing on Salisbury-plain, restored to the Danes, by Dr. Walter Charleton, M. D. and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.' It was written in answer to a treatise of Inigo Jones's, which attributed this stupendous pile to the Romans, supposing it to be a temple, by them dedicated to the god Cœlum, or Cœlus.

Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.
These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,*
When he from Worcester's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.
His refuge then was for a temple shown;
But, he restor'd, 't is now become a throne.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN,† UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As seamen shipwreck'd, on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envied muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by a world's applause;
Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow:
But those great actions others do by chance
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.
Your power you never use but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence;
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow:
With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captivates all things, sets me free
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waiving plots, found out a better way;
Some God descended and preserved the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight
So beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.

EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER.

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.

* *These ruins shelter'd once*, &c.] In the dedication, made by Dr. Charleton, of his book, concerning Stonehenge, to King Charles II. there is the following memorable passage, which gave occasion to the six concluding lines of this poem.

"I have had the honour to hear from that oracle of truth and wisdom, your Majesty's own mouth: you were pleased to visit that monument, and, for many hours together, entertain yourself with the delightful view thereof, when after the defeat of your loyal army at Worcester, Almighty God, in infinite mercy to your three kingdoms, miraculously delivered you out of the bloody jaws of those ministers of sin, and cruelty." *D.*

† Mr. Dryden's first play, called the Wild Gallant, was exhibited with but indifferent success. The lady, whose patronage he acknowledges in this epistle, was Barbara, daughter of William Villiers, Lord Grandison, who was killed in the king's service at the battle of Edge-hill, in 1642, and buried in Christ church, in Oxford. This lady was one of Charles the Second's favourite mistresses for many years, and she bore him several children. 1. Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; 2. Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston and Duke of Grafton; 3. George Fitzroy, Earl of Northumberland: 4. Charlotta, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, afterwards Earl of Lichfield, and brother to Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon, on whom Dryden has written a beautiful elegy; 5. A daughter, whom the king denied to be his.

This lady was, before she was known to his Majesty, married to Roger Palmer, Esq. who was created Earl of Castlemain, by whom she had a daughter, whom the king adopted, and who married with Thomas Lord Dacres, Earl of Sussex.

The Countess of Castlemain was afterwards created Duchess of Cleveland. *D.*

Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure:
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before:
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just for fear of shame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise and forc'd itself away.
'T is here as 't is at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest
It shoots too fast and high to be express'd;
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom,
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 't is no longer feign'd, 't is real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'T is but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful muse.
That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

EPISTLE THE FIFTH.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'T is sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
Made nature first and nature's God their song,
Nor stopt translation here; for conquering Rome
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first; a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.*
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be
At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
The French pursu'd their steps; and Britain, last
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an Essay;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light:
His own example is a flame so bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'T is well for us his generous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conquering ancestors were nurs'd,
And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight;

* *And tinkled in the close*] Dryden adopts the contemptuous description of rhyme from preceding authors, and those of no mean note. Thus in Ben Jonson's Mask of *The Fortunate Isles*, Skogan, the jester, is represented as a writer 'in rime, fine *tinckling* rime!' And Andrew Marvell, in his spirited verses to Milton on his Paradise Lost, thus exclaims:

'Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With *tinkling* rhyme, of thy own sense secure.' T.

A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain the inglorious praise of art!
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer;
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves?
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
Roscommon writes: to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscommon, first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
Our English palace opens wide in state;
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK,* ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now the illustrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, though they rais'd no storm,
Foreslow'd her passage, to behold her form:
Some cried, A Venus; some, A Thetis pass'd
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and died!
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heavens become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit:
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state:
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love;
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the king.

* On the twenty-first of November, 1673, the Duke of York was married to the princess Mary d'Este, then about fifteen years of age, and extremely handsome. The ceremony was performed at Dover by the bishop of Oxford. It was against the rules of policy for him at that time to wed a Roman Catholic; and the parliament addressed against it. *D.*

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From tropic e'en to pole artique;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium.
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,

For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapp'd, and for want of liquor dry
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence.
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'T is the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay here 's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font denied,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES' EXCUSE.*

Sure there's a fate in plays, and 't is in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit;
And while it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show:
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting, such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The standard of thy style let Etheredge be;
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherly;
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.† ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;

* The success of this play was but indifferent; but so high was our author's opinion of its merit, that, on this very account, he bequeathed to this poet the writing of the last act of his Cleomenes; which, Southerne says, 'when it comes into the world, will appear so considerable a trust, that all the town will pardon me for defending this play, that preferred me to it.' *D.*

† This gentleman brought a comedy on the stage in 1698, called the Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot,

At mighty villains, who the state oppress'd,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
And art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 't is compass'd leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help the ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'T is all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No: I have cured myself of that disease;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
But let me half that cure to you restore;
You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.
Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ;
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood:
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boisterous English wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants ease.
In different talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t' other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etheredge his courtship, Southerne's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd;
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between,)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular,

which was damned, and he complains hardly of the ill usage; for the Bear-Garden critics treated it with cat-calls. It is printed and dedicated to the courtly Earl of Dorset: Sir Charles Sedley wrote the prologue, and it was ushered into the world with several copies of verses. The audience were dismissed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it. *See G. Jacob's Lives of the Poets.* D.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought; [taught.
But genius must be born, and never can be
This is your portion; this your native store;
Heaven that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: That 's all the fame you need;
For 't is impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and, oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what those lines express:
You merit more: nor could my love do less.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

TO MR. GRANVILLE, ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend!
But since 't is nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and withering age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscall reviving,
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 't is he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay.
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.
This difference yet the judging world will see;
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX,* ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'T is hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art by heaven itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely, or profanely, writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
Nor when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion worse than witchcraft,† they pursu'd,
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy. [see
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:

* Peter Motteux, to whom this piece is addressed, was born in Normandy, but settled as a merchant in London very young, and lived in repute. He died in a house of ill fame near the Strand, and was supposed to have been murdered, in 1718. He produced eleven dramatic pieces, and his Beauty in Distress is thought much the best of them: it was played in Lincoln's-inn-fields by Betterson's company in 1698. *D.*

† *Rebellion, worse than witchcraft*] From 1 Sam. xv. 23. 'For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft,' &c. *T.*

Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at least, we may divide,
Humility reward, and punish pride;
Ambition, interest, avarice, accuse:
These are the province of a tragic muse.
These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That e'en Corneille might with envy see
The alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey, [allay.
More fit for manly thought and strengthen'd with
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend.

EPISTLE THE THIRTEENTH,*

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN JOHN DRYDEN, OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How bless'd is he,† who leads a country life,
Unver'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age;
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom:
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save the expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd.
How could he stand, when put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone,
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet if some be bad, 't is wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part:
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought:
The first-begotten had his father's share:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew,
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champaign sports or sylvan chase:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
E'en then industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed,
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd

* This poem was written in 1699. The person to whom it is addressed was cousin-german to the poet, and a younger brother of the baronet. *D.*

† *How bless'd is he.*] This is one of the most truly Horatian epistles in our language, comprehending a variety of topics and useful reflections, and sliding from subject to subject with ease and propriety. Writing this note in the year 1799, I am much struck with the lines that follow the 175th, as containing the soundest political truths. *Dr. J. W.*

You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse
Wouldst thou be soon despatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
Oh, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
The apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them but under their superiors kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill;
He scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private use;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns: and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade:
E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath year to mend the meager soil.
Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor overbuys;
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want is like to last:
Which if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war, in every annual course:
What has been done was done with British force:
Namur subdu'd is England's palm alone;†
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town:

* *Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:*
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, &c.]
Dr. Gibbons was a physician at this time justly in high esteem. By Maurus is meant Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to King William, and author of many epic poems. Milbourn was a nonjuring minister. *D.*

† *Namur subdu'd is England's palm, &c.*] In the year 1695, William III. carried Namur, after a siege of one month. The garrison retired to the citadel, which capitulated upon honourable terms in another month. The courage of our men in this siege was much admired, as was the conduct of the king. *D.*

We saw the event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursu'd the peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian King was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
E'en victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, [own.
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country serves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves;
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war;
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a b dy give.
Such was your generous grandsire: free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birth-right liberty,
And sham'd oppression till it set him free.
O true descendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see; [thine,
'T is so far good, as it resembles thee:
The beauties to the original I owe;
Which when I miss, my own defects I show:
Nor think the kindred muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford
One to perform, another to record.
Praiseworthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For e'en when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

EPISTLE THE FOURTEENTH.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Once I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue,
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will:
Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 't is somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original:
Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd:
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began to enervate poetry.
Thus in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest:
Where light to shades descending, plays, not
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. [strives,
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold: with dauntless
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. [breast
Like his thy critics in the attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter muse, though last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent. [bears,
Though nature there her true resemblance
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild nature we engraft our skill;
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none. [own,
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not seven cities, but the world would strive.
Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame;
For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'T is only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius bounded by the times like mine
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.
But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live;
Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think. [vain,
Good heaven! that sots and knaves should be so
To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest
Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal art exprest;
But venerable age shall add the rest.
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELIGIES AND EPITAPHS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little,* and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won [the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime,
Still show'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING. AN ODE.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neigh'bring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heavens eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse:
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last* which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the chour of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspiscious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.

* *Farewell, too little*] This short elegy is finished with the most exquisite art and skill. Not an epithet or expression can be changed for a better. It is also the most harmonious in its numbers of all that this great master of harmony has produced. Oldham's Satire on the Jesuits is written with vigour and energy It is remarkable that Dryden calls Oldham his brother in satire, hinting that this was the characteristical turn of both their genuses.

'To the same goal did both our studies drive.
Dr. J. W.

* *And was that Sappho last*, &c.] Our author here compliments Mrs. Killigrew, with admitting the doctrine of metempsychosis, and supposing the soul that informs her body to be the same with that of Sappho's, who lived six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and was equally renowned for poetry and love. She was called the tenth Muse. Phaon, whom she loved, treating her with indifference, she jumped into the sea and was drowned *D.*

And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'T was that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love [above.
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth and undefil'd; [child.
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 't was only born
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed, [read.
What in the best of books, her father's life, she
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her muse will bear
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'T was Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades.
Where nymphs of brightest form appear
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome, or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a contrast ne'er was seen before.
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For not content to express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was portray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportion'd shape, and beauteous face

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died:* [late:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both trans-
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamer to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft and if thou kenn'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'T is she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground:
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Oh last and best,* of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did in each other live;
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEONORA;

A PANEGYRICAL POEM DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

The commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that

* *But thus Orinda died*] The matchless Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was author of a book of poems published in folio, and wrote several other things. She died also of the small pox in 1664, being only thirty-two years of age. She was a woman of an indifferent appearance: but of great virtue, taste, and erudition, which endeared her to the first people of the age. The Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon, Lady Corke, &c. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Cowley, &c. &c. were all her friends. *D.*

* *Oh last and best*] The conduct and death of this truly valiant chieftain is described with much eloquence and animation in his account of the important battle at Killikranky, by Sir John Dalrymple, in the first volume of his Memoirs. Dundee, being wounded by a musket-ball, rode off the field, desiring his mischance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horse; as soon as he was recovered, he desired to be raised, looked to the field, and asked, 'How things went?' Being told, 'All well;' then said he, 'I am well,' and expired. *Dr. J. W*

I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults among the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security; for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I among the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are, who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the arti-

ficer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'T is no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born among them. The good of both sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 't is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and 't is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

*ELEONORA:†

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound [blast
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful
Is blown to distant colonies at last; [vain,
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in the extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supplied,
Beginning to be such, but when she died.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by
Secure of bread, as of returning light; [night,
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made; [paid:
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven; to heap huge treasures there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of the apostles' cure.

* It appears, from the dedication to the Earl of Abingdon, that this poem was written at his Lordship's own desire. The lady whom the poem affects to praise was one of the co-heiresses of Sir Henry Lee, of Chicheley in Oxfordshire, and sister to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Wharton, a lady eminent for her poetical genius, whom Mr. Waller has celebrated in an elegant copy of verses. *D.*

† The Earl is said to have given Dryden five hundred guineas for this poem. *T.*

The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 't was home.
As to some holy house the afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, naked and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like hers her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train: [know;
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way, [appear
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.
Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficent, shows a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift: [thrift
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd the excess of goodness into sin.
These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other woman are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold,
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long orisons forbids; [deeds.
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by
Her every day was sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new:
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 't is she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'T is like the milky way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 't is undistinguish'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 't is a train of stars, that, rolling on,

Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 't is Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'T is hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part, [art.
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurs'd;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief
they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:
When he to heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves
Yet as the soul is all in every part, [before.
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to the artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind:
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.
Thus fix'd she virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection: she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That for more children, she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take the impressions of her
Enough still left to sanctify her kind. [mind)
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
To unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 't is the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind. [are;
The souls of friends like kings in progress
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwell-
ing was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business
well forgot.

This is the imperfect draught; but short as
As the true height and bigness of a star [far
Exceeds the measures of the astronomer.
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial
By our weak optics is but vainly guess'd; [face,
Distance and altitude conceal the rest. [mind
Though all these rare endowments of the
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each com-
But every act stood ready to repeat. [plete;
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 't was her Saviour's time; and, could there
A copy near the original, 't was she. [be
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure; [death:
So little penance needs, when souls are almost
pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her: [there.
She did but dream of heaven, and she was
No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still
voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to
come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day: [act;
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firma-
ment,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.
O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be previous,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.
Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar muse:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depress'd,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where o'en to draw the picture of thy mind
Is satire on the most of human kind;
Take it, while yet 't is praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wish thy place
Were, in the best presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are,)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.

As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory: [thee.
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'T was on a joyless and a gloomy morn, [thorn:
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the
When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and curst the ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face:
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cried, return, unhappy swain,
The spungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But e'en the spring, the spring itself is lost.
Amyntas—oh!—he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boast of nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cried: The morn bespoke the news:
The morning did her cheerful light diffuse:
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature smil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time: [away,
Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey: [day.
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress't,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
So dire a sadness sat on every look, [drown'd.
E'en Death repented he had given the stroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy,
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play [way.
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new come guest admires the ethereal state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire [quire;
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee.
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,

Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven be-
A child, and could not finish him a man; [gan
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself;
And giving us the use, did soon recall,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified;
For 't is improper speech to say he died:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'T is sin produces death; and he had none,
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'T was but the original forfeit of his blood:
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;
Though miracles are short and rarely shown.
Learn then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was tied.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiplied in your remaining store.
The flame 's dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And form those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS,

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the spring.
But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, list'ning, silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came,
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retired,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky:
They handed him along, [sung.
And all the way he taught, and all the way they
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town in the forty sixth year of his age. October 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.*

Below this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd,
The mould was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.

* This lady is interred in the Abbey-church. The epitaph is on a white marble stone fixed in the wall, together with this inscription: 'Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of Richard Frampton, of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq; and of Jane his wife, sole daughter of Sir Francis Coffington, of Pounthill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died after seven weeks illness on the 6th of September, 1698.

'This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her second sister and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection, and gratitude.' *D.*

A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs, or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON.

OF BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by a heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty, [thee.
Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

THE FAIR STRANGER, A SONG.*

Happy and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh! there 's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

* This song is a compliment to the Duchess of Portsmouth, on her first coming to England. *D.*

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

Clarendon had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland,* Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'T will turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave.

* *But Sunderland*] This nobleman had certainly great and various abilities, with a complete versatility of genius, and a most insinuating address; but he was totally void of all principles, moral or religious, and a much more abandoned character than Shaftesbury, whom it is so common to calumniate. He certainly urged James II. to pursue arbitrary and illegal measures, that he intended should be his ruin, and betrayed him to the Prince of Orange. The Abbé de Longuerue relates, that Dr. Massey, of Christ Church, assured him, he once received an order from King James to expel twenty-four students of that college in Oxford, if they did not embrace popery. Massey, astonished at the order, was advised by a friend to go to London, and show it to the king; who assured him he had never given him such an order, and commended Massey for not having obeyed it; yet still this infatuated monarch continued to trust Sunderland. *Dr. J. W.*

Shall free born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 't is too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim*
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

SONG FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA.†

Farewell, fair Armida, my joy and my grief,
In vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;

* *Sharp violins*] It is a judicious remark of Mr. Mason, that Dryden with propriety gives this epithet to the instrument; because, in the poet's time, they could not have arrived at that delicacy of tone, even in the hands of the best masters, which they now have in those of an inferior kind. See Essays on English Church Music, by the Rev. W. Mason, M.A. Precentor of York, 12mo. 1795, p. 218. *T.*

† This song, written on the death of Captain Digby, has been given by Mr. Malone in his Life of Dryden, on account, he says, of its 'not having been preserved in Dryden's works, and being found entire only in a scarce Miscellany, viz. Covent Garden Drollery.' I must, however, observe, that the song is printed entire in New Court Songs and

Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair;
Now call'd by my honour, I seek with content
The fate which in pity you would not prevent:
To languish in love, were to find by delay
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.
On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you give, though far off I bear
My fall from your sight—not to cost you a tear:
But if the kind flood on a wave should convey,
And under your window my body should lay,
The wound on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say with a sigh—it was given by me.

THE LADY'S SONG.

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Poems, by R. V. Gent. 8vo. 672, p. 78. In this collection the second line runs thus:—

'In vain I have lov'd you, and *find* no relief.'

The sixth,

'*A* fate which in pity,' &c.

The twelfth,

'My *fate* from your sight,' &c.

An answer from Armida, as she is called, follows the Song in this collection; but it is not worth citing. The ridiculous parody on this Song in the Rehearsal is too well known to require copying here. But the following ludicrous stanza, which I have seen in MS. and which is a coeval parody on Dryden's Song to Armida, deserves to be cited:—

'Or if the king please that I may, at his charge,
Just under your window he brought in a barge;
Nay 'twill be enough, as I died a brave fighter,
If but to your window I come in a lighter;
Or, rather than fail to shew my love fuller,
I would be content to arrive in a sculler;
But if me these favours my fate hath deny'd,
I hope to come floating up with a spring tyde.

Armida is said to have been the beautiful Frances Stuart, wife of Charles, Duke of Richmond. Captain Digby was killed at sea in the engagement between the English and Dutch fleet, off Southwold Bay, in 1672. *T.*

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

SONG.

Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve 's too late.

SONG.

High state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

SONG.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.

To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY,

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus,* plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;

* Dr. Burney has given a learned, full, and entertaining account of Timotheus, the musician, in his first volume of his History of Music, p. 405. Mr. Jackson, whose taste and feeling on the subject of music must be allowed to be just and exquisite, censures Dryden for extending the powers of music over the passions, and affirms that pleasure only can be excited. *Dr. J. W.*

The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face: [comes.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits besides thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold, a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand! [slain,
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valliant crew.
Behold, how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy
Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre, [sire.
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete,* to thee.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
A hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the gaol in sight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS, *with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of humankind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten the back,
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'T is better to laugh than to cry.

* *Eternal Paraclete*] This is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct compositions. Its poetry and piety aid each other. *Dr. J. W.*

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

T' s better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
  Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS.

Then goddess of the silver bow begin.
[*Horns, or hunting music within.*

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day;
  And hie to the woodland-walks away:
  I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
  And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.
  I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
  And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
  With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
  And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORUS OF ALL.

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in it's prime:

CHRONOS.

Free from rage:

DIANA.

And free from crime:

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Then our age was in it's prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of* DIANA'S *attendants.*

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inspire the vocal brass, inspire
The world is past its infant age:
  Arms and honour,
  Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
  The sprightly green,
In woodland-walks, on more is seen,
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Plenty, peace, &c.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveillé, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
  And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
  With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
  For things are as they were.

CHORUS OF ALL.

The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS

Calms appear when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
  I faint, I lag,
  And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view;
[*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy wars brought nothing about; [*To Mars.*
Thy lovers were all untrue. [*To Venus.*

JANUS.

'T is well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

CHORUS OF ALL.

All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chase had a beast in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were untrue.
'T is well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.
[*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors and lovers.*

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

Music within. The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHILLIS.

Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'T is he——'T is he alone;
For, like him there is none
'T is the dear, dear man, 't is thee, dear.

AMYNTAS.

Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what is that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright;
'T is Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so far a light;
'T is Phillis, 't is Phillis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS.

If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm.
[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHILLIS.

But suppose he should stay. . . . . .

AMYNTAS.

At worst if he delay,
'T is a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner begun.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

At worst if delay, &c.
They run out together hand in hand.

SONGS IN THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I.

Ah fading joy; how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow fate, which would too fast pursue.
See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?
Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

II.

I look'd and saw within the book of fate,
When many days did lour,
When lo! one happy hour
Leap'd up, and smil'd to save the sinking state;
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel foes shall be:
Then shall thy land be free:
And then in peace shall reign;
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which, once refus'd, will never come again.

SONG IN THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I feed a flame within, which so torments me, that it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:

'T is such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses, [it.
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 't is the fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love no frown can fright
To be more happy, I dare not aspire; [me:
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONGS IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

I.

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phyllis is still in my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go,
My feet of themselves, the way find:
Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no
Than, Phyllis too fair and unkind! [more,

When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my
And the love I would stifle is shown; [breast,
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my eyes Phyllis is gone. [mind;
Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad
But, alas! when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!

Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O, let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phyllis again!
Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no monarch his reign.

Alas! I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own power! [prove,
She makes me each day a new martyrdom
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phyllis, both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her power.

II.

He. How unhappy a lover am I,
While I sigh for my Phyllis in vain;
All my hopes of delight
Are another man's right,
Who is happy, while I am in pain!

She. Since her honour allows no relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'T is the best of your fate,
In a hopeless estate
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

He. I have tried the false med'cine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no food to its fire;
But it burns and consumes me within.

She. Yet, at least, 't is a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the nymph you adore
Is as wretched, and more;
And counts all your sufferings her own.

He. O ye gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

She. What her honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your
Such a flame as is true [love.
After fate will renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT, IN AMBOYNA.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air
Up with your fights, and your nettings prepare;
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold
spright, [fight.
Now each man his brindice, and then to the
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply
Oh now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot; [roar,
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 't is the guns
The neighbouring billows are turn'd into gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell. [amain,
Now, now they grapple, and now board
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings
fall;

She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight!

INCANTATION IN ŒDIPUS.

TIR. CHOOSE the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars rais'd, of turf or stone,
Will th' infernal powers have none,
Anwser me, if this be done?
ALL PR. 'T is done.
TIR. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curl'd hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun,
Answer me, if this be done?
ALL PR. 'T is done.
TIR. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam:
Snatch a brand from funeral pile:
Toss it in, to make them boil;
And turn your faces from the sun,
Answer me, if this be done?
ALL PR. 'T is done.

SONGS IN ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

I.

CEASE, Augusta: cease thy mourning,
Happy days appear,
Godlike Albion is returning,
Loyal hearts to cheer!
Every grace his youth adorning,
Glorious as the star of morning,
Or the planet of the year.

II.

ALBION, by the nymph attended,
Was to Neptune recommended,
Peace and plenty spread the sails;
Venus, in her shell before him,
From the sands in safety bore him,
And supplied Etesian gales.
Archon on the shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his landing,
Crowds of people swarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like peals of thunder,
Welcome, rent the skies asunder,
Welcome, heaven and earth resound.

III.

INFERNAL offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of heaven your native right,
And from the glorious fields of light,
Condem'd in shades to drag the chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy plain;
Since pleasures here are none below,
Be ill our good, our joy be woe;
Our work t' embroil the worlds above,
Disturb their union, disunite their love,
And blast the beauteous frame of our victorious foe.

IV.

SEE the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train:
All the calmer gales befriend thee
In thy passage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the watery plain.

V.

ALBION, lov'd of gods and men,
Prince of Peace too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining,
Thou shalt be restor'd again:
Albion, lov'd of gods and men.

Still thou art the care of heaven,
In thy youth to exile driven:
Heaven thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented:
In thy age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conspir'd, and friends betray'd thee.
To the brink of danger driven,
Still thou art the care of heaven.

SONGS IN KING ARTHUR.

I.

Where a battle is supposed to be given behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which, the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:

The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.
The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound:
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.
Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

II.

MAN SINGS.

Oh sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'T is sweet, when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain-tops, and paint the field!
But when Clarinda comes in sight,
She makes the summer's day more bright;
And when she goes away, 't is night.

CHORUS.

When fair Clarinda comes in sight, &c.

WOMAN SINGS.

'T is sweet the blushing morn to view;
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew:
But such cheap delights to see,
Heaven and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes, as well as we;
This is the joy, all joys above.
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love!

CHORUS.

This is the joy, all joys above, &c.

III.

Two daughters of this aged stream are we;
And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for thee;
Come bathe with as an hour or two,
Come naked in, for we are so:
What danger from a naked foe?
Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
What pleasures in the floods appear;
We'll beat the waters till they bound,
And circle round, around, around,
And circle round, around.

IV.

Ye blustering brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruffled all the watery plain
Retire, and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o'er the main.
Serene and calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
The new created world began,
And birds on boughs did softly sing
Their peaceful homage paid to man;
While Eurus did his blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender year.
Retreat, rude winds, retreat
To hollow rocks, your stormy seat;
There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

V.

For folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
The shepherd's and the farmer's gains,
Fair Britain all the world outvies;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
Where pleasure mix'd with profit lies.

Though Jason's fleece was fam'd of old,
The British wool is growing gold;
No mines can more of wealth supply;
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

VI.

Fairest isle, all isle excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of love;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove,
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG OF JEALOUSY, IN LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,
'T is all from thee,
O Jealousy!
'T is all from thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousy:
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL LADIES.

'T is much desir'd, you judges of the town
Would pass a vote to put all prologues down:
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well; in former days
Good prologues were as scarce as now good plays.
For the reforming poets of our age
In this first charge, spend their poetic rage:
Expect no more when once the prologue's done;
The wit is ended ere the play's begun.
You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes;
High language often; ay, and sense, sometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to th' plot.
And for surprise, two bloody-minded men
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.
Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day,
But blame yourselves, not him who writ the play:
Though his plot's dull, as can be well desired,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admired:
He's bound to please, not to write well; and knows
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes;
Therefore, kind judges....

A SECOND PROLOGUE ENTERS.

2. Hold; would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit?
1. Whom would he then except, or on what score?
2. All who (like him) have writ ill plays before;
For they, like thieves condemn'd, are hangmen made,
To execute the members of their trade.
All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—even all the town;
All choleric, losing gamesters, who in spite,
Will damn to-day, because they lost last night;
All servants, whom their mistress' scorn upbraids;
All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids;
All, who are out of humour, or severe;
All, that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE TO THE INDIAN QUEEN.

As the music plays a soft air, the curtain rises slowly, and discovers an India boy and girl sleeping under two plantain-trees; and, when the curtain is almost up, the music turns into a tune expressing an alarm, at which the boy awakes, and speaks:

Boy. Wake, wake, Quevira! our soft rest must cease.
And fly together with our country's peace!
No more must we sleep under plantain shade,
Which neither heat could pierce, nor cold invade;
Where bounteous nature never feels decay,
And opening buds drive falling fruits away.
Que. Why should men quarrel here, where all possess
As much as they can hope for by success?—
None can have most, where nature is so kind,
As to exceed man's use, though not his mind.
Boy. By ancient prophecies we have been told,
Our world shall be subdued by one more old;—
And, see, that world already's hither come.
Que. If these be they, we welcome then our doom!
Their looks are such, that mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our native innocence.
Boy. Why should we then fear these our enemies
That rather seem to us like deities?
Que. By their protection, let us beg to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.
If so, your goodness may your power express,
And we shall judge both best by our success.

EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN QUEEN.

SPOKEN BY MONTEZUMA.

You see what shifts we are enforc'd to try,
To help out wit with some variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'T is hard to find such wit as ne'er has been:
You have seen all that this old world can do,
We, therefore, try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught nature with your practis'd wit:
Our naked Indians, then, when wits appear,
Would as soon choose to have the Spaniards here. [show,
'T is true you have marks enough, the plot, the
The poet's scenes, nay, more, the painters too;
If all this fail, considering the cost,
'T is a true voyage to the Indies lost:
But if you smile on all, then these designs,
Like the imperfect treasure of our minds,
Will pass for current wheresoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous hands their stamps they owe.

EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

BY A MERCURY.

To all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus send ye greeting.
To all his sons, by whate'er title known,
Whether of court, or coffee house, or town;
From his most mighty sons, whose confidence
Is plac'd in lofty sound, and humble sense,
Even to his little infants of the time, [rhyme;
Who write new songs, and trust in tune and
Be't known, that Phœbus (being daily grieved
To see good plays condemn'd, and bad received)
Ordains your judgment upon every cause,
Henceforth, be limited by wholesome laws.
He first thinks fit no sonnetteer advance
His censure farther than the song or dance.
Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all doggerel rhyme;
All proves, and moves, and loves, and honours too;
All that appears high sense, and scarce is low.
As for the coffee wits, he says not much;
Their proper business is to damn the Dutch:
For the great dons of wit—
Phœbus gives them full privilege alone,
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
Last, for the ladies, 't is Apollo's will,
They should have power to save, but not to kill;
For love and he long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE TO SIR MARTIN MARRALL.

Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
Are yet the great regalios of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear:
Fops in the town more easily will pass;
One story makes a statutable ass:
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade, [glade:
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a
And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pie:
The poet's but the cook to fashion it, [wit.
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong;
None welcome those who bring their cheer along.

PROLOGUE TO THE TEMPEST.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot; [day
So from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this
Springs up and buds a new reviving play: [part
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first im-
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art. [law;
He, monarch like, gave those, his subjects
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonson crept, and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'T is with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen. [shore,
The storm, which vanish'd on the neighb'ring
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

I must confess 't was bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And he then writ, as people then believed.
But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more: [ploy
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forc'd to em-
One of our women to present a boy;
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transform'd from man to womankind.
Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.

* * * * *

PROLOGUE TO TYRANNIC LOVE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice in all critics reigns so high,
That for small errors, they whole plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but madmen judge or [write.
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
To impose upon you what he writes for wit:
So hopes, that, leaving you your censures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over care;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
Hence 't is, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loos'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT,

WHEN REVIVED.

Of all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 't is the best, so 't is most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every public street;
In which, if e'er the poet go astray,
You all can point, 't was there he lost his way.
But, what's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do.
For 't is like Turks, with hen and rice to treat;
To make regalios out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow savages:
Nothing but human flesh your taste can please;
And, as their feasts with slaughter'd slaves began,
So you, at each new play, must have a man.
Hither you come, as to see prizes fought;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is nought.
But fools grow wary now; and, when they see
A poet eyeing round the company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like seamen when a press comes [out.
Few of them will be found for public use,
Except you charge an oaf upon each house,
Like the train bands, and every man engage
For a sufficient fool, to serve the stage.
And when, with much ado, you get him there,
Where he in all his glory should appear,
Your poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any man i' th' play:
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a parrot's taught to break a jest.
Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a show,
As tawdry squires in country churches do.
Things well consider'd, 't is so hard to make
A comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg, by me, his writ of ease.
'T is a land-tax, which he 's too poor to pay;
You therefore must some other impost lay.
Would you but change, for serious plot and [verse,
This motly garniture of fool and farce,
Nor scorn a mode, because 't is taught at home,
Which does, like vests, our gravity become,
Our poet yields you should this play refuse:
As tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose,
With some content, their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple trade advance.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand

Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce
Expecting famine on a desert shore. [o'er,
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true :
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'T is left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was :
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed :
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

They who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conform'd their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 't was coarse :
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean ;
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd scene,
Which must atone for an ill writen play.
They rose, but at their hight could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight
Think it not envy, that these truths are told :
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'T is not to brand them, that their faults are shown,
But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If love and honour now are higher rais'd,
'T is not the poet, but the age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree ;
Our native language more refin'd and free.
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true ;
That what this poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill (which most he fears,)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet though you judge (as sure the critics will,)
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an age more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE TO AMBOYNA.

As needy gallants in the scriveners' hands,
Court the rich knave that gripes their mortgag'd lands,
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment :
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.

* * * * *

What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet, still the same religion answers all :
Religion wheedled you to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's spare: now would
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith—than you ;
Interest's the god they worship in their state ;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.

* * * * *

How they love England, you shall see this day;
No map shows Holland truer than our play :
Their pictures and inscriptions well we know ;
We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty ;
And think what once they were, they still would be :
But hope not either language, plot, or art ;
'T was writ in haste, but with an English heart:
And least hope wit ; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper, as would honesty.

EPILOGUE TO AMBOYNA.

A poet once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the muse's right;

So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortur'd fathers in his play.
To one well born the affront is worse, and more,
When he's abus'd, and baffled by a boor:
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new comonwealth has set them free,
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride;
Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin:
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
So we before your eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,* MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away;
When, fallen from your expected pomp, you [find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favour wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire:
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yeld in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence;
That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less.
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
The extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud:
Our royal master will'd it should be so;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'T were folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays, [reign,
While scenes, machines, and empty operas
And for the pencil you the pen disdain: [drive,
While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither.
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live:
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit;
You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry Bon, and humour the cadence.
Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood, [land good.
That French machines have ne'er done Eng-
I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you overrate,
'T is to be fear'd . . . . . .
That as a fire the former house o' erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

* This prologue must certainly have been writen for the King's company, which I suppose at this time might have opened their house in Drury Lane. The reflection cast upon the taste of the town in these three lines,

'T were folly now a stately pile to raise, [plays,
To build a playhouse while you throw down
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign:

is certainly levelled at the Duke's company, who had exhibited the Siege of Rhodes, and other expensive operas and who now were getting up Psyche. Circe, &c. *D.*

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1674. SPOKEN BY MR HART.*

POETS, your subjects, have the parts assign'd
To unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,

* Several gentlemen, who had adhered to their principles of loyalty during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the exile of the royal family being left un-provided for at the Restoration, they applied themselves to different occupations for a livelihood: among them was Mr. Hart, the speaker of his prologue, who had served his magesty as a captain in the civil war, and was now an actor in a capital cast, and in great estimation. *D.*

And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life: [go,
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of chrystal show'd the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joys we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim [fame.
May be renew'd from those who gave them
None of our living poets dare appear;
For muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most. [pit,
Poets must stoop, when they would please our
Debas'd e'en to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher. [scends,
So far your knowledge all their power tran-
As what should be beyond what is extends.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.*

BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t' other hand.
They check him not that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young
Did no Valpone, nor no Arbaces write; [flight,
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some Slighted Maid.
Shakespear's own muse her Pericles first bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'T is miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is cursed;
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

* Circe was an opera. Tragedy among ancients was throughout accompained with music. *Dr. J. W.*

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter* I made my court in vain;
I' ll now asume my native shape again.
I' m weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god, to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love,
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
'T is here that sovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
E' en while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 't is not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:

* *As Jupiter*] It was a sister of Duchess of the Marlborough, a maid of honour, and afterwards Duchess of Tirconnel, celebrated by Grammont, that acted in the Masque of Calisto at court, 1675. *Dr. J. W.*

Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity:
Too glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine:
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

PROLOGUE TO AURENGZEBE.

Our author, by experience, finds it true, [you;
'T is much more hard to please himself than
And out of no feign'd modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground:
What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
And to an age less polish'd, more unskil'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield,
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamester, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war:
All southren vices, heaven be praised, are here;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the plant are loath,
'T is a shrewd sign' t was never of your growth;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange trees, 't is hous'd from snow
There needs no care to put a playhouse down,
'T is the most desert place of all the town:
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruin'd with expensive war;
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of wit.

EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE;

OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. BY SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1676.

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks he's pretty company:
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' the shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow:
His swordknot this, his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE.

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thunder'd through the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this difference grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'T is civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:

For 't is observ'd of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink and purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quitely sue out his writ of ease.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play; [drudge
Heaven help the man who for that face must
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those; [foes,
For should you raise such numerous hosts of
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'T is more than one man's work to please you all.

PROLOGUE TO LIMBERHAM.

Tauk wit has seen its best days long ago;
It ne'er look'd up, since we were dipt in show;
When sense in doggerel rhymes and clouds was lost,
And dulness flourish'd at the actor's cost.
Nor stop it here; when tragedy was done,
Satire and humour the same fate have run,
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.
Now our machining lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for heaven or hell;
What stuff can please you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the rebellion first began
To wit, restore the monarch, if they can;
Our author dares not be the first bold man.
He, like the prudent citizen, takes care
To keep for better marts his staple ware;
His toys are good enough for Sturbridge fair.
Tricks were the fashion; if it now be spent,
'T is time enough at Easter to invent;
No man will make up a new suit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a small pretence,
To forage for a little wit and sense,
Pray pardon him. he meant you no offence.
Next summer, Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the critics shall be shipp'd away,
And not enow be left to damn a play.
To every sail beside, good heaven, be kind;
But drive away that swarm with such a wind,
That not one locust may be left behind!

EPILOGUE TO MITHRIDATES,

KING OF PONTUS. BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for most of you will cry
'T was a just judgment on their constancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage
And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays
A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent desire;
'T is a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, the name examin'd well,
'T is pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 't is of subtle interest made:
Curse on the one that made it first a trade!
She first did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be sold:
Or, if it be, 't is at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'T is prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half crown way;
And woman fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

PROLOGUE TO ŒDIPUS.

When Athens all the Grecian state did guide,
And Greece gave laws to all the world beside
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 't was sung in verse, or said in prose,
Then, Œdipus, on crowded theatres,
Drew all admiring eyes and list'ning ears:
The pleas'd spectator shouted every line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best design!
And every critic of each learned age,
By this just model has reform'd the stage.
Now, should it fail, (as heaven avert our fear)
Damn it in silence, lest the world should hear.
For were it known this poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect savages:
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turn'd Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 't is not fit
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit:
Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece;
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.

See twice! do not pellmell to damning fall,
Like true born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient wit proceed;
You take the four first councils for your creed.
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely,
You turn fanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your penn'orths of the play,
And come resolv'd to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact,
The first play buried since the woollen act.

EPILOGUE TO ŒDIPUS.

What Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous mass from Greece;
A weight that bent e'en Seneca's strong muse,
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is the Athenian harp to string!
So much two consuls yield to one just king.
Terror and pity this whole poem sway
The mightiest machines that can mount a play.
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from ground! [birth,
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth:
And when your children find your judgment such, [born Dutch;
They 'll scorn their sires, and wish themselves
Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must underwrite to please.
As some strong churl would, brandishing advance
The monumental sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thousand years
Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
And, in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak states each other's power assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure.
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, REPRESENTING THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE.

See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespeare
An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes! [rise.
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'T was, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough drawn play you shall behold
Some master strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short liv'd issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage!
For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
That tolls the knell for their departed sense.
Dullness might thrive in any trade but this:
'T would recommend to some fat benefice.
Dullness, that in a playhouse meets disgrace,
Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
The fulsome clench, that nauseates the town,
Would from a judge or alderman go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
And that insipid stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave debate;
Dullness is decent in the church and state.
But I forget that still 't is understood,
Bad plays are best decried by showing good.
Sit silent then, that my pleas'd soul may see
A judging audience once, and worthy me;
My faithful scene from true records shall tell,
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.

The unhappy man,* who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;

* *The unhappy man*] Lee had so melodious a voice, and such pathetic elocution, that reading one of his own scenes to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun

Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichrist, or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort, [Court;
Which whilom of Requests was call'd the
But now the great Exchange of News 't is hight
And full of hum and buzz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the
But all your entertainment still is fed [French.
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 't is infallible as is the chair. [pranks;
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such
The pope says grace, but 't is the devil gives
[thanks.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation;
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst, the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor should we scape the sentence, to depart,
E'en in our first original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

in the warmth of his admiration threw down his part, and exclaimed, Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it.' Yet it is a very remarkable circumstance, that Lee failed as an actor in attempting to perform the character of Duncan in Macbeth, 1672. As did Otway, in a play of Mrs. Afra Behn, entitled the Jealous Bridegroom. After this failure, the first wrote his Alcibiades, and the last mentioned author his Nero. *Dr. J. W.*

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write,
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch,
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrovetide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 't is almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress'd,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.

Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water muse:
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick. [time;
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd
If these should fail. . . . [in rhyme;
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost; [stage,
While you turn players on the world's great
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The fam'd Italian muse, whose rhymes ad-
Orlando and the Paladins of France, [vance
Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'T is lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in town we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to the old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their last provision here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
We look'd what representatives would bring;
But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth [worth;
The Sibyl's books to those who know their
And though the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forced to turn his satire into praise.

PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun:
The surly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with daylight can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.
Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
To make their solemn show at heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is express'd;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But most are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;
Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear:
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw;
The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'T is needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loathe the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Tost and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to aftertimes assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

AN EPILOGUE FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine,
And chang'd his vision for the Muses nine.
The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from playhouse earth:
Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
Foreshows our change of state, and thin third-days.
'T is not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's press would suffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'T is just like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER:*

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE. BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!)
The critic humbly seems advice to bring; [hate.
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a satire slides;
T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away, [prey.
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of

* The Loyal Brother or the Persian Prince, Mr. Southerne's first play, was acted at Drury Lane in 1682: a time in which the Tory interest, after long struggles, carried, all before it. The character of the Loyal Brother was a compliment intended for the Duke of York. This prologue is a continued invective against the Whigs. *D.*

Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:
And that would be till next Queen Bess's night:*
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wise, [eyes.
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire:
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years:
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old cast whore. [part;
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what 's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for fashion, cry, God save the king.
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he 's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the devil ends. [call,
What if some one, inspired with zeal, should
Come, let's go cry, God save him, at Whitehall?
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain,
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

* *Queen Bess's night*] At the King's Head Tavern, the corner of Chancery Lane, and opposite the Inner Templegate, the principal opponents to the court-measures and the chiefs of the Whig party assembled, under the name of the King's Head Club, and afterwards the Green Ribbon Club, from ribbons of that colour which they wore in their hats. Here they subscribed a guinea apiece for a bonfire, in which the effigies of the pope was to be burnt on the 17th of November, being the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's birth, with more than ordinary pomp; for it was heretofore an annual ceremony, usually made without any remarkable parade. The procession now consisted of one representing the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, carried on a horse, with a person preceding it ringing a bell, to remind people of his murder: then followed a mob of fellows, dressed like carmelites, jesuits, bishops, cardinals, &c. and several boys with incense pots surrounding an image of the pope with that of the devil just behind him.

'Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.'

In this manner they marched from Bishopsgate to the corner of Chancery Lane, where they committed the inoffensive effigies to the flames; while the balconies and windows of the King's Head were filled with people of consequence, who countenanced the tumult; which, the Hon Roger North, says, struck a terror upon people's spirits. The year of acting the play, to which we have here a prologue, great additions, alterations and expensive improvements were intended to be made in this procession, which was prevented entirely by the loyalty and vigilance of the sheriffs of the city, Sir Dudley North and Sir Peter Rich, who paraded the streets all day and the best part of the night. *D.*

PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

Since faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion, [nation,
Their penny scribes take care to inform the
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store, [more.
That now there 's need of two New Englands

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 't would end in downright knocks and quelling:
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will needlessly their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar; [Charter.
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight'em,
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays: if our new wits can write 'em

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;
No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 't was, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you Tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in wofui metre dying;
This 't is when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

Such build their poems the Lucretian way
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays. [fit,
Kings make their poets whom themselves think
But 't is your suffrage makes authentic wit.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only
Athenian judges, you this day renew. [knew,
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where e'en the best are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to see. [stage,
Here they, who long have known the useful
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first
Studies with care the anatomy of man; [began,
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune,
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made [draws.
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from the infected town:
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
The Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace:
Instead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shown you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb, [come.
Those wicked engines call'd machines are
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.

In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own. [prais'd,
When you, who only can, their scenes have
We'll boldly back, and say, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL,

Oft has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess.
Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'T is all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests,
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters all the kinder-hearted
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch halfcrown, in English threepence hight. [lean,
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty doorkeepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget suit,
And there 's a hero made without dispute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action slander'd English wit:
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre: [grace,
Such as, like Cain, were branded with dis-
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never starve.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Though actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: [raise,
We doubt that scene which does their wonder
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;

The ready finger lays on every blot; [should not.
Knows what should justly please, and what
Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem to faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets
But, by the sacred genius of this place, [paint.
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth en-
He chooses Athens in his riper age. [gage;

PROLOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

Full twenty years and more, our labouring
Has lost on this incorrigible age: [stage
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have seem'd to lash ye, even to excoriation:
But still no sign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like heroes, or you bribed like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
Like beating nut trees, makes a larger crop?
Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains! and, to content you, [you.
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant
Satire was once your physic, wit your food;
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no blood;
We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,
Here's julap-dance, ptisan of song and show:
Give you strong sense, the liquor is too heady;
You 're come to farce,—that's asses' milk,—already.
Some hopeful youths there are, of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if heaven think fit;
Sound may serve such, ere they to sense are grown
Like leading-strings, till they can walk alone.
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance, know,
The wise Italians first invented show;
Thence into France the noble pageant pass'd:
'T is England's credit to be cozen'd last. [o'er:
Freedom and zeal have chous' d you o'er and
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fool'd before:
We bring you change, to humour your disease;
Change for the worse has ever used to please:
Then, 't is the mode of France; without whose rules
None must presume to set up here for fools.
In France, the oldest man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so long,
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with eve y song
Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.
Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing,
They show themselves good subjects by their
On that condition, set up every throat; [singing:
You wigs may sing, for you have chang'd your
Cits and citesses raise a joyful strain, [note.
'T is a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing what you lost by roaring;

EPILOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

After our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play. [pace;
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speediest
But the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown. [vine,
When heaven made man, to show the work di-
Truth was his image, stamp'd upon the coin:
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind:
This proves a soul without alloy, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch endure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly valiant,—to be true!
The name of great let other kings affect:
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.
His subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their kings, and all their laws before.
What safety could their public acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his
So great a trust to him alone was due; [word.
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The saint, who walk'd on waves, securely trod,
While he believed the beck'ning of his God;
But when his faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'T is of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
To excel in truth we loyally may strive,
Set privilege against prerogative:
He plights his faith, and we believe him just;
His honour is to promise, ours to trust.

Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid,
As by a word the world itself was made.

PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA.

REVIVED BY LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ. SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We 're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite, [light;
A brisk French troop is grown your dear de-
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breed-
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest; [ing:
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature.
Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet now, the business of the field is o'er;
'T is time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play 's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this day:
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this noddle.
You have seen young ladies at the senate door
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring;
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature;
That he, for once, would sheath his cutting satire.
Sign but his peace, he vows he 'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaus profane.
Strike up the bargain quickly; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard no him with statutes neither;
Be kind; and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;
For in no rate book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound;
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing:
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

PROLOGUE TO DON SEBASTIAN.

SPOKEN BY A WOMAN.

THE judge remov'd, though he's no more my
May plead at bar, or at the council board: [lord
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit, from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paws upon him without roaring.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.*

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN. SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?

* The Prophetess, or the History of Diocleslan, was revived in 1690, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, by Mr. Betterton, and not by Dryden, as Langbaine, who is generally pretty exact, asserts. Our author only wrote the prologue, and that was forbid by the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, after the first day of its being spoken. King William was at this time pro-

A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated ere the second sight.
False men, e'en so you serve your mistresses:
They rise three stories in their towering dress;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delight;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play;
And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dumfounding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to see you often here:
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes
Under a female regency may rise.

secuting the war in Ireland, which is alluded to in these lines:

'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.'

'This prologue,' says Colley Cibber in his Apology, had some familiar metaphorical sneers at the Revolution itself; and as the poetry of it was good, the offence of it was less pardonable.

'Go conquerors of your male and female foes.
Men without hearts, and women without hose.' *D.*

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.*

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own or something like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way,
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me if I know what to say.

* * * * * *

So far I'm sure 't is rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork. [show not)
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ: [not.
'T is innocent of all things; e'en of wit.
He 's no high-flyer; he makes no skyrockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he 's blown up himself. [ter'd madness:
By this time, I'm something recover'd of my flus-
And now a word or two in sober sadness.

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* The Mistakes, or False Reports, was not written, but, according to G. Jacob, spoiled by Joseph Harris, a comedian, who dedicated it to Mr., afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller. It was acted in 1690 *D*

How's this, you cry? an actor write? we know it;
But Shakespeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd:
But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our business here:
So much for that; and the devil take small beer.

PROLOGUE TO KING ARTHUR,

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

Sure there 's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
When silly plays so savourily go down;
As when clipt money passes, 't is a sign
A nation is not over-stock'd with coin.
Happy is he who, in his own defence,
Can write just level to your humble sense;
Who higher than your pitch can never go;
And, doubtless, he must creep, who writes below.
So have I seen, in hall of knight, or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board;
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks
Secur'd by weakness not to reach the box.
A feeble poet will his business do,
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you:
For, if you like yourselves, you like him too.
An ape his own dear image will embrace;
An ugly beau adores a hatchet face:
So, some of you, on pure instinct of nature,
Are led, by kind, to admire your fellow creature.
In fear of which, our house has sent this day.
To insure our new-built vessel, call'd a play;
No sooner nam'd than one cries out, These stagers [wagers.
Come in good time, to make more work for
The town divides, if it will take or no;
The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do. [wise,
Bets, at the first, were fool-traps; where the
Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies:
But now they're grown a common trade for all,
And actions by the new-book rise and fall;
Wits, cheats, and fops, are free of wager-hall.
One policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
Our bets, at last, would e'en to Rome extend,
But that the pope has prov'd our trusty friend.
Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money,
Could we insure another Ottoboni.
Among the rest there are a sharping set,
That pray for us, and yet against us bet.
Sure heaven itself is at a loss to know [no:
If these would have their prayers be heard, or
For, in great stakes, we piously suppose,
Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these wagers; for, in conscience speaking,
The city needs not your new tricks for breaking:
And if you gallants lose, to all appearing,
You'll want an equipage for volunteering:
While thus, no spark of honour left within ye,
When you should draw the sword, you draw the guinea.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693. SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen. [say,
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual, strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest loving Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken,*
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.

* ——*the mistress would be taken,*
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.]
The incident of Lady Easy's throwing her handkerchief over Sir Charles's head, whilst he was sleeping, seems to have been taken from the Memoirs of Bassompiere, concerning a Count d'Orgevillier and his mistress. tom. ii. p. 6. 1723. at Amsterdam. *Dr. J. W.*

Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.

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PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say, this comedy pleased long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this,
As the best model of his masterpiece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession call:
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:
Nay scarce the common ceremony use
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the author's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'T is time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim some part:
They have the license, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others' studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
'T is all his own, when once he has spit i' the porridge.
But, gentlemen, you 're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiss:
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet thoroughly tried,
And, without doubt, you 're hugely edified;
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show:
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:
But 't was Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'T is Covent Garden drawn in Bridges street.

* * * * * *

Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies Poets toil to write!
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase:
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You roll like snowballs, gathering as you run,
And get seven devils, when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face.
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preserve the eighteen penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The Actors thus and thus thy Poets pray:
For every critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.

EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.*

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young Poet at a full pit.

* This comedy was written by John Dryden, jun., our author's second son. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in 1696. *D.*

Unus'd to crowds, the person quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one
But has as little as the very Parson:
Both say, they preach and write for your instruction:
But 't is for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.*
But with the Parson 't is another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
The Poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
Wit 's not his business, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 't is not so much yours as you suppose,
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
So 't is your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clip money for clip wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope,
He should equip the stage with such a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
For though the immortal species never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool, for million that he left behind.

* *The poets gain is ne'er beyond his day*] Dryden did not receive for his plays from the book seller above 55*l.* The third night brought about 70*l.* The dedication five or ten guineas perhaps. Tonson paid Sir Richard Steel for Addison's Drummer, 50*l.* 1715. And Dr. Young received 50*l.* for his Revenge. 7121. Southerene, for his Spartan Dame, in 1722, had 120*l.* and now it is 100*l.* and 150*l.* There were plays on Sundays till the third year of Charles the First's reign. Otway had but one benefit for the play. Southerne was the first who had two benefits from a new representation. Farquhar had three for the Constant Couple in 1700. Three of Ben Jonson's plays, Sejanus, Cataline, and the New Inne, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's, viz. The Faithful Shepherdess, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, were damned the first night. Even the Silent woman had like to have been condemned. *Dr. J. W.*

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.*

REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO. 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worse, their brother poets damn the Play
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—That 's I.
He, who writes letters to himself, would swear
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What should a Poet do? 'T is hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown:
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen.
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was dead-born doggerel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job 's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha; room
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if after all, this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Catcalls the sects to draw 'em in again.
At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.

* This play, with alterations by Sir John Vanbrugh, and a secular masque, together with this prologue and an epilogue written by our author, was revived for his benefit in 1700, his fortune being at that time in as declining a state as his health; they were both spoken by Mr. Cibber, then a very young actor, much to Dryden's satisfaction. *D*

Well, let him go; 't is yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play. [him,
We know not by what name we should arraign
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite:
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.*

PERHAPS the parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he waged a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage, for some small snip of gain.

* * * * *

Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court, its head, the Poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 't is true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'T was chamber practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the barefac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene:
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains.
While you have still your Oates, and we our Hains.

* Dryden in this epilogue labours to throw the fault of the licentiousness of dramatic writers, which had been so severely censured by the Rev. Jeremy Collier, upon the example of a court returned from banishment, accompanied by all the vices and follies of foreign climates; and whom to please was the poet's business, as he wrote to eat. *D.*

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND MISCELLANY.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation. The cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the History of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in this volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm: never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking; but there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is like a seeming demonstration in the Mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal

I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an English man, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'T is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets, whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 't is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English Poet for their model, adore him and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subjects, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and 't is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter,* that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as that in sugar, and that of honey. I can

*Sir P. Lely.

make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, as has little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word, so that minding only smoothness he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition (which is the vice of Lucan.) I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particulary regarded, as a part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Æneids: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible; because the Latinis naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they, who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself is only that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own lan-

guage, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

When Lausus died I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verse he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future; all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they

are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that 't is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christain faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author; at least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love,* from the fourth book of Lucretius; and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse I own it pleased me; and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English? for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omited some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdry is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the Essay on Poetry which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: the other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words: for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face:
Such dross the fire must purge away; 't is just
The author blush, there, where the reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay; for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit: the other only says, 't is a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than barefaced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon

* Omitted in the present edition.

Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part so farther, than the philosphical exacted.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a verbal slip; though Horace would instruct them better in true criticism:

——non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge. It is a sign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or syllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natured generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind to protect good writers: and they too are obliged, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false critics, who are the common enemies.

This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius. I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his: and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet. mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, becuase I have more business with the Roman.

That which distingushes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, mai esce del bosco; that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forebore to attempt it. For Theocritus wrote to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, (if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to

imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded stanza, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or fancy, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, to speak English, in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called Curiosa Felicitas, and which I suppose he had from the feliciter audere of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric Verse: it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English; for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so a short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken. in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 't is evident he creeps along sometimes, for above a hundred lines together. Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expressions, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere, et sentio tantum, must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

——Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me that I should say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: others, I am sure, need it not; and the rest I have not perused.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why he did not write with more leisure, or if he had it not (which was certainly my case,) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject?

The objection is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in those uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS;

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS PARAPHRASED.

To Amaryllis love compels my way
My browzing goats upon the mountain stray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conscious grottos, and the shady grove;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn:
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
I die, and death will finish all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high:)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity show,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some god transform me by his heavenly power
E'en to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern, that your fair forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on humankind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight!
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms:
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpitied and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock, high!
Where yon old fisher views the waves from high:
'T is that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I tried the infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worse, if any worse could prove, love.
The withering leaf foreshow'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers;
And told the witch Agreo my disease:
(Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease:
But harvest done, to char-work did aspire;
Meat, drink, and twopence was her daily hire,)
To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er,
And yet the resty sieve wagg'd no'er the more;
I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
For which the nut-brown lass, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
What madman would o'erstand his market twice!
My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;

I'll set up such a note as she shall hear. [move?
What nymph but my melodious voice would
She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haste she could not choose but stay:
Renown said, Run; the glittering bribe cried,
Hold; [gold.
The man might have been hang'd, but for his
Yet some suppose 't was love (some few indeed)
That stopp'd the fatal fury of her speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie)
From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in celestial minds?
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jason from Medea's love possess'd,
You shall not hear, but know 't is like the rest.
My aching head can scarce support the pain;
This cursed love will surely turn my brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 't is time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flow'rs bespread. [be
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must
And Jove himself was less a god than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound, [the ground.
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat
This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
Has Somnus brush'd thy eyelids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous god?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
At sports more harmless till the break of day:
Give us this evening: thou hast morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, call thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line
But O, a girl like her must be divine.
Her equals we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score viragos of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire:
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream:

None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell.
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids enroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
High on a plane tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:
Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground.
The balm, 't is true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love!
Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires!
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more!
From generous loins a generous race will spring.
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast:
Rise in the morn; but oh! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh, Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER,

FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursu'd the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despised;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd e'en to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about [to scout,
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her listening ears
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did show,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a shrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out the unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look,
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.
Ah, nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou show'st thy pedigree from stone:
Thy grandame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou be so long desir'd;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 't is in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life;
This moment puts an end to all my pain:
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go the extremest remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to lose my long desires: [fires?
But ah! what draught so deep to quench my
Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight moans!
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well;
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time:
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:

Such is your blooming youth, and withering so :
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of love ; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and, passing by,
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear :
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face :
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss :
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss !
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
E'en you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide,
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest :
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear :
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here ;
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neigh-b'ring beam :
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward, took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door ; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quiver-ing feet in air ;
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by :
And, as she pass'd, her chance of fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch :
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move
The bath was sacred to the god of love ;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threat'ning from a pedestal on high :
Nodding awhile, and watchful of his blow,
He fell : and falling crush'd the ungrateful nymph below :
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd,
And this her last expiring voice was heard ;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn ;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Delight of humankind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies :
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear
And at thy pleasing presence disappear :
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress'd ;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smoothes her wavy breast ; [light is blest.
And heaven itself with more serene and purer
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens ap-
And western gales unlock the lazy year : [pear,
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess ;
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food, [flood.
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging
All nature is thy gift ; earth, air, and sea :
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st where thou goest, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power ; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear ;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire ;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power display :
To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born.
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
And lull the list'ning world in universal peace.

To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care:
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'T is pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'T is pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on humankind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
To outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfied.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream our careless limbs are laid;
With cheaper pleasures innocently bless'd,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is dress'd.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattrass, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'T is plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errors led;
And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
E'on in broad daylight are possess'd with fears;
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul to day.

THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS;

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

What has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So, when our mortal flame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tost.

Nay, o'en suppose when we have suffer'd fate,
The soul could feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only we
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, toss'd and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 't is easy for the mind [been
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense
For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live, [are fled.
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'T is just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain;
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other He could feel the pain,
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
If after death 't is painful to be torn,
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and chok'd;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppress'd
With monumental marble on thy breast?
But to be snatch'd from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mothers' haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast,
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppress'd
Thy care and courage now no more shall free,
Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true,
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits: [flow,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, o'en in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away.
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space. [call
And last, suppose great Nature's voice should
To thee, or me, or any of us all, [vain,
"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,

And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a sieve;
Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feast,
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?
But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,
Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the selfsame scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepit sot lament; [tent!
What thou (she cries) who hast out-liv'd con-
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
But this is still the effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life.
And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight,
Ere thou hast gorg'd thy soul and senses with delight.
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage;
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 't is her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes; [takes:
Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee:
'T is given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales that Poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high: [hours,
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's [floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie:
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love opprest,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain, [along the plain.
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes
Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more,
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill; [fill.
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever
As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,

Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy head;
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves restrain, [wreck,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd
While his proud legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead, [led.
And, like a common slave, by fate in triumph
The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possess'd the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That stroke e'en Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possest;
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast;
Sure they would change their course, nor live as [now,
Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease
The wretch is ignorant of his disease; [spare
Which known would all his fruitless trouble
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state; [keep,
That never-changing state, which all must
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besdes, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possest;
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still; [fill;
We call for more and more, and never have our
Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Tum porro puer, &c.

THUS, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon inhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increased,

They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, ON HIS INTENDED VOYAGE TO IRELAND.

So may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea;
Sure he, who first the passage tried,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men profane
Invade the inviolable main;
The eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Promotheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms the offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 't is worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.
Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess'd;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
  The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
  The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

PARAPHRASED IN PINDARIC VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
  That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
  Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is ready made;
  And artful hands prepare [hair.
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy
  When the wine sparkles from afar,
    And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away; [care:
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy
  No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
  And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
    Make haste and come:
  Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
    Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
    And all the busy pageantry
  That wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.
Sometimes 't is grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
  A savoury dish, a homely treat,
  Where all is plain, where all is neat,
  Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
    The Syrian star
    Barks from afar,
  And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry.
  The shepherd drives his fainting flock
  Beneath the covert of a rock,
  And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.
  Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
  And what the city factions dare,
  And what the Gallic arms will do,
  And what the quiver-bearing foe,
  Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
  The dark decrees of future fate,
  And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.
  Enjoy the present smiling hour;
  And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
  Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
    And always in extreme.
  Now with a noiseless gentle course
  It keeps within the middle bed;
  Anon it lifts aloft the head, [force;
And bears down all before it with impetuous
    And trunks of trees come rolling down,
    Sheep and their folds together drown:
  Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
  And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
  He, who can call to-day his own:
  He who, secure within, can say,
  To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
    Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
  Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
  Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
  Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
  Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
  Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
  And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
  And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
  I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grew black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek;
And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free!
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd, with oxen of their own,
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and state, he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead,
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or shears his overburden'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or, in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass he lies:
No god of Sleep he need invoke;
The stream, that o'er the the pebbles flies,
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
Maintains the consort of the song;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong.
But when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear.
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bear on their neck the loosen'd yoke:

To look upon his menial crew
  That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft said within himself,
  Resolv'd to leave the wicked town;
  And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
  But the prevailing love of pelf
  Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD, Anno 1699.

SOME estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace's favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these poems at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity; and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Duchess, are happy omens of my wish.

It is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet and affable, made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known; and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where I can scarce forbear saying that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor; a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman Emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them, and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the Ormond family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never

intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the Divine Nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion, and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but *αἰδέομαι Τρῶας* is an expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful, that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were born, I may almost say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was Lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo. The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned Consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general, who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution: in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject, but confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the

war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says.

Spatiis exclusus iniquis.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but, in all appearance, mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governour of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that you Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made de meliore luto; when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being

Teucri pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of Ormond will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consisting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance; as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him:

Ostendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultra
Esse sinunt.

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace's most humble, most obliged,
And most obedient Servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

IT is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expense he first intended

He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not baulk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, (which is the masterpiece of the whole Metamorphoses,) that I enjoyed myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occured to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spencer and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spencer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spencer more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spencer was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse, (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongue; but with this difference, that Dante* had begun to file their language, at least inverse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer, (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation

* Dante, in one of his prose works, has treated of different sorts of style, which he has divided into three species, the Sublime, the Middle, and Low; the first, he says, is proper for tragedy, the second for comedy, the third for elegy; and he meant by giving his Inferno the title of Comedia, to insinuate, that in this work he wrote in the middle style. This seems to have been the reason why he gave it this title, which it has been thought difficult to account for. *Dr. J. W.*

from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge, and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them as if they deserved no better.

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contrabanded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense,

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, (though I say not the translation will be less laborious.) For the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers, and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined, so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Ro

man poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed; the manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The Adventures of Ulysses in the Odysseis are imitated in the first Six Books of Virgil's Æneis; and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention,) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his Episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late,) Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony o. numbers: now the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c. Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven, quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur. I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen;) but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with a variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well bred, well natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were known in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first pub-

lished; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales; yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaign, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as the Wife of Bath's Tale, the Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits; for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of inopem me copia fecit, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it; yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not

meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted: whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was auribus istius temporis accommodata: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call Heroic was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age; their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their wordly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that and in most of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet is the check of the

laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used: for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his Scandalum Magnatum to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. Prior læsit is justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer, where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other: and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'T is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man) may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners; I

am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. Totum hoc indictum volo. Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his character, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels:

But first I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye he arrette it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere;
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in the mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what answer they could have made; for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Dane turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Dane:

Which after a little consideration I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is a little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost,

which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure: multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque, quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi. When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something, must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'T is not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places I give to others which had them not originally; but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: Facile est inventis addere, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provencal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not.) But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 't is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word: and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest pitched on the wife of Bath's tale: not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer in-

troduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her; the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace unawares, I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for their semblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taken up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress the natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone: by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provencals, called the Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him: His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied however, that while he and I live together I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me: but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'T is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the translations of Juvenal. The guardian angels of

kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality: and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more bawdry in one Play of Fletcher's called The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Colliers so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Conde at the battle of Seneffe: from immoral plays, to no plays: ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

———Demetri, Teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND, WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

The bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song:
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own:
As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the sphere, [year.
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line)

Had Chaucer liv'd that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the fates your path prepar'd,
And sure presage your future sway declar'd:
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
Portunus took his turn whose ample hand
Heav'd up his lighten'd keel and sunk the sand,
And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame;
Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand;
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the sun.
The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restor'd;
The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd the new accord.
When at your second coming you appear,
(For I fortell that millenary year)
The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison but their own.
Now in this interval, which fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, 't is Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the season to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land,
The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dried and she return'd no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air
Rest here awhile your lustre to restore,
That they may see you as you shone before;
For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.
A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impar'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those maligant atoms forc'd their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd so well,
That heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak:
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
E'en to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd:
And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill required.
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream a herb for Ptolemee:
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.

Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear
Well worth a miracle to keep you here :
And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold ;
And meditated in his better mind [ing kind.
An heir from you, which may redeem the fail-
Blest be the power which has at once restor'd
The hopes of lost succession to your lord ;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see ;
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white ;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning, and the milky way ;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin :
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone ; e'en absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers ;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught ;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love :
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son ;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE ;*

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name :
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord ; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way :
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight ;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army, and the Athenian host ;
The spousals of Hippolita the queen ;
What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear
But these, and other things, I must forbear;
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough :
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength,
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn ;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host :
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd , full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town ;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way :
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts , and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seized at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare ?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill omen'd weeds ?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures and pollute my joy ?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief ?
Name your request,and I will ease your grief.
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began ; (but swooned first away for pain)
Then scarce recover'd spoke : Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory ;
'T is thine O king, the afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success :
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none ;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before ;
Till thanks to giddy chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait :

* Chaucer was more than sixty years old, and Dryden seventy, when they wrote Palamon. Sadio says, in 1359 Boccace sent a copy of Dante, written by his own hand, to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in his answer speaks coldly of him.—*Sade*, p. 507. *Dr. J. W.*

And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve the oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But, Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.
At this she shriek'd aloud; the morunful train
Echo'd her grief, and, grovelling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind! The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way;
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
E'en the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue,
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour; inly pleased to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all the ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd:
I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground;
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grisly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly, heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent;
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive kinsmen are inclos'd: Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 't was on the morn of cheerful May,

The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their slug-gard sleep:
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair:
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose, and every rose she drew
She shook the stalk and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
E'en wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing:
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless of woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholsome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw, with hateful eyes, the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'T was but a larger jail he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But e'en that glimmering serv'd him to descry
The inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd:
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done the offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heaven with patience undergo
A careless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth:
Whate'er besides, by destiny 't is done;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun.
Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape,)
O help us captives from our chains to 'scape:
But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:

Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor can'st, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust and on whose care depend:
And wouldst thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence: I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.
Thus Palamon: but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus replied again:
Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
The important secret, as my chosen friend,
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less; [sess.
And both are mad alike, since neither can pos-
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day,
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore justle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their frendship, plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in the adventure die. [new'd,
Great was their strife, which hourly was re-
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came to attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man,
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come: [since
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
"What have I gain'd," he said," in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?

Great was their strife, &c.] These six spirited lines are entirely our author's own, and an improvement on the simple original. *J. W.*

And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before; [live:
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not but where Emily abides,
And where she's absent, all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, still I had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'T is recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend,
Thine is th' adventure: thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison, no; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of humankind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates,
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require:
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home:
Yet knows not how to find the uncertain place
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan: [ground;
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And droop'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cried! I, wretch, in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage
A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, [join'd,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all the advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine.

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins, [strains.
Like water which the freezing wind con-
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of humankind your care
Beyond what all his fellow creatures are;
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain,
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail;
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.

This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free.
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'T is hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair,
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone: [shares,
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire;
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd, (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod: [mand,
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's com-
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
Arise, he said, to conquering Athens go,
There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire.
By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself h knew.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day.
He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show; then forth he went,
And to the Athenian towers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprize.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye,
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd;
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:

'T *is hard to say*] In the original is an apostrophe, which in my humble opinion greatly heightens the pathos.

You lovers axe I now this question,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon? *J. W.*

Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near:
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day.)
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife. [beguile,
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight, [tal sight.
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mor-
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years, [ears;
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have

And Theseus, &c.] Palamon and Arcyte, a comedy, was acted before Queen Elizabeth, in Christ Church Hall at Oxford, 1566, with which the queen appeared to be much delighted, and promised to reward the author, Richard Edwards, for his pains. His poems are printed in the paradise of dainty Devises. London, quarto, 1578. *Dr. J. W.*

That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears] There is an old Monkish verse to this effect:
Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen. *Tyrrchitt.*
There is a Hebrew proverb much to the same purpose:
Do not speak of great matters in a field that is full of little hills.—*Ray's Proverbs. J. W.*
Curs'd be the day when first I did appear:
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year]
'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Let it not come into the number of the months. Let them curse it that curse the day.'—Job, iii. 3. et seq. *J. W.*

For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon.
Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing heaven and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calender, [year.
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heaven is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon, [free;
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain, [pain.
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my
At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look.

Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd]
This conceit is not in the original of Chaucer, but may be found in Dryden's Miscellanies, being the concluding couplet of a copy of verses, called, A Cruel mistress, by T. Carew, Esq. What could induce our poet to insert them here, we cannot readily conceive. *J. W.*

He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart,
Nor longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily;
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now, by the gods, who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy [love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both unknown
With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that at better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou mayst be
A conquest better won, and worthy me.
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon,
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour tied,
His foe with bedding and with food supplied;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now at the time, and in the appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,

Approach: each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the haunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees:
And thinks, Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chilness seizes every part: [heart.
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their croslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And, wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood:
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or, as two boars, whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound; [around.
With grunts and groans the forest rings
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way,
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard the appointed hour,
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above:
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy,
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, the appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their falchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak;
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eagar on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt 'em on the place,
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against the laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found,
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set the imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty,
Me first, O kill me first; and cure my woe:
Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow,
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon the Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The purjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name,
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own
And call myself the unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
And, for her sake, and in her sight, will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.
To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd, In owning your offence
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began, [ran.
Through the bright quire the infectious virtue
All dropt their tears, e'en the contended maid:
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide-streaming wounds: they neither
came.
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's
cause
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implor'd the offenders'
grace.
He paused a while, stood silent in his mood,
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood;)
But soon his tender mind the impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds:)
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnified the offence.
Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the
cause?
The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their
cries; [head,
Which mov'd compassion more, he shook his
And softly sighing to himself he said:
Curse on the unpardoning prince, whom tears,
can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent and proud!
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: The power of love,
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil?
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought 'em in their own despite again.
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'T is in my power, and I their deadly foe.
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their
pains.
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself, regard,
For 't is their maxim, Love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair, for whom they strove,
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was the occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This, both by others and myself, I know
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts
constrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for the offending warriors interpose,

I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right.
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd. [plain'd:
Then thus the king his secret thoughts ex-
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and, free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king; [chance
And then the knight, whom fate or happy
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd:
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol the award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands
On Emily with equal ardour look, [receive;
And from her eyes their inspiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degree; to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabrick was,
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space.
For rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command;
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The master painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
An altar stood below: on either hand [wand.
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that e'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raise the infernal powers,
And Sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expense, and after-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motely hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealously suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t'other side advance
The costly feast, the coral, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.

All these were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come;
For there the Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pined alone;
There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.*
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts:
Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise, [skies;
And smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd the
She trod the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest.
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded; o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
Where neither beast, nor humankind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly, [sky.
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold.
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent.

Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail.
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door a northern light there shone;
'T was all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a god; and all along [strong.
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason labouring in the traitor's thought,
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
The assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base; [place.
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen soul away
In midst of all the dome Misfortune sat,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd:
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid; [made.
And the cook caught within the raging fire he

*And all the mighty names, &c.] Our poet omits in his haste several of the most apposite examples. As for instance, Chaucer says,

Ne yet the grete strength of Hercules,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus, caitif in servage.

For Hercules he has substituted Samson. *J. W.*

All ills of Mars his nature, flame, and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd;
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars, his ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid,*
One when direct, and one when retrograde.†
Tired with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and in the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursu'd the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
The adjoining fane the assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envied prize:
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murderess mother; and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.

* Rubens and Puella. *Orig. ed.*

† *One when direct, and one when retrograde*] Our author has here omitted one of the most lively images.

A wolfe their stode before him at his feet,
With eyen red, and of a man he ete. J. W.

The graceful goddess was array'd in green,
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a vexing moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd, [bring
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should decide
The important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love, and arms, of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name;
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear,
Some wore coat-armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breastplate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and others shields of Pruce.
One hung a poleaxe at his saddle bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love,
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair: *
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong, [and long.
Broad shoulder'd, and his arms were round
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven [black
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair [his chair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear; [bound,
With golden muzzles all their mouths were
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array. [came
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite
Ametrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,†
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great.

His saddle was of gold, with emerald set,
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [sun.
With graceful negligence, and shone against the
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of his skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes:
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh, and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for the increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god. *
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests:
Himself with open arms the kings embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for the night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate:
Who first, who last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;

* *And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair*] A strange misconstruction of the original. 'W'th kempest heres on his browes stout.' *J. W.*

† *His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace*] 'His cote armour was of a cloth of Tars,' *J. W.*

* *So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode, And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god*

A simile not to be found in the original. By the epithet honest, Dryden means to express the youthful grace of the god agreeably to the expression of Virgil:

Et quocunque Deus circum caput egit honestum.
Georg. lib. ii. *J. W.*

Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for the ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night:
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the sun; ere day began to spring,
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And flickering on her nest, made short essays to sing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine,
Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place,
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'T is thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care; [pair.
Thou madest the world, and dost the world re-
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O, goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you,
Spare me but one small portion of the twine
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her charms.
Thus ended he; then with observance due
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires,
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown, [moon.
Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,*
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they prevert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid: [
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told.)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.
O goddess, hunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven and earth and seas are seen;

* *Perform'd by women*] Those of Bona Dea, at Rome, to which Clodius intruded. *Dr. J. W.*

Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
(Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,*
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths were dealt;)
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,†
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on a female side
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In heaven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,
Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace;
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love;
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! e'en that avert; I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey!
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.
When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space;
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze.
That other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, the irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew;
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The power, behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 't is he who loves thee best:
The fire that, once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain:
Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd;
Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then sighing she return'd, but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrows mix'd.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
To adore with pagan rites the power armipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most;
There most; but every where thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers e'en the strong.

* *Which Niobe's devoted issue felt*] He has substituted Niobe's issue for Actæon, without any visible reason. J. W.

† *And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,*
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on the female side;
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride

These four lines are not in the original, nor indeed are they in character with the speaker. He forget the Horatian precept:

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
J. W.

And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost powers with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gained.
Have pity on my pains; nor these unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now, by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
E'en by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
(O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wish'd thy place!)
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless, by thee
Endu'd with force, I gain the victory: [heart,
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among, [hung:
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be
Rank'd with my champions' bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, the achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
This bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close;
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And of success secure, return'd to his abode.*
These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above,
Betwixt the god of War and Queen of Love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought,
For this advantage age from youth has won,†
As not to be outriden though outrun.
By fortune he has now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the goddess, while he gull'd the god:
Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife:
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press the ethereal plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.

* *And, of success secure, return'd to his abode*] Dryden has here omitted a simile, which, though short, is natural, and highly expressive of Arcite's condition.

"As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne;" i. e. as much rejoic'd at his reverse of fortune, as a bird is at the return of sunshine after a storm, J. W.

† *For this advantage age from youth has won,*
As not to be outriden though outrun]
The original word is "outrede," i. e. "outwit, surpass, in counsel. The sense of this word has been most ridiculously mistaken by Dryden. Tyrwhitt. J. W.

Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throttling quinsey 't is my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'T was I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the sire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'T is ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of heaven for men should war.
The expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.*
The management they left to Cronos' care;
Now turn we to the effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'T was jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high,
E'en from the heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd:
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel, that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another hold the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factions, and favouring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide;
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles, and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind,
And, safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, the Athenian chief arose,
The knighty forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through the obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pie, with reverence low they bent:
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and list'ning crowd.
Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree!

* *Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.*] An epigrammatic turn not to be found in Chaucer. J. W.

The keener edge of battle to rebate
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length,
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young,
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around. [way,
The marching troops through Athens take their
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread.
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause, and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree. [way,
Thus through the southern gate they take their
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling east and west, before their many ride. [high,
The Athenian monarch mounts his throne on
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these, the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite, ent'ring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon,
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their name:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war. [clos'd;
The tale was just, and then the gates were
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy [ply:
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes re-
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men;
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew; the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights, unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound, [ground.
Out spins the streaming blood and dies the
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:

That coursor stumbles on the fallen steed,
And flound'ring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a football to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease; and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals meet, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot thy close.
So deep their falchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive, distance drive.
The swains come arm'd between, and both to
At length, as fate foredom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So, when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried.
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride;
The people rend the skies with vast applause.
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd e'en by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is lost.
Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blust'ring fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, the arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.
Now when the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound;
A miracle, (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unspected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing, to the saddle bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent;
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way:)
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire: [fright,
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden
And, bounding o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his combrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath; [death.
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortified his manly breast.

Him still entranc'd and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Mean time the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs, who fought the field;
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd.)
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts of sage.
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The ven'rous knight is from the saddle thrown
But 't is the fault of fortune, not his own,
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was horn:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd though foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place,
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.
Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceed to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares;
Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
For breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mould of nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void;
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell:
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs thus within oppress,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon' d life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When nature cannot work, the effect of art is void.
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 't was declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side:
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'T is all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 't is mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;

Nor I, but as I lov'd ; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impo ence of mind ;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire ;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time ;
Had I seen first, then this had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right ;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good ;
So help me heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such a holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire :
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.
This was his last ; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign ;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes :
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze :
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw ;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay ;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state :
Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative ;
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.
In Palamon a manly grief appears ;
Silent, he wept, asham'd to show his tears :
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast :
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'T were loss of time her sorrow to relate ;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.
But like a low-hung cloud it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last,
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of wo :
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight 's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death ; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.
Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily.
Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief ;
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state ;
Good after ill, and, after pain, delight ;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night :
Since every man, who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve, too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend ;
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.
E'en kings but play ; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied,
And so they would have been, had Theseus died.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd,
And after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove, for ever green, that conscious land :
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand :
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food : a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corps of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field :
Bare was his manly visage on the bier :
Menac'd his countenance ; e'en in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.

Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed that bore him living to the fight,*
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with the achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And e'en the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew, and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright,
Behold the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smould'ring flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast,
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light;
Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:

* I hope my reader will not think the assertion trifling, that Dryden here with his usual haste has rendered Chaucer unfaithfully.

The steed that bore him living to the fight.

The original says,

Duke Theseus let forth three stedes being
That trapped were in stele all glittering,
And cover'd with the arms of Dan Arcite,
And eke upon these stedes, *gret and white*,
Ther satten folk, &c.

Chaucer abounds in minute and circumstantial painting. The observation of Quintilian is undoubtedly just, when after giving an accurate and particular account of a besieged city, he says, 'Minus est tamen totum dicere quam omnia.' *J. W.*

Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to the Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first, soft whispers through the assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
The attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The Cause and Spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love:
Great was the effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were bound, [crown'd.
And Love, the common link, the new creation
The chain still holds; for though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing, and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass the appointed destiny.
To men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole,
Who gives us life, and animating soul.
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, the ethereal fire
Corrupts: and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass:
This law the Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live:
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring?
Then 't is our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain,
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'T is best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower. [run,
Then round our death-bed every friend should
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And worse than both, offends his happy ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point the extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd the assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
'T is time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free;
If you, fair sister, ratify the accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'T is no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind. [might,
He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban, thus he said;
Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either side, [bride;
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
And long-attending Hymen from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought,
So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

THE COCK AND THE FOX;

OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
A ewe call'd Mally, and three brindled cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat:
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skimm'd her bowls)
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holydays an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right
By sure instinct he knew 't was one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattell'd like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife; [good,
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood

His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness show'd them near allied.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'T is made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.
But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the Church's precept had enjoin'd.
E'en since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.
By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum sola, then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal arts.
It happ'd that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men: and sore aghast,
She peck'd and pull'd and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.
And, Madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was shrovetide-cock in such a fear.
E'en still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fye for shame, quoth she, by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse:
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art afeard?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind,
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd.
More I could say, but thus conclude my theme
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.

I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.
Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,
And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow;)
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy;
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign:
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumitory, centaury, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer:
Your father's son was never born to fear.
Madam, quoth he, gramercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'T is true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by the immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.
Believe me, Madam, morning dreams foreshow
The events of things, and future weal or wo:
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.
Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so, that, when the sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'T was at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground;
And but one sorry bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'T was in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.
His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but, in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.
Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart;
At length to cure himself by reason tries;
'T is but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
The murderers come, now help, or I am slain:
'T was but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
He dreamt the third; but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood besmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, Awake, said he; relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise:
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse convey:
My corpse is in a tumbrel laid, among
The filth, and ordure, and enclos'd with dung,
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;
For sacred hunger of my gold I die:
Then show'd his grisly wounds: and last he drew
A piteous sigh; and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before:
Muttering he went, said he, by morning light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.
This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoil with robbers join'd.
His dream confirm'd his thought; with troubled look
Straight to the western gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carried compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cried out murder with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head;
You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call to punish the offence.

The word thus given, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the wound.
Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels,
Fresh from the fact; as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place:
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints:
So was confession forc'd, the offence was known,
And public justice on the offenders done.
Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main:
Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,
Within a trading-town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side.
One evening it befell, that, looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man, he thought, stood frowning at his side:
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhoop'd attends the watery way.
The vision said, and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud con-
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt. [tempt
Stay who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait, not I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.
Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and e'en in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went;
Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
Kenelm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretell
From point to point as after it befell:
All circumstances to his nurse he told,
(A wonder from a child of seven years old:)
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treason counsell'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede
Which at your better leisure, you may read.
Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.
Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav'd the Egyptian land,

The years of plenty and of death foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor must the exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot,
And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he died;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physican makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And e'en already I forget my dream:
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For daylight now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, the appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard, he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day:
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground.
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.
'T was now the month in which the world began;
(If March beheld the first created man:)
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he measur'd right.
And told more truly than the Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame;
Our dame sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And e'en this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is wo.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.*
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.
A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity lie;
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he could;
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring wood:
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

*And Heaven will have him taste his other tun] An allusion to Homer's allegory of the two urns. Δοιοὶ γὰρ τε Πίθοι, Iliad 24, l. 527, used by Achilles in consolation to the afflicted Priam. *J. W.*

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy!
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believed thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been:
For first, or last, he 's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse e'en of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity:
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point 's too high for me;
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can sound,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to wo,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'T is dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground;
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below,
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befell, that as he cast his eye
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low.
I need not swear he had no list to crow;
But cried, Cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart.
For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his wil.
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant to harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:

Far be from Reynard so profane a thought:
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
The song as of an angel in the yard; [gods,
A song that would have charm'd the infernal
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes:
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband
My lord, your sire familiarly I knew, [there.
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven rest,)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That e'en the priests were not excus'd from arms.
Besides a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heaven re-
And emulate your father's angel-voice. [joice,
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so
And proud beside, as solar people are; [fair,
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There 's many a Reynard lurking in the court
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight
On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain
For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.

Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
When she beheld the smould'ring flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd the imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard:
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with 'one and all;'
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murderous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns to inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive-cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought,
Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he;
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry,
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'T is well advis'd—in faith it shall be done;
This Reynard said; but as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd:
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet mastering both, the artificer of lies
Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
The appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though heaven can witness, with no bad intent
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me, Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd; no flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, Sir Cock, let all contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;
But, with your favour, I will treat it here;
And lest the truce with treason should be mix'd,
'T is my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you the effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity:
And learn besides of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie,
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd,
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF;

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wint'ry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year;
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, imbolden'd out they come,
And swell the gems and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair [air:
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a genial song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair. [sung,
When Chanticleer the second watch had
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood: [green,
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
In all my progress I had never seen:
And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'T was bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass; [pass
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head,
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with
That nature seem'd to vary the delight; [green,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;

No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade:
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'T was border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length walk'd, and looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song;)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to my self alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground:
A host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of agnus castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin crowns were drest,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sovereign queen.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song;)
A deviation from the original, arising from the want of a rhyme, or his habitual carelessness. The original lines are—

——for as for mine entent,
The birdis song was more convenient,
And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any other thing.

She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, the attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain;
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song;
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor,
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd;
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silkworm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er;
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed;
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermine fur were made,
With cloth of gold between that cast a glittering shade.
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe e'en set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind;
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore,
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after these came, arm'd with spear and shield,
A host so great, as cover'd all the field:
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels evergreen were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.

Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met. I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made;
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue.
With songs of love, and mix with measures new:
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand,
The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their masters' liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daises on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on,
The consort and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heaven to hear
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky: [fled,)
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs, (their beauty
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.

The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass in vain the assault, and stood from danger free,
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand; [grace,
So did the knights and dames, with courtly
And with behaviour sweet their foes embraced.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your wo;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took;
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white, [knight.
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which, gather'd from the ground, [made,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt skins they laid: [them eat,
Then sought green salads, which they bade
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.
The lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the Flower her guest;
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.
The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the Flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes,
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by starlight and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supplied with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along.
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desired to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
Madam, might I presume, and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel, [so well.
And what the knights who fought in listed fields
To this the dame replied: Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mould,
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holyday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:

But when the moon arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light, [night.
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And e'en this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That agnus castus in her hand appears:
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they
Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey;
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear
As true as Tristam and Isotta were.
But where are those, said I, the unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?
Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame:
Those laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd: [renew
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign, [maign:
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charle-

For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their soveregn true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue;
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green. [hour,
These, and their mates, enjoy their present
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste.
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow
The life is in the leaf and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.

For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.
With humble words, the wisest I could frame
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night.
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown:
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairy maid expects no fairy guest,
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear,
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars, that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 't is hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson, posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both evensong and morn.
It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cried.
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd,
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.

But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king the offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save,
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate;)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.
Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet
Thy destiny depends upon my will: [still
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mould,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware, for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surprised, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer'd turn in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return,
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
Wo was the knight at this severe command;
But well he knew 't was bootless to withstand:
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went,
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event.
'T was hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place;
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
* * * * *
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
Who flatters well; for that 's our darling sin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work e'en with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit;
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For womankind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that 's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with asses' ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd:
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd,)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath,)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own,
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was obliged to hide
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But, if she told it not, the woman died.

Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab, and no pretence
Of honour tied her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal,)
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of asses' ears:
Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.
Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale; the knight with heavy cheer,
Wand'ring in vain, had now consum'd the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown, with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him, at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not were they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope, where many women were, at least
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, What makes you, sir, so late abroad,
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage
Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my wo?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfied of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town;
The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses e'en in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
E'en fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best

Up starts the beldame, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 't was I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought;
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath,)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar,)
Cried, one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjug'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn,
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay, rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own despite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off, for wo.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
Are the round table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife;
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 't is much unkind
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding night—without pretence—
Come, turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.
Amends! nay, that 's impossible, said he
What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
As is this all that troubles you so sore?
And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?
Ah benedicite, replied the crone
Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid
Then what can birth, or mortal men bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance
For virtue comes not by inheritance.

If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame;
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the son, e'en in descending shine
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live
Such as our atoms were, e'en such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind
But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours [powers,
Works, as confederates war, with mingled
Or man or woman, whichsoever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Ether with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine:
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When he, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man; and liv'd in low estate:
Which he who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty 's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he 's poor,
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,*
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives
For e'en that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife,
For age and ugliness, as all agree
Are the best guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I 'll do my best to further your content:
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;

* *Want is a bitter and a hateful good*] 'In this commendation of poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperor Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. His. l. x. c. 71. 'Quid est Paupertas? Odibile bonum; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; sapientiæ repertrix; negotium sine damno; possessio absque calumnia; sine sollicitudine felicitas' *T.*

On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought displease:
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself, if ought should fall amiss.
Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon hear'd;
At length considering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus replied: My lady, and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life:
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease.
Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try,
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd and seiz'd her ivory arm;
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continu'd to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man.
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador:)
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell:
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book,
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor,
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.

True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store—
Intrusted riches to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold,
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest:
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen,
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd,
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried,
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most; admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 't was easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine,
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

While Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise;
And, from the bright meridian where he stood
Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bless'd;
And bless'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will than gave his own consent.
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for, in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess, fresh and young, and fair and wise,
The worshipp'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her sire left unsupplied her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be tied,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with those graces every day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breast;
Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend;
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were denied;
But all those wants ingenious love supplied.
The inventive god, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note;
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
Take it, she said; and when your needs require
This little brand will serve to light your fire.
He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd
But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By some false confidant, or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least;
And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;

Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd o'en the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame
Was now the apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by heaven design'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state the invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way the tyrant had reserv'd to fly
Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers nigh
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issu'd into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
The instructed youth might compass what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the chok'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With love to friend, the impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but the invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice, without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace:
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems me not to say;
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.

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Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when, his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone,
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He tried to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness.

That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which forgot,
When call'd before, to come, now came unsought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.
With heaven averse, in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damsels was retir'd:
For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.

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The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping sire,
And show'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cried; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement tied his tongue, and stopp'd the attempt.
The ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires,
Alternate kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure were by themselves betray'd.

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Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princess mingled with her train.
Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
The appointment for the ensuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard.
Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, Thus servants are preferr'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd and chok'd the rest. The youth, who saw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge the accuser, and the offence to him,
Who had both power and will to avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus replied:
The faults of love by love are justified:
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with seeming patience heard
The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breast,
But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
List'ning for noise, and griev'd that none she hear'd;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
O Sigismonda, he began to say:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
I thought, O Sigismonda, (but now blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find!)

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love:
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only suffor'd, where he first was plac'd.
A grove'ling insect still; and so design'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
To what has heaven reserv'd my age? Ah why [die,
Should man, when nature calls, not choose to
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his share of good; and when 't is gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again,
E'en now would I conclude my happy reign;
But 't is too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'T was frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shows downward appetite to mix with mud;
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
For him I have resolv'd: whom by surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent:
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee, more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive: [live.
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer:
Nature 's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me.

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears, had testified her smart;
But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?
Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his had put it past her care;
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death,
Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justified her innocence, [fence:
And, while the fact was own'd, denied the of-
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance midway, and thus undaunted spoke:
Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love
I call to witness all the powers above:
Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avow'd; nor folly warp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were tied,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justified my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine,
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)
Had parents power e'en second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights
Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter—nature's are the same;
Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.

Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gav'st thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd;
E'en softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprightly blood with age be cold,
Thou hast been young; and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd e'en warranted by thy consent,
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires;)
If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too, that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense.
Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supplied.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.
Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
(For so the difference of our birth requir'd;)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd,
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd)
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all the offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth bylowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest,)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown.
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
The unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.
But leaving that: search we the sacred springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty power inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill;
Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that, which made him noble, made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, though disus'd, and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind:
Though poor in fortune of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

Now lay the line; and measure all thy court
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And thus compar'd, the rest a base degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice;
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found;
A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face
Excelling all the rest of human race:
These were thy thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,
Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;
Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou shalt allege, through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'T is false; for 't is not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth; whom princes praise, they should reward.
Are these the kings intrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
The people sweat not for their king's delight,
To enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he, who well has serv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
E'en mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
All subject to the power of giddy chance,
For fortune can depress, or can advance:
But true nobility is of the mind,
Not given by chance, and not to chance resign'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside,
Myself alone will for myself provide.
If in thy doting and decrepit age,
Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite,
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For life, I would not cast a wish away.
Such as it is, the offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear;
Or save or slay us both this present hour,
'T is all that fate has left within thy power.
She said; nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Clos'd the severe command: for (slaves to pay)
What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and desir'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne.
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the sullen fire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he design'd
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Enclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of humankind.
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
For this she had distill'd with early care,
The juice of simples friendly to despair,

A magazine of death, and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand the funeral present took:
E'en kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd
Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glued
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd:
E'en from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderness express'd;
But this last act of love excels the rest;
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make.
The messenger despatch'd, again she view'd
The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pursu'd:
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,
And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes despatch'd in little space.
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes.
And those, indulgent heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father e'en in cruelty is kind,
Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made the insult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep. Though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb:
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Releas'd their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er fill'd before; and (oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart,) she kiss'd at once, and cried.
Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft inquir'd the occasion of her grief,
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd,
To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.
She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught:
First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
And quiet sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred, sent;
Who, conscious of the occasion, fear'd the event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:

Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see the effect of what himself design'd?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest:
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly died:
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for the offence
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd: but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain d;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize:
But found no favour in his lady's eyes
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said: [move;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
The work went backward; and, the more he strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate,
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies,
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the pulieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat:
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay,
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not the expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;

* A drama, entitled Theodore and Honoria, was acted in the wood of Chiassi, a word corrupted and altered from Classis, the naval station, which, with the intermediate road or suburb, consututed the triple city of Ravenna. *Dr. J. W.*

With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'T was in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd:
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening* to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye:
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd;
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs guant and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, Heaven, she ran, and cried;
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-back steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:

*Whilst listening] The next fifteen lines, which so strongly paint the sensations of a man upon the sudden approach of some strange, mysterious, and supernatural danger, may be produced, among many others, as a specimen of the high poetical improvements our author has given to the original story; for the passage that furnished this animated picture is only this in Boccaccio, literally translated. "In this forest Theodore, walking on solitary, and musing all alone, had now wandered a mile's distance from his tents and company, entered into a grove of pine trees, not regarding the time of the repast that was prepared for him, or any thing else but the unkind requital of his love. Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent meditations, made him lift up his head to discover the reason of this noise."—Boccaccio, Nov. 8. First Day. *Dr. J. W.*

Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain;
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care,
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And, as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below:)
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me,
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes e'en here, on this revolving day
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting that it could not be [cree,
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts de-
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect. [way,
Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that 's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite:
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love,
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue over head:

The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent.
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, implor-ing aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly spright
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he strook:
Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is the ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meager mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd,
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away
'T was a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, reinspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stay'd,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid;
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd;
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs: which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd:
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host saluting all the crew
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind a lieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
E'en they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast;
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd at every step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope: and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd,
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd;
He took a lowering leave: but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'T was time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall
One maid she had belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'T was to be wish'd, and hop'd. but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends, (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare;)
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste,)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain:
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he 's obscene.
I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse;
But love 's the subject of the comic muse:

Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face:
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd, on a summer's holyday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, e'en in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found.
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t' other face,
Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose.
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And e'en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught,
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view;
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At lenth awaking, Iphigene the fair,
(So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his care,)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh.
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she; What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd the envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love.
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,

The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd and bishopp'd by the fair.
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engaged by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse;
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past—the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love.
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design. [care
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war. [vide;
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight pro-
Already were the vessels side by side, [bride.
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign.
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or if he could, my love disdains the laws
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain. [lease,
You, what by strength you could not keep, re-
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd: [accord,
While to his arms the blushing bride he took
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and e'en her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake, by fits, and fill, the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:

The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
E'en if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing, durst, in heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died;
Who rather not resisted, than complied.
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last: meantime with sails declin'd
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent:
And just escap'd; their force already spent.
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain,
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore:
Known each, they know; but each with change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense;
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn, when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few;
But crowding on, the last the first impel:
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair:
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd the amends, for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.

Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood the affair: some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd
For when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd, but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape: [bless
Unprais'd by me, though heaven some times may
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great it seems are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure the event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleas'd: the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent:
In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried;
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'T was yours to improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd:
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'T is force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves: if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain;)
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show the foes
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lysimachus replied,
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.

Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And join'd by thee intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the rest: when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then ent'ring, unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease;
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight:
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well mann'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.
It pleas'd: the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd. [around,
The sun arose; the streets were throng'd
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
The expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite. [sign'd,
Now, at the appointed place and hour as-
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem, with shining vests
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When, like the harpies, rushing though the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey, their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Back ward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood
With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corpse; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store:
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RADCLIFFE.*

MY LORD,

THESE Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to overvalue their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they, (as the best poet and the best patron said,)

> When in the full perfection of decay,
> Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptation of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit among readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers; are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects? or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia; and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1693.

barbarous age,) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age:

———Non ingenii favet ille sepultis;
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state, who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age; these attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: if less in dignity yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to show besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished: that many of the tragedies in the former age among us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies: but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we or our greater fathers have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable encumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it among us; and without the possibility of establishing it here unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them,

who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way: yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from difference of taste in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their SCRIPTIONS as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors, or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride: not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility, and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, among her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her; and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany: at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid: and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not: but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader, than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal in the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his heroical epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it:

but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so straitly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it! they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part, truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them in the general heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to show how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the synalepha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad.

> Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not *the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

> Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:
> The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's*, beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every where observed the rule of the synalepha in my translation: but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet not reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use synalephas, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does in the very first line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words, μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς and ἄλγε' ἔθηκε, the synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give in to the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years, we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions then those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and

adequate design of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer in his long digression has rather given us his own character than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murther, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly mankillers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable then any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest of your forgiveness. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face:
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.

No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire:
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus, when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the wat'ry surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender here,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent,)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen wagon of the north.
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd:
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
Now colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The god of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the ethereal energy:
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written law, where none oppress;

The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound; [sound:
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, forseed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age:
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage
Not impious yet———

THE IRON AGE.

———Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.
Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd;
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here opprest, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS' WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd, [mix'd;
With native earth their blood the monsters
The blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in the impregnate earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurst:

An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of gods beheld from high,
Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat,)
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill the assembly with a shining train.
A way there is in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of stars; through, which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the almighty nod,
And with a general fear confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace.
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make:
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I tried whatever in the godhead lay;
But gangren'd* members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods;
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd;
Who with his hand and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.
Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey.
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray: the tyrant grins;
And, adding profanation to his sins,
I 'll try, said he, and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.
'T was late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove;
But first he had resolv'd to taste my power:
Not long before but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so drest,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.

*But gangren'd] Jupiter talks like a surgeon. *Dr. J. W.*

He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind 's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopp'd, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Rememb'ring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow.
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; the imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound:
And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your wat'ry store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or downward driven they bruise the tender vine,
Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they browse;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.

The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face,
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echoes in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
Oh wife, oh sister, oh, of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain; a species in a pair;
The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
E'en of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above: and, while I speak
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind remain.
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief;
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.
O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.
Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain.

At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said; The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones: [fear
These we must cast behind. With hope and
The woman did the new solution hear;
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and veil'd, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell;
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find:
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.
For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind,
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmear'd (the fæces of the flood,)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produc'd before;
But of new monsters earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations with so dire a sight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espied,
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 't was long before
The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs borne,
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.
He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor stopp'd but on Parnassus' airy height.

Two different shafts he from his quiver draws
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest:
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.
The clamour'd deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phoebe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity mantains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thyself, a son to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Sooths him with blandishments, and filial charms:
Give me my lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'T is but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment.
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone;
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and, for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay, nymph, he cried, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe:
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails.
She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.
As when the impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swifty move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight;

And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
Oh help, she cried, in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb:
Or change my form whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;
When pomps shall in a long procession pass:
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as the immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO A HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does enclose:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise;
And deadly damps enclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtful, whether to congraulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears
Then old Apidanus came, crown'd with years
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
And, Oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy, whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide: thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the seas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh fly not; for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures: he pursu'd the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the god who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight,
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
The almighty lecher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
E'en Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love; [Jove:
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of

Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said she sprang from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 't was equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear and love by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd,
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possest,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind,
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with mud.
Her woful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd,
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seemed to inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
E'en Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took;
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.
Which with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.
Ah wretched me! her mournful father cried;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw;
And wept, and then these tender words ensue;
And art thou she whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;
And speech denied by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed.
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality.
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away
To some fresh pasture, on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear:
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree,
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped;
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds,
And, Whosoe'er thou art, my friend, said he,

Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.
The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time;
And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies;
And watch'd his hour to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take:
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus; a nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursu'd,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude:
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rights maintain'd;
Like Phœbe clad, e'en Phœbe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god:
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river stopt, and, tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new rising on the place.
And while he sighs his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new music, Thou, he said,
Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shalt be the consort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and toil'd his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice and song suppress't;
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile, [toil,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 't was all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least to finish all her woes:
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The goddess was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:
A goddess now through all the Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.

Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd.
With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaeton,
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the Sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame; [youth
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth:
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus, on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace
E'en I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known.
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'T is hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd,
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence:
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroe's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA,

Out of the Eighth book of Ovids Metamorphoses.

CONNEXION TO THE FORMER STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connexions in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, among others, Calydon, though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him the Caledonians sought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near,
Of Cynthia's wrath the avenging minister.
For Œeneus with autumnal plenty bless'd,
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:
Cull'd sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine
And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane the invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches e'en the gods: the queen of night
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.
Swift as the word she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls the Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eyeballs glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.

With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep [keep.
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed,)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus, join'd with bold Pirithous, came,
A single concord in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t' other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground, [bare,
And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averse. O happy youth, he cried;
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!
He sigh'd and had no leisure more to say;
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And force him to pursue the now neglected prey.
There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below.
No sounding axe presumed those trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought;
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
Like lightning sudden, on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouths aloft, but none abide
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopsus was next; but, ere he threw, address'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy priest;
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast. The god allow'd
His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew. [pire,
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames ex-
And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown.
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast: the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborne, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid [aid.
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows'
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unpropp'd falls headlong on the plain.
Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,

And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear;
White were their habits, white their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the steed.
But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
To expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout, the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting axe:
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance; to whom from far
Thus Theseus cried: O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart:
The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus tried
His force too near, and by presuming died:
He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw:
Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jason threw, but failed to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in the event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd salvage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound;
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnership of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine;
At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift: and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envied; but the Thestyan brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflamed with spite,
From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's right.
But soon the impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cried, Ye robbers of another's due
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast.
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,

Stood doubting; and while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'T was grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul: at last 't was rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth
For the unborn chief, the fatal sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung, to this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed and quench'd the flame:
The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd, she thrice repress'd:
The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now low'ring looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears she dried
With blushing rage, are by new tears supplied;
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
The imperious tempest, and the impetuous seas;
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand:
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying her dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.
Shall fate to happy Œneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell, you wait my duty,) take your due;
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live? not only live, but reign?
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or dread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 't is past, 't is done:
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal; [fall.
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require; [fire,
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.
I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.
At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling, drops the brand.

The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.
Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry;
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry,
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cried,
With what becoming fate in arms he died!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound:
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more;
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees unsluice their eyes;
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loathes a life prolong'd with pain.
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the god;
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god in vain
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 't is borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn,)
E'en in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.
His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
E'en to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin than a race content:
Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters; but with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON,

Out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the river-god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye-witness.

Thus Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and, admiring, fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:

One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone,)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, (a small well-water'd spot;)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first were seen
The party-clour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savoury bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.

Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had,('t was all they could allow,)
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment,
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the god. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed,and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountains height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A wat'ry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains:
Wond'ring with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise;
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.
A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine.
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, Farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
E'en yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows,
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly honour share.

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

From the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnossian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds,)
At Phæstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind:
If heaven, said Lygdus, will vouchsafe to hear
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir,
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth:
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctancy,)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.

He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.
Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
To extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of night
Before the approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;
The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the lab'ring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice that thus distinctly spake:
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless deity.
This promise made, with night the goddess fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed:
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose,
'T was of the beautoous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
The indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was: the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour ease'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With man'ly fierceness mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.
Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare:
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd; for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire:
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas! said she,
What issue of my love remains for me,
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve,
And that 's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire:
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire;
The father of the fold supplies his ewes
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own species choose.
Her females Nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd;
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap;
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.

And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire:
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design:
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair; [prayer.
'T is past the power of heaven to grant my
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus accurs'd
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns:
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle
And sevenfold falls of disemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears pursu'd her words, and while she spoke,
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.
Some hopes these happy omens did impart
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face
Her looks imbolden'd with an awful grace:
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone;

* * * * * *

The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The gods of marriage lend their mutal aid,
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

From the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The Propœtides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill:
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been:

One would have thought she could have stirr'd; but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows 't is madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'T is true the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean:
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furnishes her closet first; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells:
Adds orients pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue:
And parrots imitating human tongue,
And singing-birds in silver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.
Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side,
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow rest.
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.
The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire:
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print, [dint.
'T was flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the
The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame to use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise,
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise.
The goddess present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
Than ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA,

Out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

There needs no connexion of this story with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been

A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire :
I sing of horror : and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment :
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years ;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha bears ?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime :
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns the love, and vindicates his dart ;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire, had merited a curse :
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighb'ouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed :
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said :
Ah Myrrha ! whither would thy wishes tend ?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast !
But is it sin ? Or makes my mind alone
The imagin'd sin ? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man !
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride ;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam ?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natured laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind
But man a slave of his own making lives :
The fool denies himself what nature gives :
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains ;
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 't is the country makes the crime !
But whither would my impious fancy stray ?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away !
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen ?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he 's not mine, because he 's mine too much :
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie ;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight :
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore ;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss ; and more, if more I might :
More, impious maid ! What more canst thou design ?
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine ?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife ?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother ! sister to thy son !
And fear'st thou not to see the infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face the avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair ?
But thou in time the increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul ;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the attempt were vain ;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane :
Observant of the right ; and O, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me !
Thus she ; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their names, inquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer ?

The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty;
And dried the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'T was now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose;
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again:
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
Stops and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
Fain would begin, but understands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that sad thought she rests, resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause:
This said, about her neck the noose she draws.
The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs and hollow sounds: surpris'd with fright,
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
Unlocks the door, and ent'ring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death.
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in those her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loathe her life, and languish in despair?
The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit: the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast;
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to show.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied:
Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd:
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursu'd her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experienc'd age shall be your guide
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she receiv'd not the command
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wouldst hear, is impious e'en to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling, both with age and terror, stands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet entreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with threats,

To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And, last if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon oppress'd
With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast;
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd;
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she tried;
The faltering tongue its office still denied:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
Then groan'd and ceas'd; the good old woman shook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would:
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy sire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crow'd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd:
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd her years,
And she replied, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere:
So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
'T was depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the nothern heaven,
When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd;
The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light
Icarius first withdraws his holy flame:
The Virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
She stumbled thrice, (an omen of the event;)
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
E'en bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, the accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed the expecting monarch lay:
Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin:
Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes that unknown she could retire.
Her ling'ring thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
The fatal secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets.
He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove,
With maiden modesty, against her love;
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
(Because the title suited with her years;)
And, Father, she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left the incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she bred:
Another, and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame;
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper: the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime, and criminal, to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew the avenging sword;
The guilty fled; the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.

Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to the Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
To accept my penitence, and hear my prayer,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain:
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain,
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring woman, would have pray'd
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
E'en envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years: the babe whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree enclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous-youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

Out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

CONNEXION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star) and king of Trachin, in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the gods might be atoned.

These prodigies affect the pious prince,
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung
And faltering died unfinish'd on her tongue,

Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone!
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul e'en then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the main
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain:
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And not content with seas insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of the event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to sooth her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promise of so short a stay prevails:
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell.
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes:
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When e'en the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first announce the wat'ry war.
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the topsail; let the mainsheet fly,
And furl your sails: The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confusion, while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrouds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds;

At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky:
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light:
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the skies, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upward tends,
One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend its friendly light:
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So, while the invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest.
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part, following enter, part remain without.
With envy hear their fellows' conq'ring shout,
And mount on others' backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.
A universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near:
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, stupid, with dry eyes, expects his fate,
One, with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods implores,
And e'en the skies he cannot see adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and overboard the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd insults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow
Down sinks the ship within the abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold and swim, but while they swim, despair.
E'en he, who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his consort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer,
Names as a charm against the waves and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And e'en when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears;

And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him who was an empty name.
All powers implor'd, but, far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much lov'd lord from perils to protect
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part.
This last petition heard of all her prayer,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.
But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are all convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies:)
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god:
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome moon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempest rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
Around its entry nodding popples grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing, sheds it on the silent plains
No door there was the unguarded house to keep,
On croaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin ent'ring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom, knock'd his chin:
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes
This demon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:

A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is despatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the Queen bespoke:
Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo! all that 's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy loving lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.
Thus said the player god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief opprest,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
Then stretch'd her arms to embrace his body bare,
Her clasping arms enclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake, she cried, Oh stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair:
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:
No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the place:
There, e'en just there, he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd, and said: This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'T was what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopp'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.
'T was morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea;

That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'T was here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase
At nearer sight; and she 's herself the less:
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks;
'T is he, 't is he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!
She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the incursions of the flood;)
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new made about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore: and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest:
A wint'ry queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORAN'T.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

These some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant shows,
The former tale reviving others' woes:
That sable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
Himself was Hector's brother, and had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date,
Perhaps had rivall'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clownishness pre^ess'd,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket, or the mead pursu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried;
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career;
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot;
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cried, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.

Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you died.
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'erhanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curst the unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

CONNEXION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest of all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

Priam, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not share,
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
To avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue
A thousand ships were mann'd to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view,
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loath the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their wo,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
The oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian galleys bore.
Full in the midst of this created space
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place

Confining on all three ; with triple bound ;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd, around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame ; her seat of power ;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower.
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made ;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'T is built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news ;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play :
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from the insulted shore :
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in :
A thoroughfare of news : where some devise
Things never heard ; some mingle truth with lies :
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there ; with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain :
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near ;
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear
Fame sits aloft ; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above ; inquiring all around. [known
The goddess gives the alarm ; and soon is
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight : by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand, [won,
Which with expense of blood the Grecians
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt [son.
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with gore :
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain ;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks : where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought :
Cygnus he found ; on him his force essay'd :
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-mann'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke ;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe :
And rising shook this lance, in act to throw
But first he cried, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursu'd the voice without delay ;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent ;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune ; Goddess-born
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn
This helm. and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war :
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'T is somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring
Thy sire is mortal ; mine is ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart :
He said, and threw : the trembling weapon pass'd [plac'd,
Through nine bull-hides, each under other
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out ; and sent again
The hostile gift : the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well chosen spear ;
The inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side
Not otherwise the impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars : provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war :
They quit their ground ; his bended horns elude
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point : he look'd, the point was there.
'This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled !
I had it once ; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood ;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives' blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain :
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest ;
At him he lanc'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast :
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine ; and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left shoulder aimed: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menœtes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose:
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bar'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound nor blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swims before his sight:
The insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast:
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He tied; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.
With eager haste he went to strip the dead;
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea-god sire, to immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard.
The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around:
And, hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike symphony.
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns relieved.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From steel, and which could e'en that steel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Nestor thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit,
O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time,
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
'T was in my second century I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and all, alike her love denied.

It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.
This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape e'en of a god could bear.
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without request,
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.
Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.
They sat: and summon'd by the bridegroom came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
Ner wanted I: the roofs with joy resound:
And Hymen, Iō Hymen, rung around,
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.
For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair.
'T was Eurytus began: his bestial kind [mind,
His crime pursu'd; and each as pleas'd his
Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.
The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first; What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus, he cried, thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of centaurs, and redeems the bride.
The monster nought replied: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood [blood.
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled
Half roaring, and half neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd to light the sacristy,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand,
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eyeballs rooted out are thrown to ground:
His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.
This, Belates, the avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword despatch'd to shades below,
Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires: The gods, he cried,
Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:
Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.
Exadius cried, Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head:

At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd, [beard.
His eyeballs beaten out hung dangling on his
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone, it shone:
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivell'd while
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seer wood;
Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd like red-hot iron within the smithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy, but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped,
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains,
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.
Thus flush'd, the conquerer, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd:
First Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cried, What palm is from a beardless prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon struck: which roaring out with pain
He drew; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
Thaumas and Medon, wounded in the breast,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Phalus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew;
And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain,
But to his fellow cried, Be safely slow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides bow.
Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
E'en then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And sleep thy fill, the insulting victor cried;
Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur died:
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Cromys fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This Dictys saw; and seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd, nor seconded the stroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back: (who bore
No mortal burden but his own before.)
Press'd with his knees his sides: the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other plied him with repeated strokes:
The club hung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
He falls; and lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive;
And from their dens to draw the indignant beasts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast; the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain the enormous weight was cast
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist.
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom, conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cried, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul applied;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance portends.
E'en while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas; who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dyed:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defied:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground;
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd;
And to his mother earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate; (if form to monsters men allow:)
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shape's in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art:
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal black his colour, but like jet it shone
His legs and flowing tail were white alone
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls her auburn hair
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recall
And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies:
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart
To her bare bosom the sharp point applied,
And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing died.

E'en still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions' hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest,
Spread on his back, the houss and trappings of a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colander
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw;
The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight; nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from fight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus;
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt the embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.
And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid:
And but a man in show: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.
While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether breast and upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest:
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Then a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his falchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again
Since downright blows, he cried, and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side; in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.
The impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cried,
Try thou the strength of Cæneus: at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, the unhop'd success;
And, rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? the united force
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse?
Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
We seem, (a lover built for Juno's bed;)
Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains threw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds: he chanc'd to see
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw
The example shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade

And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for [breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave the intoterable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he heaves: and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respires again:
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs the Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd:
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions' rattling sound,
All hail, he cried, thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief:
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Ashamed to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude:
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more then shared the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pelyan prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 't is hard to praise a foe.
He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylus; that, a neighb'ring state,
And this, my own; both guiltless of their fate.
To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew,
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wond'rous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had given to change his form, and chang'd, resume again.
Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried;
And in all beasts Alcides still defied:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd;
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tower'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point: and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 't is peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke;
At length with weariness and wine oppress'd
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Meantime, laments his son in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before:)
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove,
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost.

O, could I meet him! But I wish too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that 's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.
He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs aright
The envenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight,
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name,
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile the unconquer'd chief is plac'd
The god, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
E'en Diomede sat mute, with downcast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES:

From the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstarted fierce: and kindled with disdain
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys hal'd aground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cried,
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 't is safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (the inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone,
Just Æacus the king of gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:

Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left enclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are born
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
E'en faithful Nestor less in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend e'en at his utmost need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed
Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie,
I vouch e'en Diomede, who, though his friend
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.
The gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He justly was forsaken, who forsook;
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(E'en the shield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life;
Let him return to that opprobrious field:
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the gods along,
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and e'en the sound of Hector bred:
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword;
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save.

The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them,
Or, I with them an equal honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor aught of these was done, and Diomede
away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend: and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ample shield advance;
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with
cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste
Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and
bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the
man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensu'd:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to the expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common
pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew;)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great, or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd;
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free,
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried:
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.
Then, since the cause on pure desert is
plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, applied her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threat'ning influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien of voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke;
O goddess born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light;
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge the offence,
'T was a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprise I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul
Forc'd him to exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.
'T was harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel, and crowded with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but stood
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters pass'd, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we tried our strength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel train,
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause pursu'd.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the power supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who plied his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cried, O base degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame;
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence,)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;

Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame,
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?
But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I despatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy design'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steed
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus
Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.
At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
The giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought, nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'T is just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The pond'rous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should wear?
For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?
Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars?
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For, if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him
And if he taxes both of long delay
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.

But grant me guilty, 't is not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he died,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact 's your own:
'T is true, the advice was mine: that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
The event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though faith is all in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
De not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.
Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil, and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone;
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Eurypylus may claim
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear;
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but excute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and the immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains,

If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuse to me.
He ceas'd: and, ceasing, with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then snatching out his falchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often tried, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'T is Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green stem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew.
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and those the name.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

From the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine. [seen;
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had
And doubtful down began to shade his chin;
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feast
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin replied,
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied
Already Love his flaming brand has tost;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant lover chose;
Here on the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth;
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian sheperd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin,
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fix'd in thy disdain:
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud:
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother bear
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake:
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run:
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay
And much repent of your unwise delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store,
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raise, fair nymph, your beautous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think because my limbs and body bear
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the wat'ry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes;
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heav'ns! I cannot bear.

But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that 's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne:
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph: and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when fore'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
I see, I see, but this shall be your last.
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cried,
Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes!
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 't was too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return;
And roll, among the river gods his urn.
Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood
Up starts a youth, and navel high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY

*From the Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.**

The fourteenth Book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus; the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A KING is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities,)
'T is said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house.
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee.
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood.

* It is a singular circumstance, that neither *Lucretius* nor *Pope* finished their philosophical poems. Ovid has not set forth the Pythagorean philosophy so well as Lucretius the Epicurean.
Dr. J. W.

He said; and sleep forsook him, and the god.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What should he do? 'T was death to go away,
And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted, and, when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream begun:
Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he studied flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away.
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.
O power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.
A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Siberis, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.
The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose; [begun
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice:
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the noble steed,
On browse, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endu'd with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'T is then for naught that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread:
What else is this but to devour our guests
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, cur life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor dared with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove;
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by Nature's laws,
And self-defence; but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power,
But not th' extended license, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she died.
The goat came next in order, to be tried:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one has lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd, [field?
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
(That neck with which the surly clods he broke,)
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but, heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures' toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil;
The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 't is sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 't is his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labours past
And in the water views, perhaps, the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then, broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests to inspect the gods' decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice wou:
And when you eat the well deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and then survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And, wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate;
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,

By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space;
To seek her fortune in some other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.
And since, like Typhis, parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,*
This let me further add, that nature knows
No steadfast station, but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
E'en times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;
E'en heaven itself receives another die,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie
Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of ether flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.

* *In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before*] Pythagoras, it is said, wrote a poem on the universe, in hexameter verses mentioned by Diog. Laertius, 8. 7. *Dr. J. W.*

For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.
Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair, [bare.
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than
E'en our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave:
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began, [man;
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd,
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air,
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but, downward press'd,
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become
He rides a stick, and travels round the room;
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.

Heavy the third and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, though 't is down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet, and hands;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wond'ring what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or e'en but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.
Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire, first, with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth, and mother Earth subsides.
All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarefies to dew; expanded more
The subtile dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:

The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And, crumbling still, descends to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands:
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there,
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth.
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaur in his current wash'd his wounds.
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose their taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, main land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd;
And boatsmen through the crystal water show,
To wond'ring passengers the walls below.

Near Trœzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Enlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
A breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to enclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'or it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)
But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well.)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus, (so have some assur'd,)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charm and simples cast [last.
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues
Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce; [use,
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name,)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the standing lake
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea:
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and, firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store;)
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.
For whether earth 's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsion fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtile spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.
A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'T is said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from the putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring [spring.
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting, his tail, in circles toss'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
E'en slime begets the frogs' loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake.

And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives
As much of form, as she herself receives.
The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose,
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.
All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Casia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath,) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle; this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' hyæna shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin chameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore the expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
E'en now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old saws foretell, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see, [be:
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth: [reign,
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to
And late require the precious pledge again.

This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'T is time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
And therefore I conclude; whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires, or grandsires, shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there 's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
To enclose his body, and his soul expel.
Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;
Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight;
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 't is sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heav'n to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

The life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a cer-

tain Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason; they will have him banished for some favours, which, they say, he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he, who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank. Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her; which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter; for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confidant of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath; for the words

Sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who were both noted for incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the some paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalièrement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of

his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloys his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race: some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistolæ Heroidum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

Quam celer e toto redlit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Œnone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being writ-

ten from ladies, who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translater (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run divisions on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres———
>
> Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith, like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido:

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
> A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
> To make translations and translators too:
> They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
> True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

> Atque fidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

> Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the first three lines of Homer's Odyssey, which he has contracted into two.

> Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ
> Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.
>
> Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
> So many towns, such change of manners saw.
>
> *Roscommon.*

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

> [Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate, I take

imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my defintion reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar: because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid. "Poetry is of so subtile a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation, but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes

or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

——Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few, who have all the talents, which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, god of the winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse, by long experience, found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'T is love, said she; and then my downcast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full consent,
Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great."
But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?
What med'cines tried we not, to thee unknown?
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 't was my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.

With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And e'en my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st, and in thy count'nance sate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)
For both our sakes, (saidst thou,) preserve thy life;
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove: [we love.
Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm!
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convoy.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering pray'rs, as holy rites she meant,
Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cried:
The grandsire heard him, and the theft he spied.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd, the self-discover'd infant lay.
The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
The babe cried out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own,)
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the messenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath, [word
To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that
His trembling hands presented me a sword:)
"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the use of it will show."
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou god of marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place:
Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
How could thy infant innocence offend? [tend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shown to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue: then owns herself to be sensible of the passion which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter showing the extreme artifice of womankind.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.

How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there 's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'T is virtue to repent a vicious deed,
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 't is some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I 'll not complain; for who 's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would show I valu'd, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I 'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 't is your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which, wild man, your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you 'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd [stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone, [done:
And blushing sate for things which you have
Then murmur'd to myself, He 'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 't was no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, I love.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.

Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who, smiling, promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light, [sight:
To think such nymphs would show you such a
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praise;
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 't is confest,
The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court it whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend;
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden: for the more I 'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possess'd.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too pressing to be long denied.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ:
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 't were best,
Our kindled fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions range,
Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd,
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Œnone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?

Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:
But having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
'T is then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he 's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that, which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from heav'n's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'T is a dear purchase, and a costly hate.

Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove,
And so it will, if there be pow'r in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?
Which, were it smooth, were ev'ry wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But heav'n forbid my words should omen bear,)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly:
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What couldst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all.
Lest this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas.
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Curst be the cave, which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echoed round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funeral from below.
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the domo,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire,
Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain,
Friendless, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
A helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away:)
Or to my husband's murd'rer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go, then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.

The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command; [land!
Would the same god had barr'd thee from my
The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
While thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy wouldst not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;
By all the gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain;
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
Wash'd safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent:
If by no merits thy mind can move,
What thou deme'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my wo.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life 's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood, [blood.
And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shall my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here. [died,
The cause of death, and sword by which she
Æneas gave: the rest her arm supplied."

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god 's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen;
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth so tried
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear,

I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is opprest,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly show thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight,
(An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast:
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rights.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove
On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not belied,
E'en there the cause of love is often tried;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There 's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distract thy choice.
To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes, or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or denied,

The lusty lover made by force a bride;
And, with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
Then sooth'd her thus:—My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love;
Nor shun the chariot's, and the courser's race;
The circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire, whose chariot this and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;

* * * * *

Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his encroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds: for some can
Of favours won, by laying cushions well: [tell,
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.
Cæsar would represent a naval fight.
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining East to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,
To give a prosp'rous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home,
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heav'n design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly;
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.

Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and, spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'T is loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, were ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought:
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize,
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.
Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.
First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than woman can resist your flatt'ring skill:
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'T were best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair.
Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.
In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envied ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.
A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him grass, (so much can Love command;)
She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find:
If not, at least seek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes

Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.
Now she would be Europa, Io now:
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.
If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His coursers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
All woman are content that men should woo;
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid; by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs,
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
For woman soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
'T is a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for 't;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
E'en though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit 's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 't is the best advice my skill affords;
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win,
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she 's dipt.
'T is for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.
All things the stations of their seasons keep:
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that 's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she 's in humor, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that 's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.

Be staunch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'T is what I want, and 't is a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 't is but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the [cheer;
And she 'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin,
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain,
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes a while her appetite will stay;
'T is a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad, but make her still believe
'T will come, and that 's the cheapest way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she 'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write, then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage vow;
(And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to [move:
'T is wit enough to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
E'en the hard ploughshare use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there 's a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that 's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
For she 's the play-house and the play in one.
There thou mayst ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair:

Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your throat,
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites;
Who would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: The traitor 's gone, said she;
What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become——she had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane, (the god was clear;)
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
At last he topples over on the plain;
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn,
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god: Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw;
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
Which she may know were all addrest to her,
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires,
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires;)
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en her husband must attend:
(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says be seconded by thee. [name:
'T is common to deceive through friendship's
But, common though it be, 't is still to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 't is feign'd 't is oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe
This is the proper time to make thy court,
For now she 's in the vein, and fit for sport.
Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:

Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profest.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
'T is for our interest that the gods should be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see,
And both reward, and punish equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 't is a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'T is a profane and a deceitful kind.
'T is said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.
The king replied: On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'T is, the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdu'd by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'T is downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but if she 'scape,
She will not thank you for the omitted rape.
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.
What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair,
What means Æcides to spin and sew?
With spear and sword in field thy valour show;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'T is thought she struggled; but withal 't is thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 't is nature, what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex, they will not first begin,
But when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.

Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'T is well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'T is decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail a while, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
'T is a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meager be his face.
That colour from the fair compassion draws:
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a nightcap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and study to be pale:
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost;
A little and an empty name they boast.
Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise:
If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
'T is true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow,
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain:
And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your bosom-friend your care begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any soil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 't is in men, but more in womankind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wise men shift their sails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
So turn thyself; and imitating them,
Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid:
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 't is often seen, the simple shun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my task is done, and part to do,
But here 't is time to rest myself and you.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

For mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my measures to my subject suit.
Six feet for ev'ry verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind
From ev'ry second verse a foot purloin'd,
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary sway,
On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'T is more absurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to battle move;
Or manly Pallas from that queen should take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake,
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn
As soon may Phœbus quit the trembling string,
For sword and shield; and Mars may learn to sing.
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and every where,
The god of music for his harp may fear.
Thus when with soaring wings I seek renown,
Thou pluck'st my pinions and I flutter down.

Could I on such mean thoughts my muse em-
I want a mistress or a blooming boy. [ploy,
Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling bent,
And chose an arrow fit for his intent.
The shaft his purpose fatally pursues;
Now, poet, there 's a subject for thy muse.
He said: too well, alas, he knows his trade;
For in my breast a mortal wound he made.
Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove,
My verse is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows enclose,
While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. IV.

To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a feast with them. The poet instructs her how to behave herself in his company.

YOUR husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.
And am poor I a guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the fair?
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord,
While his lewd hand descends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force the bride.
I am not half a horse, (I would I were,)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counsel; which observ'd may be
Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er,
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in passing by.
Read in my looks what silently they speak,
And slyly, with your eyes, your answer make
My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain;
My right hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the back a letter shall design;
Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wish the devil may take your lord.
When he fills for you never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on those services employ:
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy;
Watching the part where your sweet mouth hath been,
And thence with eager lips will suck it in.
If he, with clownish manners, thinks it fit
To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,
Reject his greasy kindness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor rest
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.
Let not his hand within your bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
But above all, let him no kiss receive;
That 's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in arms, and cry, 'T is mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifest adulterer will appear.
These things are plain to sight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor with your hand, provoke my foe to rise.
How many love-inventions I deplore,
Which I myself have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely shift
For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
While o'er my side the fair her mantle cast.
You to your husband shall not be so kind:
But, lest you should, your mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to tope; but kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
Then we may take advice from time and place.
When all depart, when compliments are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kiss.
Alas! what length of labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient joy! [come,
For night must part us: and when night is
Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home,
He locks you in; I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too,
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all is due.
But add not to his joy by your consent,
And let it not be given, but only lent.
Return no kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your business for my sake.
And whate 'er fortune shall this night befall,
Coax me to morrow, by forswearing all.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. XIX

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What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
Who, but a sot, would scorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my flames are blown up higher?
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantastic humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still new:
She, that next night I might the sharper come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
Whene'er she pleas'd, her head and teeth would ache:
Till having won me to the highest strain,
She took occasion to be sweet again.
With what a gust, ye gods, we then embrac'd!
How ev'ry kiss was dearer than the last!
Thou whom I now adore, be edified,
Take care that I may often be denied.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the food, that must my fires maintain.
Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall,
In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden show'rs.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape,
The watchman help'd her to a second leap.

* * * * *

shore.
The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,
A truth which I by sad experience know.
The kind poor constant creature we despise;
Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.
But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;
If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there.
An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad;
Kick her, for she 's a letter-bearing bawd;
In short, be jealous as the devil in hell!
And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe,
I scorn to strike, but when he wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving
I 'll be no drudge to any wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborne thee long,
In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy wrong:
If no affront can rouse thee, understand
I 'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life,
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
For shame be no accomplice in my treason,
A pimping husband is too much in reason.
Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: That being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural groundwork of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of

the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage,
Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bawls,
And shakes the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
Where, with men-boys, I stove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.
But since the world with writing is possest,
I 'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvied,
Whose razor on my callow beard was tried;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
'T is hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betrav'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom e'en spies dread as their superior fiend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
They send their prostituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
For such good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's standard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a snake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain!
Such villanies rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 't is more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede to repeat,
Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.
With what impatience must the muse behold
The wife, by her procuring husband sold?
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the ceiling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who, yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove
With boasted art to please his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mecænas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six wearied slaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new;

Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:
So well the fashionable mod'cine thrives,
That now 't is practis'd e'en by country wives:
Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For virtue is but dryly prais'd, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss'd,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-harlot or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd;
When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever since that Golden Age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.
What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not emptied now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age so many summer seats did see?
Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
As on a seven dishes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is soon despatch'd:
The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd
Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care,
That no intruding guest usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors' and the tribunes' voice is heard;
The freedman justles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'T is not the birth, 't is money makes the lord.
The rent of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:
Not Pallas nor Licinius had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure,
Once a poor rogue, 't is true, I trod the street,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest god; through yet we see
No temples rais'd to Money's majesty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord: where the stork on high
Seems to salute her infant progeny:
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
But since our knights and senators account
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my spouse: despatch her with her share
'Tis Galla: Let her ladyship but peep:
No, Sir, 't is pity to disturb her sleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The salutations of the morning tide
Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues; where amidst the race
Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shows his face,
Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, shuts his door;
Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast;
And his own gut the sole invited guest.
Such plate, such tables, dishes drest so well,
That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
E'en parasites are banish'd from his board:
(At once a sordid and luxurious lord:) [drest;
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are
(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
But present punishment pursues his maw,
When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw;
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
His fate makes table talk, divulg'd with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the present crimes.
Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
Then Satire, spread thy sails, take all the winds
can blow. [yield
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
Bold truths to speak, and spoken to maintain;
When god-like freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?
Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honest license now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake.
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by
night. [draught
Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a
Of pois'nous juice, be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'T is defamation but to say, That 's he!
Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidst their strokes the poets gets no harm:
Achilles may in epique verse be slain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company:
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
Muse, be advis'd; 't is past consid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of
rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by these sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the govenment for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

Griev'd though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives.
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess,
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scene so desert, or so full of fright,
As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing
light?
But worse than all, the clatt'ring tiles; and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modell'd once the Roman state,
In mighty councils with his Nymph* retir'd:
Though now the sacred shades and founts are
hir'd [lay
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that ev'ry tree
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from the
true!

* *Nymph*] Ægeria, a nymph, or goddess; with whom Numa feigned to converse by night, and to be instructed by her in modelling his superstitions.

How much more beauteous had the fountain
been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had
run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'T is time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 't is time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he;
Such manners will with such a town agree,
Knaves who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common-
shore;
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very
head.
These fellows (see what fortune's power can
do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holydays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back,* they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice
rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance:
And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
What 's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I
there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose,
What confidants our wealthy Romans chose;
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come:
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted
face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown
Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkemb'd, and horrid locks, behold
Stilling sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners, in ev'ry dress;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him
less,
Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals:
So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they purchase here:
And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flatt'ring servile rout:
Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.

* *With thumbs bent back*] In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserved it not, they held up their thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of death.

Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A cook, a conjuror, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn.*
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t'other day
A small-craft vessel hither did convey; [lay?
Where, stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lips, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,†
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
The nation is compos'd of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters who can better please:
Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Propar'd for some new piece of flattery.
E'en nastiness, occasions will afford;

* *But in that town, &c.*] Athens; of which Pallas the goddess of arms and arts was patroness.
† *Antiochus, nor Stratocles*] Two famous Grecian mimics, or actors, in the poet's time.

* * * * * *
Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
A rigid Stoic his own pupil slew:
A friend against a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:
Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles' heart:
One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependence in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to their levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childless matrons are, long since, awake;
And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
'T is frequent, here, to see a freeborn son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run:
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor sinner though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire.
The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick, to the bus'ness; how he lives and eats,
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:

How many thousand acres feed his sheep?
What are his rents? what servants does he keep?
Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their bread by perjury;
And e'en the gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lie.
Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:
The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The man 's in mourning;
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
He 's wounded! see the plaster on his foot.
Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
(The master of the ceremonies cries,)
This is no place for you, whose small estate
Is not the value of the settled rate:
The sons of happy punks, the pander's heir,
Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat;
For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed
The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to assist the judging chair?
The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress'd,
Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
At Rome 't is worse; where house-rent by the year,
And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear;
And tavern bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn,
Which cheaply country cupboards does adorn:
And coarse blue hoods on holydays are worn.
Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none, but only dead men, wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely state,
Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights.
Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the same liv'ry wears.
But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious god,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page:
Shave his first down, and when he polls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
Who fears, in country towns, a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 't is the village mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close,
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep, quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store,
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor;)
Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cocklofts and garrets soon will take their turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd.
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd;
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'T is true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost,

Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city pretor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear;
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
White naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast;
Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too:
Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome doghole by the year.
A small convenience, decently prepar'd,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.
'T is somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
'T is frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When e'en the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The wagoners, that curse their standing teams,
Would wake e'en drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters born, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
The press before him stops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shole;
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load;
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn:
Unwieldy timber trees in wagons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below;
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, invisible are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded pray'r;
And wants two farthing to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'T is want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend, thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a pisspot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'T is so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:

Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that he fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion cobbler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 't is all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throats soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for those villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain;
Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low
The wagoner grows weary of my stay;
And whips his horses forward on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom, when you write of Rome.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'T is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few among them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies; and among the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment; and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced; and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished, or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he

dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 't is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that 's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste among them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives; set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us.) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and newsmongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month; are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers; learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husband's sons, if they stand in their way to his estate, and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign,* at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new affected names:)
The Cynthias and the Lesbias of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buxom, fresh, and young,
Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong:
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No sires they had, or, if a sire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
E'en under Jove,† but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learn'd to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were enclos'd.
At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adult'rers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought;
A sober man like thee to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to hers is cheap;)
Is there no city bridge from whence to leap?
Wouldst thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a lecher, such a life to change?

* * * * * *

He who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,

* *In Saturn's reign*] In the Golden Age.

† *E'en under Jove*] When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the Silver Age began, according to the poets.

* * * * *

On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons, there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, sooner, with one eye would be content.
And yet, 't is nois'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'T is possible; but sure no man she found:
'T was desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?

* * * * * *

Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
The Park, the Mall, the Playhouse, or the Court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.

* * * * *

Another does, with all his motions, move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love;
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
'The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.
The rest (when now the long vacation 's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought:
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy land is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wand'ring Pharos with her love she fled,
To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind,
E'en children too; she sails before the wind;
False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattrass is content to sleep.
Ere this, 't is true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But, had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board,
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews 't is thinking of her lord.
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty could the th' adulterer boast?
What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best,
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast,
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with griesly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 't was his fencing did her fancy move
'T is arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old sluggard but began to snore,*
When from his side up rose th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace;
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,

* He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.
To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin,
Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beside;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is tied in golden fetters fast:
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'T is not that she 's his wife, but that she 's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord.
Meantime she 's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old China ware:
Then Berenice's ring* her finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous loves:
And infamously dear: a brother's bribe,
E'en God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine
And think it only sin to feed on swine.
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands', and their brothers' arms:
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia† wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
E'en her who did her num'rous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.‡
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? if stately and severe
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the honey 's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loathe the wife you praise:
Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek: [Greek:
Their fashion, breeding, language must be
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.

* *Berenice's ring*] A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

† *Cornelia*] Mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelii; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

‡ *The thirty pigs*, &c.] He alludes to the white sow in Virgil, who farrowed thirty pigs.

In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek;
E'en in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets,
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.
If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of the nuptual feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendship die
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
A privilege, to pimps and panders left
Thy testament 's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death: You reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies:
Prov'd or unprov'd the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires;
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reck'ning rises; and appears
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tombstone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her now to flay
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor 's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives
'T is on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.
Of ev'ry exercise the mannish crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage
But rout the gladiators on the stage.
What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly
Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim:
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.
Oh what a decent sight 't is to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold!
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
She stands in guard with her right foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stamps, and then cries, Hah! at ev'ry thrust:
But laugh to see her, tir'd with many a bout,
Call for the pot, and like a man piss out.
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first;
Thy servants are accus'd, thy whore is curst;
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries;
For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:

But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face:
And yet e'en then she cries the marriage vow
A mental reservation must allow;
And there 's a silent bargain still implied,
The parties should be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There 's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roofd houses, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 't was light,
And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight;
When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no lustful postures are unknown
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
And our plain simple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they spread?
Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oysters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At modesty's old statue; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light:
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.
The secrets of the goddess nam'd the Good,
Are e'en by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies:
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife
'T is downright lust, and acted to the life;
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a general sound,
A universal groan of lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The * * * are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong back'd knaves.
I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 't is well known what singer, how disguis'd,*
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd:
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument,
A grateful present to those holy quires,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires:
And e'en male-pictures modestly are veil'd;
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;
No scoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at ev'ry altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
Keep close your women under lock and key,
But who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurst
In craft: begin with those, and bribe 'em first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty.
They live beyond their stint; as if their store
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:

* *What singer, &c.*] He alludes to the story of P. Clodius, who, disguised in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Cæsar, where the feast of the good goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Cæsar's wife Pompeia.

Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
There are, who in soft eunuchs place their bliss;
To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss;
And 'scape abortion; but their solid joy
Is when the page, already past a boy,*
Is capon'd late; and to the gelder shown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.
When all the navel-string could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that 's the barber's loss, not theirs,
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.†
Serv'd for his lady's use, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe 's hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.
A certain lady once of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have done
For a sick husband, or an only son?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of pray'r she solemnly pursues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Answer, ye pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,
Your godships, sure, had little else to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:‡
An impudence not known to heav'n before.
Th' Aruspex,§ tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.
But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that 's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endless itch of news comes next in play:
They vent their own, and hear what others say.

Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done,
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
And who is jilted for another's sake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys.
Still for the newest news she lies in wait
And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever she can meet,
She spreads; and is the fame of ev'ry street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours' curse:
For if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No pray'r can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge; by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state,
Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep,
At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates ev'ry nose;
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:
But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.
But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is nonplust, in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
E'en wit 's a burden, when it talks too long:
But she, who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.

* He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children, but adds, that they only love such eunuchs as are gelled when they are already at the age of manhood.

† *Priapus*] The god of lust.

‡ That such an actor whom they love might obtain the prize.

§ *Th' Aruspex*] He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and from thence, foretells the successor.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!*
Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school.
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.†
The gaudy gossip, when she 's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified.
When poor, she 's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich and fine, a wife 's a very devil.
She duly once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in daub, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in glue.
But, to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaster'd up before,
'T was so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.
'T is worth our while to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd * * ;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visiters, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
Campar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church, (the bawdy-house of pray'r,)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame 's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;
The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Mean while, her husband's whole estate is spent;
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
Bellona's priests, a eunuch at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;
The venerable gelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His awkward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance.
Guiltless of * * , they tear their throats,
And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
And dire presages of the year foretells.
Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast
And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,‡
Which, in their places, may receive the pest
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.

* *A mood and figure bride*] A woman who has learned logic.

† A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian's head.

‡ *And add beside, &c.*] A garment was given to the priest, which he threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drowned with it.

Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.
Through ice they beat, and plunge into the stream,
If so the god has warn'd 'em in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand, [spring;
Through deserts they would seek the secret
And holy water, for lustration, bring.
How can they pay their priests too much respect, [glect?
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains ne-
With him, domestic gods discourse by night:
By day, attended by his quire in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the street, [cheat.
And smile to see with how much ease they
The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,
Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her husband in the holy time
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs atones the deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.
No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: a high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their T'almud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and, telling fortunes, gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small moneys, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans giv'n;*
What they foretell is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.
Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to aspiring Otho sold;†
And sure succession to the crown foretold.
For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
No astrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
Her sister's and her uncle's end would know:
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what 's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live,
She neither knows nor cares to know the rest,
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays
Will interpose, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight.
By whom a greasy almanac is borne,
With often handling, like chaft amber, worn
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travels out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.‡
The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her answer from the Brachman will receive:§
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.
Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs: such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:

* Chaldeans are thought to have been the first astrologers.

† Otho succeeded Galba in the empire; which was foretold him by an astrologer.

‡ *Ptolemy*] A famous astrologer, an Egyptian.

§ The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.

Help her to make manslaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayst be father to an Æthiop's son.*
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
His omen would discolour all the day.†
So pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him as her own.
The craving wife the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own bus'ness by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:‡
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fool
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The Thund'rer was not half so much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the pois'ning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made?
Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,§
Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful sot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.

But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
Nor spares the commons, when it strikes the lord:
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single pois'ner cost mankind.
If step-dames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'T is venial trespass; let them have their will;
But let the child, intrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There 's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his bus'ness is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable that you read
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.‖
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons despatching at one deadly draught.
What two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;¶
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they through wrath, or through revenge, pursue.
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurried headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundations torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;**
And Clytemnestras†† grow in ev'ry street:
But here 's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts;

* *To an Æthiop's son*] His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry, for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father; and that bastard may by law inherit thy estate.

† *His omen*, &c.] The Romans thought it ominous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

‡ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant: 't is said she gave him a love-potion, which flying up into his head, distracted him; and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

§ Agrippina was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son, and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former wife.

‖ The widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she might succeed to their estate: This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

¶ Medea, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken her, killed the children which she had by him.

** *The Belides*] Who were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermnestra, who saved her husband Linus.

†† *Clytemnestra*] The wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægysthus, was consenting to his murder.

In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail,* the dagger does the deed.

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,†
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.

* *Rather than fail*] It will easily be understood, why it was impossible to make a single observation on this Sixth Satire, which, as he finely says in another place, is

Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read.

Yet Lud. Prateus wrote long notes for the use of the Dauphin, under the inspection of Bossuet. *Dr. J. W.*

† Milo, of Crotona, who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt: for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devoured by wild beasts.

The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, e'en when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is, to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways,
One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear;
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow:
What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our pretor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more opprest
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, (call'd a crown,) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty,)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.

'T is plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied pow'r; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke,
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,*
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames;
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made
Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen trade
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He 's guilty; and the question 's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that 's a mighty thing,)
When the king 's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and base;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holydays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He 's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle,† observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man 's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
E'en they would have the power, who want the will:
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,‡
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke

* Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite, and while he continued so had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him: statues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him; but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

† The island of Capræ, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company; and from thence despatched all his orders to the senate.

‡ Julius Cæsar, who get the better of Pompey, that was styled the Great.

What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:*
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel, or who punn'd in prose.
"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom,"
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic, fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, There 's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid
And Punics flags on Roman towers display'd.
Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what 's his end, O charming Glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd;
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he † tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds
The mighty soul, how small a body holds."

* Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by Mark Antony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

† Babylon, where Alexander died.

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;*
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at any army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prisons under ground;)
What god so mean, e'en he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!†
But how return'd he? let us ask again:
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let the event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
Jove, grant me length of life and years good store
Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young, conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing, which old age they call,
'T is a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The selfsame palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain:
Besides the eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loathe him, and, what's worse
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatt'rers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste, not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?
Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.
Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre, he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose he's never near.
His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride!
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One, his legs fail, and one, his shoulder pains
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has for one aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied:
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!
His servants' names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Not e'en the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows 'em not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:

* Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægean sea; he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis, and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

† Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell; and mortals used him accordingly, for his statues were anciently placed where roads met, with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

So lewd, and such a batter'd * * *
That she defies all comers at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps, a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king*
Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right hand count†
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister drew.
When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade, [race
While Troy yet stood; when Hector, with the
Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heav'n so blest him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;‡
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At least, he died a man; his queen surviv'd,§
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates'‖ and rich Crœsus'¶ fate,
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The game of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruined Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have died of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent fever sent;**
But public prayers impos'd on heav'n, to give
Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the state,††
And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely tried,‡‡
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends
But, for the girls, the vaulted temple rends.
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud,
And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow§§

* Nestor, king of Pylos, who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account; at least, as he is understood by his expositors.

† The ancients counted by their fingers; their left hands served them till they came up to a hundred, after that they used their right, to express all greater numbers.

‡ Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them: which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second Æneid.

§ Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch, when she died.

‖ Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

¶ Crœsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man: "That no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what his end should be." The truth of this Crœsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

** Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples; a great many cities then made public supplications for him; he recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

†† Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

‡‡ Catiline died fighting.

§§ Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri, of whom Appius was one.

On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel back.
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners in the house remain,
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes and presents can;)
E'en with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your springal, by his beauty curst
To ills, nor think I have declar'd the worst:
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.
Adult'rers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes colon suffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your smooth, smock-fac'd boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths,
She keeps him high in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable queen.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life,*
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?

* Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law Phædra; but he not complying with her she procured his death.

And was not t'other stripling forc'd to fly,†
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With shame they redden'd, and with spite grow pale.
'T is dang'rous to deny the longing dame;‡
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, give advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state,
The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden drest:
The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd
Which in a Roman marriage is profest.
'T is no stol'n wedding this, rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse
Is present death, besides the night you lose:
If you consent, 't is hardly worth your pain
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have past,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take is but the selfsame thing;
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my council, and securely move
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above,
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed:
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:

† Bellerophron, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Prætus, king of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobœa, fell in love with him; but he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escaped Prætus's vengeance.

‡ Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth, forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege, to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this satire proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick despatch: whereas the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives,* my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war:
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,†
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus‡ order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line;
A wise provision; and from thence 't is clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 't is well: but with a gen'ral cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him,§ who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone
(Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy own,)
Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?‖
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their friend,
shins.
Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds,¶

* *What vast prerogatives*] This satire is much inferior to the rest. The old schollast denies that it is by Juvenal. I suppose Dryden was forced to add it to fill up his volume.—Barten Holyday's notes, added to his translation of Juvenal, are worth reading. *Dr. J. W.*

† Juno was mother to Mars the god of war: Venus was his mistress.

‡ Camillus (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent when they ought to be on duty.

§ *This cause is worthy him, &c.*] The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellius; who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

‖ *Hob-nail'd shoes*] The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails, as countrymen do now.

¶ Landmarks were used by the Romans, almost in the same manner as now; and as we go once a year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone or land.

Those bounds which, with procession and with pray'r,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,*
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed; [this
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while
O'er night was bousy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and beltman never know these cares,
No time, no trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
Remains beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their father yet alive, impower'd to make a will.† [clares,
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law de-
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare;
For 't is a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert: [whore;
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

* The Courts of Judicature were hung and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

† The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate so gotten to whom they pleased. Therefore, says the poet, Coranus (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father, to make him his heir.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
Was by the Muses into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
'T was witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

IN DIALOGUE
BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book

tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. —The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS. How anxious are our cares, and yet
The bent of our desires! [how vain
FRIEND. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.
PER. This to me?
FRIEND. None; or what's next to none, but
'T is hard, I grant. [two or three.
PER. 'T is nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend [mend:
To clap with such, who fools and knaves com-
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say, [way.
But Fear;—let Fear, for once, to Truth give
Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.
FRIEND. Once more forbear.
PER. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 't is all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Lab'ring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard,
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, e'en the chief of Rome
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise. [fin'd,
Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus con-
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;
As if 't is nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 't is brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That 's he:
That 's he, whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat.
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing),
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,*
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that 's a chance indeed),
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:

* The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood: ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only, cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.*
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high,
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch
But noble scribblers are with flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

FRIEND. Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at school
But t 'other day, and breaking grammar rule,
Whose trival art was never tried above
The bare description of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praise the country store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry fields, that paint themselves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fustian poet roar;
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat;
But leap and catch at all that 's obsolete.
Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says the accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius say! what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times
With periods, points, and tropes, he slurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue
'T is fine, say'st thou: What, to be prais'd and hang?
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his wo,
Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow [see
An alms? What's more preposterous than to
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

PER. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

FRIEND. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
"'T is tagg'd with ryhme, like Berecynthian Atys, [flat is.
The mid-part chimes with art, which never
The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd Apennine."

PER. All this is doggerel stuff.

* *Products of citron beds, &c.*] Writings of noblemen whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."
PER. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these?
He's truly great, and must for ever please;
Not fierce, but awful is his manly page;
Bold is his strength, but sober is his rage.
FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing regards, and bending head?
PER. "Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes sound." [come,
Could such rude lines a Roman mouth be-
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.
FRIEND. 'T is fustian all; 't is execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
You 're in a very hopeful way to starve.
PER. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall scape the dire disgrace
Of common-shores, and every pissing place.
Two painted serpents shall on high, appear;
'T is holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muse controll'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears."*
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
Nor will I change, for all the flashy wit,
That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd;
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely style;
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear.
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate;
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry and numbers toys;
And with his foot the sacred dust destroys;
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their afternoon.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasion, prayers

were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows. and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnancies of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone,* distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke,
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust;
In private then: — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head;
I should possess the estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with the evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou mayest the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the obscenities of night away.†
But pr'y thee tell me, ('t is a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possest?
Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He 'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany! [then,
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice?‡
What well-fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard.
Our superstitions with our life begin,
The obscene old grandam, or thy next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir.
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.

*White stone] The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with a white stone which they had from the island Creta: and their unfortunate with a coal.

† The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

‡ When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
Would stop the grant: the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool: to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire:
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
Should I present thee with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the Powers Divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.
Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whose humble statues are content with brass,
Should some of these, in visions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretell events, or in a morning dream
E'en those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
The priests in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's brass,* or Numa's earthenware;†
Or vestal urns, in each religious rite
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain: stain;
And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,‡
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

* *For Saturn's brass*, &c.] Brazen vessels, in which the public treasure of the Romans was kept.

† *Numa's earthenware*] Under Numa, the second king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthenware.

‡ *As maids to Venus*, &c.] Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them; in Latin pupæ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their bullæ, or bosses.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.§

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the teacher.—And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was, The Reproach of Idleness; though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.
This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:

§ I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

My clothes, make haste: why when! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink 's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 't is grown so thin,
It sinks, nor can the character be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 't is thyself, and that 's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
'T is hollow, and returns a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou hast land; a country seat secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:*
What need of learning when a man 's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown;
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to thy outmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?

A fuming-pan, &c. Before eating, it was customary, to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire; as an offering to the household gods; this they called libation.

But 't is in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep:
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: Set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,†
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,‡
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
E'en in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife:
Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend,
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Though much my master that stern virtue prais'd,
Which over the vanquisher the vanquish'd prais'd;
And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What 's good or ill, and both their ends discern;

* *Sicilian tortures*, &c.] Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial.

‡ *The wretch, who sitting*, &c.] He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword with the point downward, to be hung over his head, by a silken twine; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicates that were set before him.

Thou in the Stoic Porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus'* hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures [rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach wean's:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run†
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken [breath,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body as dissolv'd as is thy mind.
Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st extempore?
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyself, what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou owest thy country, and thy friend;
What 's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;‡
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.

Polygnotus] A famous painter.

† *And where the Samian Y, &c.*] Pythagoras of Samos made the allusion of the Y, or Greek Upsilon, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy. The other side represents virtue: to which the passage is strait and difficult; and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the evangelist. The way to heaven, &c.

‡ *Fat fees, &c.*] Casaubon here notes, that among all the Romans who were brought up to learning few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

To whom the Marsians more provision send,§
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
That, ere the first is out, the second stinks
And mouldy mother gathers on the brinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he 's a rascal who pretends to more.
Dammee, whate'er those book-learn'd block-heads say,
Solon 's the veriest fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
(As over-ballasted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong,
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Powers Divine
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'T is nothing, says the fool: But, says the friend,
This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not see your dropsy-belly swell?
Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I 'm well.

§ The Marsians and Umbrians were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.

I have already buried two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st worse.
I've done, says the physician; take your course.
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heel stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole
And there 's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 't is there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a sidelong glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold salad is before thee set;
Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passion in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st and dost in such outrageous wise:
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia: for his very compliment looked asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness: to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

Whor'er thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he, at Athens, bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'T is seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty; and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;

This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.*
Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, ere thy time, to please:
Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain:
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.
What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born: 't is true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most:
Besides thou art a beau: what 's that, my child?
A fop, well dress'd, extravagant, and wild:
She that cries herbs has less impertinence;
And in her calling, more of common sense.
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly 'em in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves:
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?

* *Canst punish crimes*, &c.] That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn, as according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with θ they signified the sentence of death to the offender, as being the first letter of θανατος, which in English is death.

At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley pudding comes in place:
Then bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life 's a dream
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
'T is all thy business, business how to shun,
To bask thy naked body in the sun;
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose
The depilation of thy modest part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of these, thy barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round,
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.
But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a god,
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And greedily art gaping after gold;

If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou, thy own solicitor become,
* * * * * *
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,*
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'T is fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times:
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. BUSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes, the grammarian, being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire: which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor of our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PER. Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves a hundred mouths and tongues
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

COR. And why wouldst thou these mighty morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne's† or Thyestes'‡ feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud,
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragousts for Tereus or Thyestes drest
'T is task enough for thee to expose a Roman feast.

PER. 'T is not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden Bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declar'd me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sin without control:

* *If, with thy guards*, &c.] Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak; I mean of Nero's walking the streets by night in disguise; and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

† Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia. Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

‡ Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings; Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.

Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy strait rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.
Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or, with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

COR. Nature is ever various in her frame
Each has a different will, and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state;
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PER. But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
To make the Stoic institutes thy own;
Thou long, with studious care, hast till'd our youth,
And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

COR. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PER. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

COR. Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not tha which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles:* not yet to inscribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:†
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.‡
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here 's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.§
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He said it, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim,
'T is clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.‖
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,¶
Than as we please without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption 's wrong:
I grant true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind.
What! since the pretor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law.

Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'T is not the pretor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:

* When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born, which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates among the people.

† The Roman people was distributed into several tribes: he who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

‡ The master, who intended to enfranchise a slave, carried him before the city pretor, and turned him round, using these words, "I will that this man be free."

§ Slaves had only one name before their freedom; after it they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christened names; so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

‖ At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

¶ Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.

As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoed ploughman should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."
How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one soul:
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care, [air.
Can never dance three steps with a becoming
PER. In spite of this, my freedom still remains. [chains?
COR. Free! what, and fetter'd with so many
Canst thou no other master understand
Than him that freed thee by the pretor's wand?* [now,
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passion lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still opprest?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes:
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
'T is wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
A trademan thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy voyage, now unless,
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattrass laid
On a brown george, with lousy swabbers fed,
Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee: and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.
Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 't is broken, still he drags the chain.

* The pretor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

Says Phædria to his man, Believe me, friend,*
To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair:
But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 't is madness to resume your chain.
Ay; there 's the man, who loos'd from lust and pelf,
Less to the pretor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes;
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holydays may tell, that such a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy superstition too may claim a share;
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor durst refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,†
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid:
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee: lest the gods for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlic heads the curse avert
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

* This alludes to the play of Terence, called the Eunuch, which was excellently imitated of late in English by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædria was introduced with this man Pamphilus, discoursing, whether he should leave his mistress Thaisa, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

† The ancients had a superstition, concerning egg-shells; they thought that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note,
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much
As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET;

THE ARGUMENT.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves, and of administering to the wants of others who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no helps to a virtuous life; The other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, That riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason, and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is called Liberality; and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire, wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his friend, and a poet also. Inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice; and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

Has winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek, in Sabine air, a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd·

Where clifts on either side their points display;
And, after opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'T is worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna, says our learned bard;
Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state;
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear [cheer;
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare:
For men of different inclinations are; [star.
Though born, perhaps, beneath one common
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine,
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live; but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph
ride. [store,
From thy new hope, and from thy growing
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free
Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:*
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'T is mine that wealth thou squander'st thus
away:
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?†
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expense, before
The effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their salads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw
near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? the express
is come
With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome;
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus: §
My arms are, on the Rhine, victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving
day.
The goodly empress, ‡ jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good housewifery aside
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

* *Nor beg with a blue table*, &c.] The table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

† *Or without spices*, &c.] The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were embalmed with spices, or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relics of the ashes.

‡ *Cæsar salutes* &c.] The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britons; and accordingly sent letters, wrapt about with laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not used among the Romans; but the word Empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans; after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

§ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

The captive Germans, of gigantic size,*
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.
Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.†
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine;
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does no such large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir:
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:
Were none of all my father's sisters left;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft;
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I choose: What him, of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?
Obscure? Why pr'y thee what am I? I know
My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.
Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
To be my heir, who might'st have been my sire?
In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee?‡
Think I approach thee like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy modern fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where 's all thy father left? 'T is true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.
How little then to my poor share will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little 's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out the principal in trusty hands:
Live of the use; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what 's left for me? What 's left, my friend!
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my salads, boy: Shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
'T is holyday; provide me better cheer;
'T is holyday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat,
That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet pie?
And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?
Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!§
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'T is done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, Chrysippus,‖ thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

* *The captive Germans*, &c.] He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph; large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the Empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

† *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators*] A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give; therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

‡ *Shouldst thou demand of me my torch*, &c.] Why shouldst thou who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger. He who was first in the course or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

§ *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves*] Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

‖ *Then say, Chrysippus*, &c.] Chrysippus, the Stoic, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely.—The priest craves vengeance of his god; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him; then, imboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

The wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides great, and Thetis' godlike son.
What power provok'd, and for what cause, relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers denied.
For this the god a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring,
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving sire.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest, not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand.
Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend:
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native home.
He said; the helpless priest replied no more,
But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his god.
O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,

And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid!
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent,
The essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heaven's awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd; for the goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.
The kings assembled, soon their chief enclose;
Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of the event:
And whence these ills, and what the god's intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all the immortal Powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief know,
And why provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those,
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate:
Even though the offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize the unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen intent.
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the stern Achilles made reply;
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw his vital air,
None shall presume to violate those hands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
E'en not the king of men that all commands.
At this resuming heart, the prophet said:
Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks accurs'd this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest:
He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
And presents are refus'd, and prayers proferr'd in vain.
For this the avenging power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus, will persist, relentless in his ire,
Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire:
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eye with fire;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the sire:
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.

And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befall;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better plied the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save the effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make the equivalent
To this the fierce Thessalian prince replied:
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely soul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore, [more.
And with large interest make the advantage
To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative,)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despite.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.
A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please, in thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd the intent
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent,
(Thanks to thy pious care,) that Phœbus may relent.
At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such enforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey,
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet even this little, thou, who wouldst engross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public corn. [bound,
The king, whose brows with shining gold were
Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves encompass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.

Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 't is lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-eyed maid, to please the Powers divine:
(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting god.
This thus despatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despite,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy cost may learn the difference of degree.
At this the impatient hero sourly smil'd:
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd,
And justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason and his rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsell'd to the safer side;
This to the sword his ready hand applied.
Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard:
Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half shone his falchion, and half sheath'd it stood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both:)
Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him and him alone confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke.
Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus rejoin'd.
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits, but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.
The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their Powers, provide the recompense.
He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes,
And mix'd among the senate of the gods.
At her departure his disdain return'd:
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preace,
Content to bide the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;
'T is death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peal the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear:
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wanted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corpse to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 't is past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.
But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:

Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd,
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.
What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats. If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunites?
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdued: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne e'en kings their lower'd [sceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey;
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have given him strength: but whence the style
Of lawless power assum'd, or license to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus replied:
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect denied.
For who but a poltroon, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my free-born soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This falchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council broke
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plough the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the god they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savoury stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For show; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if denied,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.
Their sovereign seated on his chair they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.

He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
Interpreters of gods and men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontroll'd:
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend
He said, and soon, obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to the intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind;
Forc'd from the man she lov'd; they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke.
Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave?
Set by old Ocean's side the goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.
Then sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the sea goddess thus the goddess-born address'd.
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
The proud prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god;
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his sceptre of command.
His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother-princes was address'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn, of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length arose
A seer, who well divin'd; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
The god appeas'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since performed:
The Greeks, 't is true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, to avenge thy injur'd son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpris'd by traitor gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægeon know:
Twice stronger than his sire, who sate above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue,
That action to his grateful mind recall:
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp enclose:
Ours, beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake

That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.
To whom the Mother-goddess thus replied,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cried,
Ah wretched me! by fates averse decreed
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
And short and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spite.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 't is dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.
She said: and, parting, left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port: where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied.
Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysess led; and thus bespoke her sire.
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy god ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;
And sent by me with presents and with prayer,
He recommends him to thy pious care
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his god.
God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou, whose awful sway,
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
But from the afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.
Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen slew, and flay'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
To involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
About the side; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs, then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
With savoury meat, and set their minds at ease.
Now when the range of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The first libations to the gods they pour:
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore:
The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvass strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then, hauling on the strand, their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.
Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:

And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursu'd their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood, a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus. If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have serv'd thy will, or gratified thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece the affront has paid
With double honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the considering god was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd.
Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives license to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies the irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood,
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the god.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue, (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.
Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own faith is such.
Then thus the Sire of gods, and men below:
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
E'en goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.
To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply;
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The gods behold, and tremble at their fate:
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.
This heard, the imperious Queen sate mute with fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer

Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their sovereign's look.
The limping smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest,)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad imbitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
'T is much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong from his heavenly tower.
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He said no more; but crown'd a bowl unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursued:
This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still:
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet afraid
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw:
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sínthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which, emptied, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Louds fits of laughter seiz'd the guests to see
The limping god so deft at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 't was night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering god
E'en he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep applied;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone:
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?
The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-eyed progeny of Jove,
But more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
The admiring throng divide to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And in herself a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with the child.
The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.
Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed,
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led;
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew:
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Enclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart,
In an unhappy chase, transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
O kill not all my kindred o'er again
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go:
And hence with other hands repel the foe
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent;
The two Ajases have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied.
That and the rest are in my daily care:
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear;
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown,
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name:
And from my glory propagate thy shame.
This when they say; thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He said—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
The illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright synod of the powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield thy people, and assert the crown:
That when hereafter he from wars shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, The son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.
Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
The illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.
My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
The irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret wo she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
These loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

ADVERTISMENT.

This translation of Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revisal of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage. J. T.

Rash author, 't is a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral:
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme;
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perish'd with Pharoah in the Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as easily stray,
And master reason, which she should obey.

Love reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a resty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go as often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballustred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong,
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none,
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe:
His works will be admir'd wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:
Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd:
But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not so mean a style your muse debase;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:"
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods.
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write, what your reader may be pleas'd to hear:
And for the the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:
The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense
Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasur'd, overclogg'd with rhymes.
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;
Spenser did next in Pastorals excel,
And taught the noble art of writing well;
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then D' Avenant came; who, with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart:
His haughty muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times,
In their Mock-Gondibert, expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring muse.
This headstrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.
Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And show'd for poetry a nobler course:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join:
His verses to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.

There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd round,
No reason can disperse them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea 's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with ease we can express:
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flow'ry mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you 've said:
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'T is not enough when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit:
Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace:
Till by a curious art dispos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love:
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will every thing admire:
Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire:
All is divine! there 's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected sound;
Here the sense flags, and your expression 's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus, 't is a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expression 's flat?
Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir, 's the properest place.
This turn I like not; 'T is approv'd by all.
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there 's a syllable of which you doubt,
'T is a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'T is a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes;
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for his support;
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighb'ring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this style a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods,
Oppos'd to this another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground;

You 'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes, 't is hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their just writings, by the gods inspir'd,
Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you 'll easily comprehend
How poets, without shame, may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile,
It paints the lovers' torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well these raptures, if you 'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire,
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their feign'd transports appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'T was not of old in this affected tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when instructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chymistry,
Describes the sheperd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keep exactest time,
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that, once the humorous god
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied;
Forbad a useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, regarded less,
Are shovell'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
'T is hard to fit the reason to the rhyme

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.
These points that by Italians first were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite,
But public favour so increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out.

Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time
They turn'd upon the thought and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate;
Insipid jesters, and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'T is not, but that sometimes a dexterous muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess; [lame,
And think not, when your verse and sense are
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The British round in plainness shows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach,
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learn'd as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there 's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shows,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire:
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our respect,
And at immodest writings take offence,
If clean expression cover not the sense.
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;
Not impudence that preaches modesty:
Our English, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we see,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose
God for the subject of your impious muse:
At last, those jests which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to just punishment.
Even in a song there must be art and sense:
Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance, [mettle,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers
And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit that made thee please,
Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
Nor think thyself a wit: for in our age
If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage
He prints not his dull follies for the stage;
And in the front of all his senseless plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

There 's not a monster bred beneath the sky,
But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye:
A curious workman by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Œdipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Orestes asks relief;
And to increase our pleasure causes grief.
You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind;
Who justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:

That from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means.
I 'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he 's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unraveiling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I 'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a mass of miracles, ill join'd,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject 's never soon enough exprest;
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.
A Spanish poet may, with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we, that are by reason's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
My mind 's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
When a well-woven subject long disguis'd,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the Tragedy was void of art;
A song; where each man danc'd and sung his part;
And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity:
And with his carted actors, and a song,
Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.
Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage;
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 't is said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen;
That struggling oft his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I 'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who made old Romans like our English move
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excus'd:
There t' is enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too severe would there be useless found:
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His seven-fold waters to the Euxine shore:
These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.

In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
And to excite our tears yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from arts that are in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'T is not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo 's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind
The poet does a thousand figures find;
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'T is not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
For every day, 't is common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;
These are the springs that move our hopes and fears;
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
The unsinew'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors tried
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel;
The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize.
Tasso you 'll say has done it with applause?
It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'T is not, that Christian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat,
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings, and glass.
And every where as 't were idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill applied
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very fallings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar or like Scipio frame his mind,
And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.

Choose not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull;
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 't is your poetry may be employ'd;
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who with his little hand
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain: and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thund'ring verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
Who without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
"I sing the combats of that pious prince,
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
His opening muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Cæsar's wandering in the Elysian woods:
With figures numberless his story grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace
At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I 'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always stiff and stale
Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,
If on his works the Graces do but smile.
'T is said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleases, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boast;
Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
His verses without rule a method find,
And of themselves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble answers his intent;
Each syllable is tending to the event.
Let his example your endeavours raise:
To love his writings is a kind of praise.

A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian muse each accident confounds
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:
Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,
Whilst we return from whence we first digress'd.

The great success which tragic writers found,
In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
The abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways,
Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays:
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
Were subject to buffooning insolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought;
A Socrates himself in that loose age,
Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
At last the public took in hand the cause,
And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the person, or describe the face.
The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely shown in this new glass,
And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:
A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful draught of his own sordid mind
And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear,
To study nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;

He who observes and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May safely in those noble lists engage,
And make them act and speak upon the stage.
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight.
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind;
And different ages different pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash; in pleasures, all on fire.
The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his soul employ:
Against the turns of fate he sets his mind;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
For others heaps the treasure he adores;
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past times extols, the present to debase:
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.
Your actors must by reason be controll'd;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
Observe the town, and study well the court;
For thither various characters resort:
Thus 't was great Jonson purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays
Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I see the tortoise hist,
I lose the author of the Alchymist.
The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
With well-bred conversation you must please,
And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease:
Your action still should reason's rules obey,
Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
And your discourse sententious be, and wise:
The passions must to nature be confin'd;
And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow business, never led the way.
Observe how Terence does this error shun;
A careful father chides his amorous son:
Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
'T is not a well-drawn picture we discover:
'T is a true son, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
That always pleases by just reason's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays
Let him be gone, and on two trestles raise
Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town
Who all the cant of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless died, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place,
'T was a rich abbot, and a building ass:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the staircase at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his mason send:
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 't is a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,
And Herringman degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque at least our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Then the stiff formal style of Gondibert.

Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"'The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all the acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited skeptics, void of sense,
By their false taste, condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are satisfied;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the storm they run your verse aground,
And thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'T is he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous muse may sometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay some there are for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound;
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers, who employ
Their guilty muse, good manners to destroy;
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if decently exprest,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are exprest;
The obscene expression shows the infected breast.
But above all base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:
Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'T is not enough your poems be admir'd;
But strive your conversation be desir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind reason did her light display,
And government taught morals to obey,
Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew:
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment:
Reason at last by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd these savages, and tun'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd,
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers:
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd:
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poets' aid,
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The muses thus their reputation rais'd,
And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire to gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly the unfruitful Heliconian strand,
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'T is true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none famish who deserve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence?
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring;
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing;
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
And his great models form by this design:
But where 's a second Virgil, to rehearse
Our hero's glories in his epic verse?
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and forests move again:
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize,
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
Vanish with all the ministers of hell:
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
'T is he alone our safety did create,
His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Boutefeus of the state.
Authors for him your great endeavours raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
And never durst heroic measures tread;
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield;
Offer you lessons, that my infant muse
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose:
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate the allay,
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE.

O SYLVAN prophet! whose eternal fame
Echoes from Judah's hills and Jordan's stream;
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voices to thy praise.
A messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name;
And told thy sire each prodigy
That heaven designed to work in thee.
Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
His fault'ring speech in fettered accents dies;
But Providence, with happy choice,
In thee restored thy father's voice.
In the recess of nature's dark abode,
Though still enclosed, yet knewest thou thy God,
While each glad parent told and blest
The secrets of each other's breast.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE FAIR AND VIRTUOUS LADY,

MRS. ANASTASIA STAFFORD,

WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT. GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

I.

WHEN nature, in our northern hemisphere,
Had shorten'd day-light, and deform'd the year;
When the departing sun
Was to our adverse tropic run;
And fair St. Lucy, with the borrow'd light,
Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night:
What more then summer's day slipt in by chance,
To beautify the calendar?
What made a spring, in midst of winter to advance,
And the cold seasons leap into a youthful dance,
To rouse the drooping year?
Was this by miracle, or did they rise
By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?
To light our frozen clime,
And, happily for us, mistook their time?
'T was so, and 't was imported in her name;
From her, their glorious resurrection came,
And she renew'd their perish'd flame.
The God of nature did the same:
His birth the depth of winter did adorn,
And she, to marriage then, her second birth, was born.
Her pious family, in every state,
Their great Redeemer well can imitate.
They have a right in heaven, an early place;
The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race:
And he above, with joy looks down,
I see, I see him blaze with his immortal crown.
He, on her nuptials, does his beams dispense,
Blessing the day with better influence;
He looks from heaven with joy, and gives her joy from thence.

II.

Now, let the reasonable beast, call'd man,
Let those, who never truly scan
The effects of sacred Providence,
But measure all by the gross rules of sense;
Let those look up and steer their sight,
By the great Stafford's light.
The God that suffer'd him to suffer here,
Rewards his race, and blesses them below,
Their father's innocence and truth to show;
To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear:
He crown'd the father with a deathless diadem;
And all the days from him he took,
He number'd out in his eternal book:
And said, let these be safely kept for them,
The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.
To dry the mournful widow's tears,
Let all those days be turn'd to years,
And all those years be whiten'd too:
Still some new blessing let 'em bring,
To those who from my martyr spring;
Still let them bloom, and still bestow
Some new content upon his race below.
Let their first revolution
Bestow a bride upon his darling son,
And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,
Such as the emptied ark did bless:
Then, as the storms are more allay'd,
And waves decay'd,
Send out the beauteous blooming maid,
And let that virgin dove bring to her house again,
An olive branch of peace, in triumph o'er the main.
For whom, ye heavens! have ye reserv'd this joy?
Let us behold the man you chose:
How well you can your cares employ,
And to what arms your maid dispose:
Your maid, whom you have chang'd, but cannot lose:
Chang'd as the morn into the day,
As virgin snow that melts away,
And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers to grow.
See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride!
Never was happy pair so fitly tied;

Never were virtues more allied;
United in a most auspicious hour—
A martyr's daughter weds a confessor!
When innocence and truth became a crime,
By voluntary banishment,
He left our sacrilegious clime,
And to a foreign country went;
Or rather, there, by Providence was sent:
For Providence design'd him to reside,
Where he, from his abundant stock,
Might nourish God's afflicted flock,
And as his steward, for their wants provide.
A troop of exiles on his bounty fed,
They sought, and found with him their daily bread;
As the large troop increast, the larger table spread.
The cruse ne'er emptied, nor the store
Decreas'd the more;
For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's own stead.
Thus, when the raging dearth
Afflicted all the Egyptian earth;
When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,
And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt;
God sent a Joseph out before;
His father and his brethren to restore:
Their sacks were fill'd with corn, with generous wine
Their souls refresh'd their ebbing store,
Still when they came, supplied with more,
And doubled was their corn,
Joseph himself by giving, greater grew,
And from his loins a double tribe increas'd the chosen crew.

TO MATILDA.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

When first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heighten'd by infant Love's alarms,
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms,
A blooming, blushing bride:

Entranc'd in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hail'd each rising sun,
While wing'd with joy the rosy hours
In ecstacy flew on;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way;
Insuring to our peaceful shed,
Love's bliss without decay.

END OF VOL. I.

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